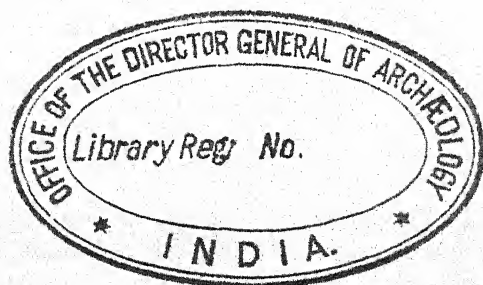
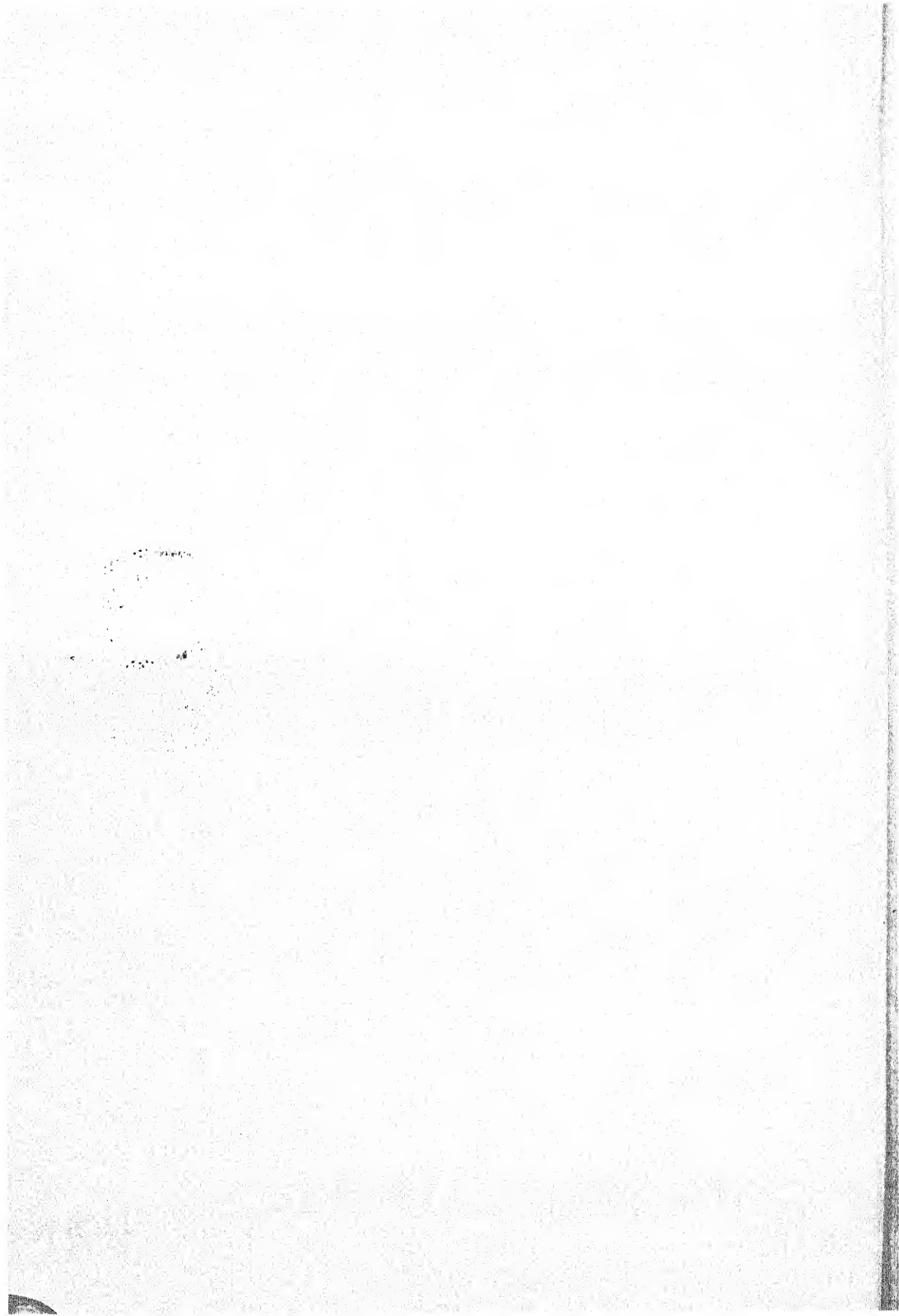


THE
OCEAN OF STORY





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THE OCEAN OF STORY

BEING

C. H. TAWNEY'S TRANSLATION

OF

SOMADEVA'S KATHĀ SARIT SĀGARA

(OR OCEAN OF STREAMS OF STORY)

8935

NOW EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, FRESH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND TERMINAL ESSAY

BY

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IN TEN VOLUMES

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VOL. VI

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WITH A FOREWORD BY

A. R. WRIGHT, F.S.A., I.S.O.

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Som / T.P.



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FOREWORD

MY own acquaintance with the late Mr C. H. Tawney, around whose translation of Somadeva's *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* Mr Penzer is building his volumes, was of the slightest, but from my correspondence with him I was impressed with the same image of modest learning, and a notable personality, which is limned for us by Mr Penzer in the Introduction to the first volume of this series. Forty years ago I acquired, with some difficulty and after a serious inroad upon the contents of a purse but poorly supplied, a copy of the original and only previous edition of Mr Tawney's translation of what he chose to render as the *Ocean of the Streams of Story*, in two volumes, printed for him in 1880 and 1884 at the Baptist Mission Press in Calcutta. I remember still my joy at the acquisition, and the eagerness with which I turned over the pages and savoured these old, old stories, less wild but even more varied and wonderful than those I had just then finished reading in Forbes' translation from the Persian of *The Adventures of Hatim Tai*, another work now hardly accessible outside certain libraries. I found that, as in the twelfth tale of the *vetāla* (Volume VII), there arose from the *Ocean* a wishing-tree which was, like the *Kalpa* tree of Indra's Paradise, the Granter of Desires, yielding fruit to please all tastes, in tales of kings and courtesans, gamblers and porters, gods and heroes, beggars and barbers, Vidyādhara of supernatural powers and man-devouring Rakshasas, Nāga serpent-demons and vampires, swan-maidens and witches, of cities and hermitages, paradises and deserts, palaces and hovels, of strange austerities that conquer the very gods, of fleas and elephants, hares and tortoises, of inexhaustible pitchers and poison damsels, of riddles and remedies, and of an infinite number of other interesting matters. The two volumes which are the portals of this world of magic and of mystery are now somewhat scarce, and would, I suppose, be difficult to acquire to-day; they have maintained their pride of

place in the folk-tale section of my library and in my memory.

With the present volume, the sixth, Mr Penzer begins the second half of his great task of annotation and revision, but his fourth volume completed the reprint of the first of Mr Tawney's volumes, of which the second volume is about a tenth longer than the first. Mr Penzer's new edition is also expanded by the inclusion (in its second half) of valuable appendixes giving long accounts of, and notes upon, those portions of Somadeva's verses which have appeared separately under the names respectively of the *Pañchatantra* and *Vetāla-pañchavimśatī*. The index of subjects in Mr Tawney's second volume is, like those in all old, and I fear I might quite justly add nearly all modern, works of its class, very short (13½ pages of index to 1220 pages of text) and imperfect, so that it is often of small utility in tracing any particular story or incident to which one may desire to refer. The Cambridge Press edition of *The Jātaka* has endeared itself to scholars by its final volume containing an elaborate index of the whole, and Mr Penzer promises to earn our gratitude in like fashion by a tenth and final volume containing not only a Bibliography but also an exhaustive Cross-Index, which will come as a boon and a blessing to students of comparative storyology, whether like Benfey and the late very erudite Emmanuel Cosquin they believe in the ultimate birthplace in India of the general mass of folk-tales, or whether they regard Indian folk-tales themselves as showing, in some cases at least, signs either of a primitive common origin with European folk-tales or of Western influence or contact, such as, for example, the probable derivation of the *vetāla* or vampire, to whom relate the last eight stories in the present volume, from Southern Russia and Central Europe, as already suggested by Sir Richard Temple.¹

The Forewords to the five earlier volumes have dealt with the Aryan and non-Aryan elements in the tales; with what is known of Somadeva, the composer of *The Ocean of Story* after the lost *Bṛihat Kathā* of Guṇādhya, and of his literary sources and the vicissitudes through which the text has passed;

¹ Vol. I, p. xxv.

with the origin and affinities of the stories themselves, and their diffusion; and with the Persian and Arabic recensions of the *Fables of Bidpai*. These, and thirteen appendixes already printed, and ranging from "Mythical Beings" to "Umbrellas," and "Sneezing" to "Widow-Burning," seem to leave little of a general character to be said, by anyone who is not an Orientalist, which will not find its more appropriate place in an Appendix yet to come or in the Terminal Essay.

For comparative purposes, and as a preliminary step, collections of folk-tales might be divided into two main groups—viz. those having a literary form or dress, and those recorded exactly as taken down from the mouths of the folk. By the former group I do not mean merely the output, so often worthless, of the industrious but unintelligent collector who publishes the naïve tales of the peasant or savage tastelessly selected, rearranged, draped, and even, now and then, misfitted with very artificial "morals" duly appended for the instruction of youth and as inappropriate as those invented by the mediæval preachers to "moralise" very similar tales in their *exempla*. Many a valuable ingathering has been utterly spoiled for any use as evidence of diffusion or of origin by such well-meaning but unhallowed blundering, committed on the plea of making the tales suitable for the English nursery. But I have more in mind such publications as the *Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé* of Perrault, whose first *contes* were in verse, like the tales of Somadeva; some have insisted that the boy Perrault *fils* was the real author and a faithful reporter of his nurse's stories, and that these were neither rewritten nor edited by his courtier father, the versatile man of letters and sycophant of *Le Roi Soleil*, but such features as the importation of the supernatural aid of the fairy godmother, found solely in the Perrault version of *Cinderella* and other tales, and there replacing the dead mother or the helpful beast or tree (which may or may not be a reincarnation of the mother) in most folk versions, seem decisive that Perrault's is a literary form of the *Märchen*, and belongs to the first group. An example of the second group would be the famous *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* of the Brothers Grimm.

India is exceptionally rich in both groups of publications. In the oral tradition group she has, for instance, Miss Bartle Frere's *Old Deccan Days*; Miss Marie Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*; Sir Richard Temple's four books (*Wideawake Stories*, and the three volumes of *The Legends of the Panjāb*); the Rev. Charles Swynnerton's *The Adventures of the Panjāb Hero Rājā Rasālu and other Folk-Tales of the Panjāb*, and *Indian Nights Entertainments*; Pandit Natesa Sāstri's *Folk-Lore in Southern India*; the Rev. Lal Behari Day's *Folk-Tales of Bengal*; and numerous others in English, as well as many translations into other European languages, such as J. P. Minaef's *Indyeishiya skazki i legendui*, etc. (an important Russian collection from Kumaon which has not, so far as I know, yet been made available in English). Collections of the first, or literary, group are also, as might be expected from the ancient and unbroken civilisation of India, unusually abundant, in translations of *The Jātaka*, *The Hitopadeśa*, *The Rig-Veda*, *The Pañchatantra*, *The Mahābhārata*, *The Rāmāyaṇa*, etc. The *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* is probably the most important of all the literary group, and it is hardly necessary to enlarge on Mr Penzer's service in rendering it again, or perhaps really for the first time, accessible to scholars by his new edition. I may nevertheless permit myself to point out below two directions in which this accessibility may prove of special utility.

One of the many interesting problems in connection with the transmission of folk-tales is the exact part which has been played by literary versions. It is a commonplace to say that folk-tales have passed with changes—now and then becoming “something rich and strange” in the alembic of genius—into literature, and thence they have again descended amongst the common people, the folk, and have been worked over once more by the popular taste and fancy, which have selected what appealed to them, and have effected still further changes and adaptations. In later ages the literary vehicle has probably been the most effective of the means of transmission from people to people, where in earlier ages the captured warrior and wife, the slave passing from hand to hand, and the trader and traveller were the *colporteurs*

of folk-tales to fresh fields and pastures new. The gypsy also has played his part, though he has not yet received the full credit due to him as the spreader of folklore, and it could be shown, if need be, that drolls, or stories with a humorous appeal, have naturally leaped national or racial boundaries more easily than stories depending for their point on custom or belief. Several writers have already pointed out the obvious influence of the wide circulation and popularity of Perrault's *contes* upon the genuine *Märchen* of neighbouring countries, but the general questions of the effects and extent of literary transmission of tales have hardly yet been intensively studied or appreciated, even in the case of the greatest of all literary disseminators, Boccaccio and Straparola. The *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* will now be available for the study of its relation to popular tradition, and the influence of its contents, chiefly through Persian, Arabian, and sometimes Jewish recensions, upon the folk-tales diffused through the West and reconverted into popular *Märchen* by mediæval jongleurs, pilgrims, preachers, merchants and pedlars.

So long ago as 1909, Dr Gaster, in his Presidential Address to the Folk-Lore Society,¹ suggested that the discarded literature of the classes does not disappear, but filters down slowly to the masses. "The ancient Romances have thus been turned into Chap-books, which the chapman takes in his sack and carries to the village fair; or they are flattened out still further and they become broadsides, the original of our illustrated sheets and political cartoons. These quaint, peculiar, popular little books of stories are the last representatives of the romances of old. . . . There can be no doubt that much of the popular literature of to-day—in the widest sense of the word—was the literature of the upper classes of the preceding centuries, remodelled by the people in accordance with the innate instincts and disposition of each nation. The elements surging up from the depth of antiquity meet newer elements coming down from above, and so shape and mould popular taste and popular feeling." This suggestion of literary contribution to, as well as literary influence upon the form of, folk-tales did not then receive much attention

¹ *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx (1909), p. 12.

or support; but with the whirligig of time the opinion of experts has developed more favourably, and now Professor W. R. Halliday maintains¹ that, in folk literature as handed down by oral tradition, "the amount of invention or original creation is negligible." He expresses the opinion that "the folk-stories of Europe, as we know them, took their present form between the ninth and thirteenth centuries after Christ"—a period which, it will be observed, includes the probable date of Somadeva's compilation. In the centuries named, he suggests, a victorious invasion of Europe by Oriental stories took place, which he ascribes to the comparatively higher civilisation of Islam at that date and the high development of the art of story-telling in India. He excepts beast fables from his dictum, and points out, in the course of his argument, that "the coincidences between the popular stories of the classical world and the corpus of Indo-European folk-tales are relatively few." One may remark, in passing, that many of the classic myths found in the mouths of the people of modern Greece, by Mr J. C. Lawson (*Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*) and others, are suspected with good reason of having been taught by the modern schoolmaster, and to have no real roots in the soil or claim to be regarded as "survivals" from ancient times.

This revolutionary theory, which questions and rejects the common assumption of a dateless antiquity for such archaic features as the cannibalism "surviving" in the man-eaters of many European folk-tales (converted by Perrault into ogres and ogresses), is perhaps a little exaggerated in its statement for the sake of emphasising the new views. It does not profess to explain Polynesian and other savage folk-tales in so far as they cannot have been diffused, but confines itself to the bulk of European stories. I think that it would be going much too far to take the folk to be without their fair share of story-telling genius and invention, and the village and kraal to be places "where the Rudyard's cease from kipling, and the Haggards ride no more." The gift of

¹ "Notes upon Indo-European Folk-Tales and the Problem of their Diffusion," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxxiv (1923), p. 117.

imagination is far from being a monopoly of the literate. Indeed it cannot even be asserted with any confidence that education does not dull, rather than brighten, the creative fire in mediocre minds, and the story-teller who is himself of the folk is the more likely to evolve the tale that will appeal to his neighbours and be preserved in traditional recollection, to become a part of the local folklore. While it may be admitted that the seed of invention must have been born "once upon a time" in an individual brain, it must fall upon good ground in order to bear its fruit in due season as a folk-tale; and the seed varnished by literary skill is for that reason likely perhaps to be preserved for a while longer from Time the devourer, but is also less likely to germinate and more likely to find the ground too stony to cherish it, or to be choked by the thistles of unfriendly folk beliefs. However this may be, Professor Halliday's theory is entitled to very respectful consideration, and someone much better qualified than myself, and in addition an expert Orientalist, could now very usefully examine Mr Penzer's presentment of Somadeva's material, together with its relatives and possible descendants, with a view to using their evidence to throw light upon the very interesting questions raised by Professor Halliday as regards date and derivative relationship.

Professor Minaef, whose translations of Indian folk-tales into Russian, published in St Petersburg in 1877, I have already mentioned, found no professional story-tellers in Kumaon and Gurhwal, but tells us that the greater part of the people do not understand Sanskrit, but nevertheless pay Brāhmans to read the *Harivaṃśā* or *Bhāṇḍavata Purāṇa* to them on a holiday, and afterwards the reading is explained, "so that the old literary material is constantly making its way into the minds of the people." The stories, he noted, were sometimes abridged versions of the *Pañchatantra*.

So much for the first direction in which Mr Penzer's publication may be opportune and of advantage. The second direction I proposed to mention is that of folk-tale classification. The records of tales have accumulated to such an enormous mass of late years by the industry of multitudinous gatherers that the matter of classification has become one of

the most extreme urgency if any use is to be made of the accumulation otherwise than in a very dilettante fashion. I am somewhat inclined to thank Mr Penzer because he has not increased unduly the number of footnotes by performing the easy, if tedious, task of rummaging published collections for the innumerable parallels and variants to Somadeva's stories. Someone has likened footnotes in general to runaway knocks which call you downstairs for nothing, and the mere piling up of references is less useful than detailed studies of particular points by appendixes or by general notes at the end of individual stories. The majority of the schemes of classification which have hitherto been attempted are purely analytical in character, and dissect the folk-tale into its constituent incidents, so that the result is pretty much what one finds in the gruesome vaults of the Capuchin *Campo Santo*, which is one of the less-known "sights" of Rome and a bonehouse in which all the details of our poor human skeletons are separated from each other and arranged in groups of the corresponding parts from many different bodies—here a neat pattern of knuckle bones, there another fashioned out of tendons, elsewhere thigh bones and skulls, and so on. From such a system of classification may be learned the variations in dimensions of, say, thigh bones, and the limits of such variation, and some other comparative facts of man's anatomy; but unless one has the imaginative skill of a Richard Owen the mind fails to reach any real conception of the living organism as a whole. Such splitting up of folk-tales into incidents may enable us to distinguish the different elements from old stories put together by what may be called the professional story-teller, who "invents" a new story by shaking up together his favourite stock incidents to form new patterns, just as he might shake the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope. But his stories are those least worth classifying, and they might all be thrown into a separate miscellaneous or hybrid class of their own, instead of confusing our vision and hiding from sight the stories that really matter. It seems to me that these analytical schemes of classification have been mooted probably as the result of the classifier's greater familiarity with modern collections, including examples of the story-tellers'

inventive art,¹ or with the simple plots of most of the *Märchen* of the Brothers Grimm. A more satisfactory plan, in my opinion, would be to found a classification upon the tales in the most ancient records, Sanskrit, Babylonian and Egyptian, and to provide as far as possible for the classification of each tale as a whole, leaving the story-teller's combinations of old incidents, which cannot sometimes be designated as a whole simply for lack of a dominant *motif*, to be dealt with in a hybrid or miscellaneous group. To classify according to single incidents, which may have been imported into the main tale, and may not affect its principal course and essential features, is, I think, misleading. For the preparation and testing of a classification the tales of Somadeva's *Ocean* would be a really admirable starting-point. It contains few or no tales which are only fresh groupings of trite incidents already used in other connections, and in the process of classification on the same lines of later collections we should be simultaneously arranging our materials for the study of the *Ocean* as a source and influence. Perhaps Mr Penzer, or another, may be able to give us such a classification in his concluding volume.

Dr Gaster has thrown out the suggestion² that oral popular tales can "all be reduced to a very limited number of types, not exceeding a hundred, and in all probability very much less"; and Dr Joseph Jacobs, in revising a classification of folk-tales made by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould for the first edition of Henderson's *Notes on the Folklore of the Northern Counties*, increased his total number of types to seventy. The latter list, although useful at the date when it was devised, would now need a very large supplement to cover either the *Ocean* or the recent additions to our knowledge of Indo-European tales, and a still larger supplement to cover all our

¹ Excellent specimens of the story-teller's recombinations of incidents already known in other arrangements to their audience will be found in Bishop Karekin Servantzdiantz's *Manand* and other collections of Armenian stories, which have been translated in part by Mrs J. S. Wingate (*Folk-Lore*, vols. xxi-xxiii (1910-1912), and M. Macler (*Contes Arméniens*, Coll. de Contes, etc., tom. xix).

² Vol. III, Foreword, p. xviii.

vast gatherings during the last few years, especially in Africa and Polynesia, and from the Eskimo and Siberian tribes. The seventy types do not even make provision for such well-known stories as the *Tar Baby*, of which there are many variants, or the *Fishing up of Islands* by the Maui.

Previous Forewords have all been written by Oriental scholars, and I hope that it has not been out of place to supplement their criticism and explanations by setting out briefly some of the many grounds for lively gratitude to Mr Penzer on the part of the plain English folklorist, into whose hands have been put the keys of a paradise of delights, with apples of knowledge hung thickly on its trees. Nowadays the folklorist cannot afford to confine himself within any narrow national boundaries. He cannot hope to master more than a few languages and the folklore recorded in them, though a wide knowledge is a necessary equipment for even comprehension of the complex problems of his science, and he must depend for his information very largely on the scholars who translate for him, and especially on those who bring him such gifts as the *Ocean* in his own vernacular.

I must leave to others the tempting theme of the *Ocean* as literature, and the love of puns which is a prominent feature of it, and devote the small remainder of my space to a mention of the more important contents of the present volume. It contains the first part of the tales of a *vetāla* or vampire, of which the framework is the removal of a vampire-activated corpse from its tree by King Trivikramasena and its repeated escape from his back when the king answers the puzzle question put to him by the *vetāla* at the conclusion of each story of the kind represented in modern literature by Frank Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger?* These tales occupy fifty-seven pages, and Mr Penzer's very valuable Appendix on *The Twenty-five Tales of a Vetāla* occupies another seventy pages, and provides a bibliography of the principal recensions, incidentally dealing faithfully with Burton's well-known *Vikram and the Vampire* as being more original Burton than translation. Mr Penzer also writes of the necessity of an edition of the numerous versions of the

vetāla stories arranged for comparative purposes, and, as these versions are sometimes apparently independent and of various dates down to the *Bāitāl Pachīsī*, such an edition would be particularly suitable for the examination of literary influence on popular stories which is suggested above. Mr Penzer promises us another Appendix on the *vetāla* in Volume VII, a large part of which will be filled by the seventeen (or really sixteen) remaining stories of the *Vetālapañchavimśati*. As the material is not yet complete, it would be premature to discuss Mr Penzer's results.

Beast fables are peculiarly associated with Buddhist writings, if not originating there being often adapted and provided with Buddhist "morals," and have certainly had a wide diffusion from their Indian home. There are not many of them in the present volume, but there is a good deal about Buddhist doctrine, with references to bodhisattvas and arhats, side by side with tales involving caste, satī, human sacrifice to Durga, and Brāhmanic ceremonies. The comparative date and relation of these different religious elements would repay investigation.

Important notes deal with "Māyā," "The Magic String," "The Magic Seed," "Food Taboos in the Underworld," and "Vampires," and few points for useful comment have been overlooked. On page 118 there is mention of Yakshas "with feet turned the wrong way," and this curious attribute of supernatural beings, if not already treated in some note in a previous volume, is worth discussion.¹

There are many sidelights on Indian ideals, amongst which generosity seems almost as much one of the greatest virtues as with the Yemen Arabs of *Hatim Tai*, while asceticism is continually set out as the high road to magical power, and gambling and uxoriousness as the downhill paths to ruin. The ups and downs of life under irresponsible rulers are often illustrated, in one tale a thief being appointed at a bound chief magistrate—but of course this might not require him to abandon his profession. There is also the curious suggestion (p. 20) that the last thing seen or dwelt on

¹ See Crawford Cree, "Back-footed Beings," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii (1906), p. 131.

at the moment of death determines the form taken by the dying creature in its next incarnation.

The general framework of the stories, which is of like kind with that of *Le Grand Cyre* and other tedious seventeenth-century romances, in which tales revolve one within the other like the multiple perforated balls of the patient Chinese ivory-carver, is obviously of purely literary origin; but in the stories themselves, besides their interest as examples of typical folk-tales, the folklorist will find all manner of material for his use about such things as the magical effect of curses, shape-shifting by witchcraft or charms or the power of an ascetic, foretelling dreams, witches white and black, striking with the hand, magic rings and wishing-trees, and talismans. This store and lore will pleasantly occupy his time and assuage for a while his longing for the remaining volumes of Mr Penzer's and Mr Tawney's magnificent work.

A. R. WRIGHT.

16th September 1926.

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PREFACE

SO far each volume has contained two or three Appendixes, but in both this and the next volume there will be only one. This is due to the subject-matter which they contain. I refer to that most interesting cycle of vampire stories known as the *Vetālapañchavimśati*. Eight of them occur in the present volume, while the remaining sixteen (really fifteen) will appear in Volume VII.

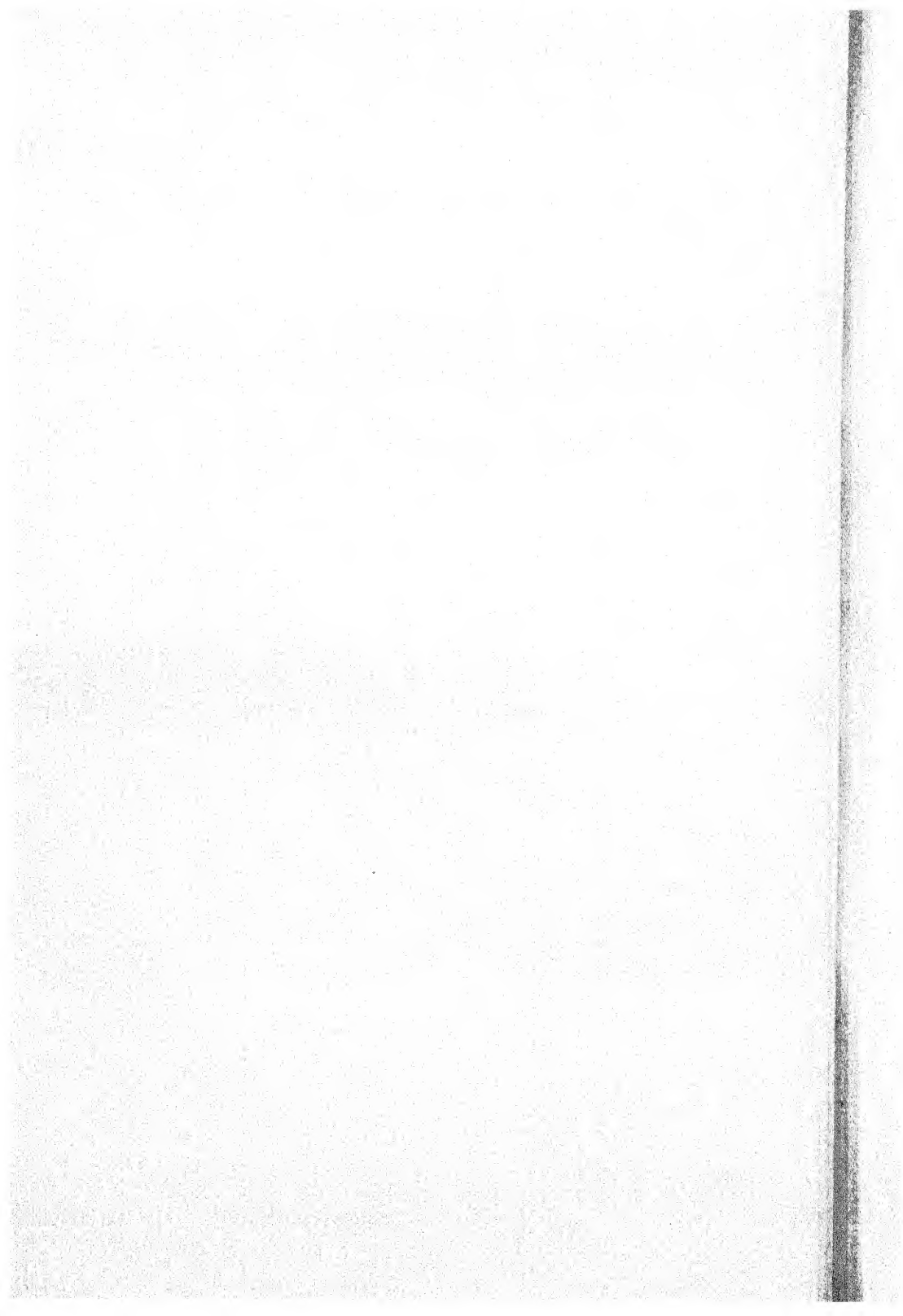
With but few exceptions all the tales are important and worthy of fairly extensive notes. This would mean overcrowding of footnotes or "end of chapter" notes. The history of the collection itself, as well as the frame-story, both require considerable attention. Thus I have decided on the course intimated above.

Once again I have been fortunate in obtaining the valuable services of an expert in the writing of the Foreword—Mr A. R. Wright, President of the Folk-Lore Society. His treatment of the subject is interesting, as it approaches the Indian tales from the standpoint of the European folklorist rather than the Oriental scholar.

Both Dr Barnett and Mr Fenton continue to render me invaluable service, both by proof-reading and expert advice.

N. M. P.

ST JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.8,
September 1926.



BOOK XII: ŚAŚĀNKAVATĪ

CHAPTER LXVIII

INVOCATION

MAY Gaṇeśa protect you, who, when he sports, throws up his trunk, round which plays a continual swarm of bees, like a triumphal pillar covered with letters, erected on account of the overthrow of obstacles !

We worship Śiva, who, though free from the hue of passion, abounds in colours, the skilful painter who is ever producing new and wonderful creations. Victorious are the arrows of the God of Love, for, when they descend, though they are made of flowers, the thunderbolt and other weapons are blunted in the hands of those who bear them.

[M] So the son of the King of Vatsa remained in Kauśāmbī, having obtained wife after wife. But though he had so many wives, he ever cherished the head queen, Madanamanchukā, more than his own life, as Kṛishṇa cherishes Rukmiṇī. But one night he saw in a dream that a heavenly maiden came and carried him off. And when he awoke he found himself on a slab of the *tārکشya* gem, on the plateau of a great hill, a place full of shady trees. And he saw that maiden near him, illuminating the wood, though it was night,¹

¹ See Vol. II, p. 43ⁿ. So Balder is said to be so fair of countenance and bright that he shines of himself. (Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, translated by Stallybrass, p. 222.) In Tennyson's *Vivien* we find

"A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved."

—See Tawney's *Kathākośa*, p. 35 (second note). For fuller details regarding the Balder myth see Frazer's *Balder the Beautiful* (vols. x and xi of *The Golden Bough*); and A. H. Krappe, "The Myth of Balder," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxxiv, No. 3, September 1923, pp. 184-215.—N.M.P.

like a herb used by the God of Love for bewildering the world.¹ He thought that she had brought him there, and he perceived that modesty made her conceal her real feelings; so the cunning prince pretended to be asleep, and in order to test her he said, as if talking in his sleep: "Where are you, my dear Madanamanchukā? Come and embrace me." When she heard it, she profited by his suggestion, and assumed the form of his wife, and embraced him without the restraint of modesty. Then he opened his eyes, and beholding her in the form of his wife, he said, "O how intelligent you are!" and smiling threw his arms round her neck. Then she dismissed all shame, and exhibiting herself in her real shape, she said: "Receive, my husband, this maiden, who chooses you for her own." And when she said that, he married her by the *gāndharva* form of marriage.²

But next morning he said to her, by way of an artifice to discover her lineage, about which he felt curious: "Listen, dear one, I will tell you a wonderful story.

161. *Story of the Jackal that was turned into an Elephant*

There lived in a certain wood of ascetics a hermit, named Brahmasiddhi, who possessed by meditation supernatural power, and near his hermitage there was an old female jackal dwelling in a cave. One day it was going out to find food, having been unable to find any for some time on account of bad weather, when a male elephant, furious on account of its separation from its female, rushed towards it to kill it. When the hermit saw that, being compassionate as well as endowed with magical power, he turned the female jackal into a female elephant, by way of a kindness, to please both. Then the male elephant, beholding a female, ceased to be furious, and became attached to her, and so she escaped death.

Then, as he was roaming about with the jackal trans-

¹ In the corresponding passage in *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī* (lamb. ix) Kshemendra expatiates on the beauty of the heavenly maiden. This is one of the very few cases where he is more prolix than Somadeva.—N.M.P.

² See note in Vol. I, pp. 87, 88.—N.M.P.

formed into a female elephant, he entered a tank full of the mud produced by the autumn rains, to crop a lotus. He sank in the mud there, and could not move, but remained motionless, like a mountain that has fallen owing to its wings having been cut off by the thunderbolt.¹ When the female elephant, that was before a jackal, saw the male in this distress, she went off that moment and followed another male elephant. Then it happened that the elephant's own mate, that he had lost, came that way in search of her spouse. The noble creature, seeing her husband sinking in the mud, entered the mud of the tank in order to join him. At that moment the hermit Brahmasiddhi came that way with his disciples, and was moved with pity when he saw that pair. And he bestowed by his power great strength on his disciples, and made them extricate the male and female from the mud. Then the hermit went away, and that couple of elephants, having been delivered from both separation and death, roamed where they would.

¹ This refers to a curious myth about Indra cutting off the wings of the mountains with his thunderbolt (*vajra*). Although there is a possible reference to it in the *Rig-Veda* (iv, 54, 5), the first account is found in the *Maitrāyaṇī Saṁhitā* (i, 10, 13). References to it in classical literature are numerous. Kālidāsa mentions it both in *Raghuvamśa* (see Johnstone's trans., iii, 177, 204, pp. 25, 26) and *Kumāra-Sambhava* (see Griffith's *Birth of the War-God*, pp. 4, 5).

According to the myth it appears that originally the mountains flew about like birds, and, owing to their constant moving about, upset the balance of the earth. Thereupon Indra cut off their wings with his *vajra*, thus forcing them to settle down permanently where they were. Only Maināka, son of Himālaya and Menā, escaped; he hid himself in the ocean, where he was protected by Sāgara. (See A. A. Macdonell, *Vedic Mythology*, p. 62, and cf. Pischel, *Vedische Studien*, vol. i, p. 174.)

The full explanation of the myth is not easy to discover. Tales of flying mountains are not uncommon among the Indo-Aryans, and as they appear to be usually told about hills situated away from the great mountain ranges, we can probably explain part of the myth geologically. The hills south of the Vindhya are prominences left standing while the surrounding land has sunk by gradual denudation. These "outliers" might well have called for an explanation from an unscientific people, and it seems not unlikely, as Sten Konow has suggested (*Aryan Gods of the Mitani People*, 1921, p. 29), that the myth is of pre-Aryan origin and originally related to a pre-Aryan deity. At a later date it became known to the Aryans, and was immediately attributed to Indra.—N.M.P.

[M] "So you see, dear one, that even animals, if they are of a noble strain, do not desert a lord or friend in calamity, but rescue him from it. But as for those which are of low origin, they are of fickle nature, and their hearts are never moved by noble feelings or affection." When the Prince of Vatsa said this, the heavenly maiden said to him: "It is so, there can be no doubt about this. But I know what your real object is in telling me this tale: so in return, my husband, hear this tale from me.

162. *Story of Vāmadatta and his Wicked Wife*

There was an excellent Brāhman in Kānyakubja, named Sūradatta, possessor of a hundred villages, respected by the King Bāhuśakti. And he had a devoted wife, named Vasumati, and by her he begot a handsome son, named Vāmadatta. Vāmadatta, the darling of his father, was instructed in all the sciences, and soon married a wife, of the name of Śaṣi-prabhā. In course of time his father went to heaven, and his wife followed him,¹ and the son undertook with his wife the duties of a householder. But without his knowledge his wife was addicted to following her lusts, and by some chance or other she became a witch possessed of magical powers.²

One day, when the Brāhman was in the king's camp, engaged in his service, his paternal uncle came and said to him in secret: "Nephew, our family is disgraced, for I have seen your wife in the company of your cowherd." When Vāmadatta heard this, he left his uncle in the camp in his stead, and went, with his sword for his only companion, back to his own house. He went into the flower-garden and remained there in concealment, and in the night the cowherd came there. And immediately his wife came eagerly to meet her paramour, with all kinds of food in her hand. After he had eaten, she went off to bed with him, and then Vāmadatta rushed upon them with uplifted sword, exclaiming: "Wretches, where are you going?" When he said that,

¹ This probably means that she was burnt with his corpse.

² Böhlingk and Roth read *sākinīsiddhisamvarā*.

his wife rose up and said, "Away, fool!" and threw some dust in his face. Then Vāmadatta was immediately changed from a man into a buffalo, but in his new condition he still retained his memory. Then his wicked wife put him among the buffaloes, and made the herdsman beat him with sticks.¹

And the cruel woman immediately sold him in his helpless bestial condition to a trader, who required a buffalo. The trader put a load upon the man, who found his transformation to a buffalo a sore trial, and took him to a village near the Ganges. He reflected: "A wife of very bad character that enters unsuspected the house of a confiding man is never likely to bring him prosperity, any more than a snake which gets into the female apartments." While full of these thoughts he was sorrowful, with tears gushing from his eyes; moreover he was reduced to skin and bone by the fatigue of carrying burdens, and in this state he was beheld by a certain white witch. She knew by her magic power the whole transaction, and sprinkling him with some charmed water, she released him from his buffalo condition. And when he had returned to human form, she took him to her own house and gave him her virgin daughter, named Kāntimatī. And she gave him some charmed mustard-seeds, and said to him: "Sprinkle your wicked former wife with these, and turn her into a mare." Then Vāmadatta, taking with him his new wife, went with the charmed mustard-seeds to his own house. Then he killed the herdsman, and with the mustard-seeds he turned² his former wife into a mare, and tied her up in the stable. And in order to revenge himself, he made it a rule to give her every day seven blows with a stick, before he took any food.

One day, while he was living there in this way with Kāntimatī, a guest came to his house. The guest had just sat down to his meal, when suddenly Vāmadatta got up and rushed quickly out of the room without eating anything,

¹ We have had many transformations of this kind and shall have many more. A very amusing story of a transformation is found in Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii, p. 60, which may be compared with this. —See the note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

² I read *kṛitvā* for *kīrtvā*.

because he recollected that he had not beaten his wicked wife with a stick that day. And after he had given his wife, in the form of a mare, the appointed number of blows, he came in with his mind easy, and took his food. Then the guest, being astonished, asked him, out of curiosity, where he had gone in such a hurry, leaving his food. Thereupon Vāmadatta told him his whole story from the beginning, and his guest said to him: "What is the use of this persistent revenge? Petition that mother-in-law of yours, who first released you from your animal condition, and gain some advantage for yourself." When the guest gave this advice to Vāmadatta, he approved it, and the next morning dismissed him with the usual attentions.

Then that witch, his mother-in-law, suddenly paid him a visit, and he supplicated her persistently to grant him a boon. The powerful witch instructed him and his wife in the method of gaining the life-prolonging charm, with the proper initiatory rites.¹ So he went to the mountain of Śrī and set about obtaining that charm; and the charm, when obtained, appeared to him in visible shape, and gave him a splendid sword. And when the successful Vāmadatta had obtained the sword, he and his wife Kāntimatī became glorious Vidyā-dharas. Then he built by his magic power a splendid city on a peak of the Malaya mountain, named Rajatakūṭa. There, in time, that prince among the Vidyādhara had born to him by his queen an auspicious daughter, named Lalitalochanā. And the moment she was born she was declared by a voice, that came from heaven, to be destined to be the wife of the future Emperor of the Vidyādhara.

[M] "Know, my husband, that I am that very Lalitalochanā, and that knowing the facts by my science, and being

¹ Professor Cowell informs me that there is a passage in the *Śankara-digvijaya* which explains this. A seer by means of this *vidyā* gains a life equivalent to eleven years of Brahmā. It seems to be a life-prolonging charm.—The above-mentioned work has not yet been translated. See L. D. Barnett, *Supplementary Catalogue of Sanskrit . . . Books in the . . . British Museum*, Ldn., 1908, col. 633.—N.M.P.

in love with you, I have brought you to this very Malaya mountain, which is my own home.” When she had in these words told him her story, Naravāhanadatta was much pleased, and entertained great respect for his new wife. And he remained there with her. And immediately the King of Vatsa and his *entourage* learnt the truth, by means of the supernatural knowledge of Ratnaprabhā, and the other wives of Naravāhanadatta that possessed the same powers.

NOTE ON THE STORY OF VĀMADATTA

This story contains several fiction *motifs*, which are to be found in the *Nights*, where, however, they have been used in three quite distinct tales.

The first part of our story resembles the "Tale of the Ensorcelled Prince," a sub-story of "The Fisherman and the Jinni." (See Burton, vol. i, pp. 69-80.) Here the wife appears at first to be very loving, and it is only due to the introduction of the overhearing *motif* that the husband becomes cognizant of her infidelity. The lover is a negro. The husband sees them together and badly wounds the negro. Later he tries to kill him, but his wife utters some unintelligible words and turns his lower half to stone. In this helpless condition she beats him with a hundred stripes a day. Finally he is rescued by a king who impersonates the negro. Rather similar is the "History of Sidi Nu'uman" (Burton, Supp., vol. iii, p. 325 *et seq.*), where the husband discovers that his wife is a corpse-eater. She thereupon turns him into a dog. He is finally released by being sprinkled with water by a "white" witch. He is then taught a charm by which he turns his wife into a mare, which he whips and stirrups without mercy. A similar story is current at Palena, in Abruzzi. (See Vol. II, p. 202n¹, of this work.)

The second part of our tale appears, with certain differences, in "The Porter and the Three Ladies of Baghdad," which is the very next tale to "The Fisherman and the Jinni."

Here two black bitches are led into the room and scourged by the lady of the house till her wrists fail her. She then hugs and kisses them. Later the Caliph demands an explanation, and this explanation forms "The Eldest Lady's Tale" (Burton, vol. i, pp. 162-173). She had been disgracefully treated by her two sisters, and on her saving a serpent's life they are changed into dogs. The serpent says, however, that if she fails to deal them three hundred stripes a day, she herself will share a like fate.

In a Kalmuck tale (No. II of Busk and Jülg, p. 183 *et seq.* of Coxwell) a Khan and his minister take their revenge on two women who had ill-treated them, by turning them into asses. In this shape they work for three years, till out of pity they are made to resume their former shape. As Coxwell has shown in his notes on this story (p. 238), the punishment of women by changing them into various animals is a *motif* found in many Russian collections. In the Votyak (Finnish tribe, N.-E. Russia) tale, "The Magic Bird," three girls are turned into black mares and harnessed to heavy loads (Coxwell, p. 591). In the Mordvin (Finno-Turkish people between the Volga and Oka) tale "Enchanter and Enchantress" (p. 570) the wicked wife becomes a mare. In the Ossetian (S. Caucasian) tale "Tsopan" (p. 1011) the hero, after being turned successively into a duck and a dog, comes into possession of a felt whip, by the help of which he turns his wife and her new giant-husband into asses. In a Finnish tale, "The Merchant's Son" (p. 647), the tsar's daughter is punished by being turned into a beautiful horse, on which both sons ride.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXIX

THEN Naravāhanadatta, having obtained that new [M] bride, Lalitalochanā, sported with her on that very Malaya mountain, delightful on account of the first burst of spring, in various forest purlieus adorned with flowering trees.

And in one grove his beloved, in the course of gathering flowers, disappeared out of his sight into a dense thicket; and while he was wandering on, he saw a great tank with clear water, that, on account of the flowers fallen from the trees on its banks, resembled the heaven studded with stars.¹

And he thought: "I will wait until my beloved, who is gathering flowers, returns to me; and in the meanwhile I will bathe in this lake and rest for a little upon its bank." So he bathed and worshipped the gods, and then he sat down on a slab of rock in the shade of a sandalwood-tree. While sitting there he thought of his beloved Madanamanchukā, who was so far off, beholding the gait of the female swans that rivalled hers, and hearing the singing of the female cuckoos in the mango-creepers that equalled hers, and seeing the eyes of the does that recalled hers to his mind. And as soon as he recollected her, the fire of love sprang up in his breast, and tortured him so that he fainted; and at that moment a glorious hermit came there to bathe, whose name was Piśangajāta. He, seeing the prince in such a state, sprinkled him with sandal-water, refreshing as the touch of his beloved. Then he recovered consciousness and bowed before the hermit. But the hermit said to him: "My son, in order that you may obtain your wish, acquire endurance, for by means of that quality everything is acquired. And in order that you may understand this, come to my hermitage and hear the story of Mṛigānkadatta, if you have not already heard it." When the hermit had said this, he bathed and

¹ So "one who dwelt by the castled Rhine" called the flowers "the stars that in earth's firmament do shine" [Longfellow, *Flowers*].

took the prince to his hermitage, and quickly performed his daily prayers. And Piśāṅgajāta entertained him there with fruits, and ate fruits himself, and then he began to tell him this tale of Mṛigāṅkadatta.

163. *Story of Mṛigāṅkadatta*¹

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyā famous in the three worlds. In it there lived in old time a king named Amaradatta. He was of resplendent brightness, and he had a wife named Surataprabhā, who was as closely knit to him as the oblation to the fire.² By her there was born to him a son named Mṛigāṅkadatta, who was adored for his ten million virtues, as his bow was bent by the string reaching the notches.³

And that young prince had ten ministers of his own: Prachāṇḍasakti and Sthūlabāhu, and Vikramakeśarin, and Driḍhamuṣṭi, and Meghabala and Bhīmaparākrama, and Vimalabuddhi, and Vyāghrasena and Guṇākara, and the tenth, Vichitrakatha. They were all of good birth, young, brave and wise, and devoted to their master's interests. And Mṛigāṅkadatta led a happy life with them in his father's house, but he did not obtain a suitable wife.

And one day his minister Bhīmaparākrama said to him in secret: "Hear, Prince, what happened to me in the night. I went to sleep last night on the roof of the palace, and I saw in a dream a lion, with claws terrible as the thunderbolt, rushing upon me. I rose up, sword in hand, and then the lion began to flee, and I pursued him at my utmost speed. He crossed a river, and stuck out his long tongue⁴ at me, and I cut it off with my sword. And I made use of it to cross that river, for it was as broad as a bridge. And there-

¹ This story extends to the end of Book XII—i.e. we do not get back to the Main Story again till the very end of the next volume. This is chiefly due to the introduction of the Vetāla stories.—N.M.P.

² The word *tejas* also means "courage."

³ An elaborate pun, only intelligible in Sanskrit.

⁴ Cf. the long black tongue which the horrible black man protrudes in Wirt Sikes' *British Goblins*, p. 177. In Birlinger's *Aus Schwaben*, vol. i, p. 341, the *fahrende Schüler* puts out his tongue in a very uncanny manner.

upon the lion became a deformed giant. I asked him who he was, and the giant said : ' I am a Vetāla, and I am delighted with your courage, my brave fellow.' Then I said to him : ' If this is the case, then tell me who is to be the wife of my master Mrigānkadatta.' When I said this to the Vetāla, he answered : ' There is in Ujjayinī a king named Karmasena. He has a daughter, who in beauty surpasses the Apsarases, being, as it were, the receptacle of the Creator's handiwork in the form of loveliness. Her name is Śaśānkavatī, and she shall be his wife, and by gaining her he shall become king of the whole earth.' When the Vetāla had said this he disappeared, and I came home : this is what happened to me in the night, my sovereign."

When Mrigānkadatta heard this from Bhimaparākrama, he summoned all his ministers, and had it told to them, and then he said : " Hear what I too saw in a dream. I thought we all entered a certain wood ; and in it, being thirsty with travelling, we reached with difficulty some water ; and when we wished to drink it, five armed men rose up and tried to prevent us. We killed them, and then in the torments of our thirst we again turned to drink the water, but lo ! neither the men nor the water were to be seen. Then we were in a miserable state ; but on a sudden we saw the god Śiva come there, mounted on his bull, resplendent with the moon on his forehead ; we bent before him in prayer, and he dropped from his right eye a teardrop on the ground. That became a sea, and I drew from it a splendid pearl necklace and fastened it round my neck. And I drank up that sea in a human skull stained with blood. And immediately I awoke, and lo ! the night was at an end."

When Mrigānkadatta had described this wonderful sight that he had seen in his dream, the other ministers rejoiced, but Vimalabuddhi said : " You are fortunate, Prince, in that Śiva has shown you this favour. As you obtained the necklace and drank up the sea, you shall without fail obtain Śaśānkavatī and rule the whole earth. But the rest of the dream indicates some slight amount of misfortune."

When Vimalabuddhi had said this, Mrigānkadatta again said to his ministers : " Although the fulfilment of my dream

will no doubt come to pass in the way which my friend Bhīmaparākrama heard predicted by the Vetāla, still I must win from that Karmasena, who confides in his army and his forts, his daughter Śaśāṅkavatī by force of policy. And the force of policy is the best instrument in all understanding. Now listen, I will tell you a story to prove this.

163A. *King Bhadrabāhu and his Clever Minister*

There was a king in Magadha named Bhadrabāhu. He had a minister named Mantragupta, most sagacious of men. That king once said of his own accord to that minister : "The King of Vārāṇasī, named Dharmagopa, has a daughter named Anangalilā, the chief beauty of the three worlds. I have often asked for her in marriage, but out of hostility that king will not give her to me. And he is a formidable foe, on account of his possessing an elephant named Bhadradanta. Still I cannot bear to live any longer without that daughter of his. So I have no measure which I can adopt in this business. Tell me, my friend, what I am to do." When the king said this, his minister answered him : "Why, King, do you suppose that courage and not policy ensures success ? Dismiss your anxiety ; I will manage the matter for you by my own ingenuity."

So, the next day, the minister set out for Vārāṇasī, disguised as a Pāśupata ascetic, and he took six or seven companions with him, who were disguised as his pupils,¹ and they told all the people, who came together from all quarters to adore him, that he possessed supernatural powers. Then, as he was roaming about one night to find out some means of accomplishing his object, he saw in the distance the wife of the keeper of the elephants leave her house, going along quickly through fear, escorted in some direction or other by three or four armed men. He at once said to himself : "Surely this lady is eloping somewhere, so I will see where she is going." So he followed her with his attendants. And

¹ For a most interesting paper, "On False Ascetics and Nuns in Hindu Fiction," see Bloomfield, *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xlv, 1924, pp. 202-242.—N.M.P.

he observed from a distance the house into which she went, and then he returned to his own lodging.

And the next day, as the elephant-keeper was wandering about in search of his wife, who had gone off with his wealth, the minister contrived to send his own followers to meet him. They found that he had just swallowed poison because he could not find his wife, and they counteracted by their knowledge the effect of the poison, pretending that they did it out of pure compassion. And they said to him, "Come to our teacher, for he is a seer and knows everything"; and so they brought him to the minister. And the elephant-keeper fell at the feet of the minister, who was rendered more majestic by the insignia of his vow, and asked him for news of his wife. The minister pretended to meditate, and after a time told him the place where she was taken by the strange men at night, with all the signs by which he might recognise it. Then the elephant-keeper bowed again before him, and went with a host of guards and surrounded that place. And he killed those wicked men who had carried off his wife, and recovered her, together with her ornaments and his wealth.

And the next day he went and bowed before, and praised, that supposed seer, and invited him to an entertainment. And as the minister did not wish to enter a house, and said that he must eat at night, he made an entertainment for him at nightfall in the elephant-stables. So the minister went there and feasted with his followers, taking with him a concealed serpent, that he had by means of a charm got to enter the hollow of a bamboo. Then the elephant-keeper went away, and, while the others were asleep, the minister introduced, by means of the bamboo, the serpent into the ear of the elephant Bhadradanta, while it was asleep. And he spent the night there, and in the morning went back to Magadha, his native land. But the elephant died from the bite of the snake.

When the clever minister returned, having smitten down the elephant as if it were the pride of that King Dharmagopa, the King Bhadrabāhu was in ecstasies. Then he sent off an ambassador to Vārāṇasī to ask for the hand of Anangalīlā. The king, who was helpless from the loss of his elephant,

gave her to him ; for kings, who know times and seasons, bend like canes, if it is expedient to do so.

163. *Story of Mrigānkadatta*

“ So, by the sagacity of that minister Mantragupta, the King Bhadrabāhu obtained Anangalīlā. And in the same way I must obtain that wife by wisdom.” When Mrigānkadatta said this, his minister Vichitrakatha said to him : “ You will succeed in all by the favour of Śiva which was promised you in a dream. What will not the effective favour of the gods accomplish ? Hear in proof of it the story I am now going to tell.

163B. *Pushkarāksha and Vinayavatī*

There was in the city of Takshaśilā a king of the name of Bhadrāksha. He, desiring a son, was worshipping Lakshmī every day with one hundred and eight ¹ white lotuses upon a sword. One day, as the king was worshipping her without breaking silence, he happened to count the lotuses mentally, and found that there was one missing. He then gave the goddess the lotus of his heart spitted on the sword, and she was pleased and granted him a boon that would ensure his having a son that would rule the whole earth. And she healed the wound of the king and disappeared. Then there was born a son to the king by his queen, and he possessed all the auspicious marks. And the king called him Pushkarāksha, because he obtained him by the gift of the lotus of his heart. And when the son, in course of time, grew up to manhood, Bhadrāksha anointed him king, as he possessed great virtues, and himself repaired to the forest.

Pushkarāksha, for his part, having obtained the kingdom, kept worshipping Siva every day, and one day, at the end of his worship, he asked him to bestow on him a wife. Then he heard a voice come from heaven, saying : “ My son, thou

¹ See Vol. I, p. 242n³. The number of beads in both Tibetan and Burmese rosaries is usually one hundred and eight. Colonel L. A. Waddell refers me to his article “Burmese Buddhist Rosaries,” *Proc. As. Soc. Bengal*, December 1892, pp. 189-191, and to his *Buddhism of Tibet*, pp. 203, 204.—N.M.P.

shalt obtain all thy desire." Then he remained in a happy state, as he had now a good hope of success. And it happened that one day he went to a wood inhabited by wild beasts, to amuse himself with hunting. There he saw a camel about to eat two snakes entwined together, and in his grief he killed the camel. The camel immediately became a Vidyādhara, abandoning its camel body, and, being pleased, said to Pushkarāksha: "You have done me a benefit. So hear what I have to tell you.

"There is, King, a mighty Vidyādhara named Rankumālin. And a beautiful maiden of the Vidyādhara race, named Tārāvalī, who admired good looks, saw him and fell in love with him, and chose him for her husband.¹ And then her father, angry because they had married without consulting anything but their own inclination, laid on them a curse that would separate them for some time. Then the couple, Tārāvalī and Rankumālin, sported, with ever-growing love, in various regions belonging to them.

"But one day, in consequence of that curse, they lost sight of one another in a wood, and were separated. Then Tārāvalī, in her search for her husband, at last reached a forest on the other side of the western sea, inhabited by a hermit of supernatural powers. There she saw a large *jambu* tree in flower, which seemed compassionately to console her with the sweet buzzing of its bees. And she took the form of a bee, and sat down on it to rest, and began to drink the honey of a flower. And immediately she saw her husband, from whom she had been so long separated, come there, and she bedewed that flower with a tear of joy. And she abandoned the body of a bee, and went and united herself to her husband Rankumālin, who had come there in search of her, as the moonlight is united to the moon.

"Then she went with him to his home: but from the *jambu* flower bedewed with her tear² a fruit was produced.³

¹ I.e. by the *gāndharva* form of marriage.—N.M.P.

² The original Sanskrit word, which I translate "tear," is *vīrya*.

³ Cf. Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 15, Giles' *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, vol i, p. 294, and the classical legend of the birth of Adonis. A similar story will be found in Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 306. In Bernhard

And in course of time a maiden was produced inside the fruit. Now once on a time the hermit, who was named Vijitāsu, was wandering about in search of fruits and roots, and *The Birth of Vinayavati* came there; and that fruit, being ripe, fell from the *jambu* tree and broke, and a heavenly maiden came out of it, and respectfully bowing, saluted the feet of that hermit. That hermit, who possessed divine insight, when he beheld her, at once knew her true history, and being astonished, took her to his hermitage, and gave her the name of Vinayavati. Then in course of time she grew up to womanhood in his hermitage, and I, as I was roaming in the air, saw her, and being infatuated by pride in my own good looks and by love, I went to her, and tried to carry her off by force against her will. At that moment the hermit Vijitāsu, who heard her cries, came in, and pronounced this curse upon me: 'O thou whose whole body is full of pride in thy beauty, become an ugly camel. But when thou shalt be slain by King Pushkarāksha, thou shalt be released from thy curse. And he shall be the husband of this Vinayavati.'

"When cursed in these words by the hermit I became a camel on this earth, and now, thanks to you, my curse is at an end; so go to that forest on the other side of the western sea, named Surabhimāruta, and obtain for a wife that heavenly creature, who would make Śrī herself lose all pride in her own beauty."

When the heavenly Vidyādhara had said this to Pushkarāksha, he flew up to the sky. Then Pushkarāksha returned

E. Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, No. 5, three maidens come out of a citron, and one of them again out of a rose-bush. For other parallels see the notes to No. 21 in Miss Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*. Cf. "Das Rosmarinstrauchlein" in Kaden's *Unter den Olivenbäumen* (Stories from the South of Italy), p. 10; Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 195; and Ralston's *Tibetan Tales*, p. lii.—See the references already given in Vol. II, p. 136n¹, and Vol. III, p. 218n¹. To the Chauvin reference I would add—see also p. 294. In Basile's *Il Pentamerone* (Ninth Diversion of the Fifth Day) is the tale of "The Three Citrons," in which each time a citron is cut a beautiful fairy appears and demands something to drink. The prince is too overcome to give it at once and the fairy disappears. The third time, however, he is more lucky, and, after the usual vicissitudes, marries the fair maiden (Burton's translation, vol. ii, pp. 546-558). See also Cosquin, *Les Contes Indiens et l'Occident*, 1922, p. 72.—N.M.P.

to his city, and entrusted his kingdom to his ministers, and, mounting his horse, went off alone at night. And at last he reached the shore of the western sea, and there he reflected : " How shall I cross over this sea ? " Then he saw there an empty temple of Durgā, and he entered it, and bathed, and worshipped the goddess. And he found there a lyre, which had been deposited there by someone, and he devoutly sang to it in honour of the goddess songs composed by himself. And then he lay down to sleep there. And the goddess was so pleased with his lyric worship that in the night she had him conveyed across the sea by her attendant demons, while he was asleep.

Then he woke up in the morning on the other side of the sea, and saw himself no longer in the temple of Durgā, but in a wood. And he rose up in astonishment, and wandered about, and beheld a hermitage, which seemed to bow before him hospitably by means of its trees weighed down with fruit, and to utter a welcome with the music of its birds. So he entered it, and saw a hermit surrounded by his pupils. And the king approached the hermit, and bowed at his feet. The hermit, who possessed supernatural insight, received him hospitably, and said to him : " King Pushkarāksha, Vinayavatī, for whom you have come, has gone out for a moment to fetch firewood, so wait a little : you shall to-day marry her who was your wife in a former life." Then Pushkarāksha said to himself : " Bravo ! this is that very hermit Vijitāsu, and this is that very wood ; no doubt the goddess has had me carried across the ocean. But this that the hermit tells me is strange, that she was my wife in a previous state of existence." Then he asked the hermit in his joy the following question : " Tell me, reverend sir, how was she my wife before ? " Then the hermit said : " Listen, if you feel curious on the point.

163BB. *The Adventures of Pushkarāksha and Vinayavatī
in a Former Life*

There was in old time a merchant in Tāmraliptī, named Dharmasena, and he had a beautiful wife named Vidyullekhā. As it happened he was robbed by bandits and wounded with

weapons by them, and longing for death, he went out with his wife to enter the fire. And the two saw suddenly a beautiful couple of swans coming through the air. Then they entered the fire, and died with their minds fixed on those swans, and so the husband and wife were born in the next birth as swans.

Now, one day in the rains, as they were in their nest in a datepalm-tree, a storm uprooted the tree and separated them. The next morning the storm was at an end, and the male swan went to look for his female, but he could not find her in the lakes or in any quarter of the sky. At last he went, distracted with love, to the Mānasa lake, the proper place for swans at that season of the year, and another female swan, that he met on the way, gave him hopes that he would find her there. There he found his female, and he spent the rainy season there, and then he went to a mountain-peak to enjoy himself with her. There his female was shot by a fowler. When he saw that, he flew away, distracted with fear and grief. The fowler went off, taking with him the dead female swan, and on the way he saw many armed men at a distance coming towards him, and he thought that they would perhaps take the bird from him, so he cut some grass with his knife, and covering up the bird with that, left her on the ground. After the men had gone, the fowler returned to take the female swan. But it happened that among the grass which he had cut was a herb which possessed the power of raising the dead to life. By means of the juice of this herb the female swan was restored to life,¹ and before his eyes she flung off the grass, and flew up into the sky, and disappeared.

¹ See the story of Polyidus, in Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii, p. 478. Preller refers to *Nonnus*, xxv, 451 *et seq.* The story terminates *ψυχὴ δ' εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον*. See also Baring Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, new edition, 1869, pp. 399-402, and Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, pp. 112 and 126.—See also Cosquin, *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, vol. i, p. 80ⁿ, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 74. For the story of Polyidus see Apollodorus' *Library*, 111, iii, i (Frazer's trans. in Loeb Classics, vol. i, p. 313 and note). From it was derived Grimm's No. 16, *Die drei Schlangenblätter*. For numerous analogues see Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 126 *et seq.*

But in the meanwhile the male swan went and settled on the shore of a lake among a flock of swans, distracted with grief at seeing his mate in this state.¹ Immediately a certain fisherman threw a net, and caught all those birds, and thereupon sat down to take his food. Then the female swan came there in search of her husband, and found him caught in the net, and in her grief she cast her eyes in every direction. Then she saw on the bank of the lake a necklace of gems, which a certain person, who had gone into the water to bathe, had laid on the top of his clothes. She went and carried off the necklace without that person seeing her do it, and she flew gently through the air past the fisherman, to show him the necklace. The fisherman, when he saw the female swan with the necklace in her beak, left the net full of birds and ran after her, stick in hand. But the female swan deposited the necklace upon the top of a distant rock, and the fisherman proceeded to climb up the rock to get the necklace. When the female swan saw that, she went and struck in the eye with her beak a monkey that was asleep on a tree, near where her husband lay caught in the net. The monkey, being terrified by the blow, fell on the net and tore it, and so all the swans escaped from it. Then the couple of swans were reunited, and they told one another their adventures, and in their joy amused themselves as they would. The fisherman, after getting the necklace, came back to fetch the birds, and the man whose necklace had been taken away met him as he was looking for it; and as the fact of the fisherman's being in possession of the necklace was revealed by his fear, he recovered it from him and cut off his right hand with his sword. And the two swans, sheltering themselves under one lotus by way of umbrella, rose up in the middle of the day from the lake and roamed in the sky.

And soon the two birds reached the bank of a river haunted by a certain hermit, who was employed in worshipping Siva. Then the couple of swans were shot through with one arrow by a fowler, as they were flying along, and fell together to the earth. And the lotus, which they had used as an umbrella, fell on the top of a *linga* of Siva, while

¹ Dr Kern conjectures *evam*.

the hermit was engaged in worship. Then the fowler, seeing them, took the male swan for himself, and gave the female swan to the hermit, who offered it to Śiva.¹

163B. *Pushkarāksha and Vinayavatī*

“Now you, Pushkarāksha, were that very male swan; and by the virtue of that lotus, which fell on the top of the *liṅga*, you have been now born in a royal family. And that female swan has been born in a family of Vidyādhara as Vinayavatī, for Śiva was abundantly worshipped with her flesh. Thus Vinayavatī was your wife in a former birth.” When the hermit Vijitāsu said this to Pushkarāksha, the king asked him another question: “How comes it, hermit, that the entering the fire, which atones for a multitude of sins, produced in our case the fruit of birth in the nature of a bird?” Thereupon the hermit replied: “A creature receives the form of that which it was contemplating at the moment of death.

163BBB. *Lāvaṇyamanjarī*

For there was in the city of Ujjayinī a holy Brāhman virgin of the name of Lāvaṇyamanjarī, who observed a vow of perpetual chastity; she once saw a Brāhman youth of the name of Kamalodaya, and her mind was suddenly attracted to him, and she was consumed with the fire of love, but she did not abandon her vow. She went to the shore of the Gandhavatī and abandoned her life in a holy place, with her thoughts intently fixed on his love.

But on account of that intent meditation she was born in the next birth as a courtesan, of the name of Rūpavatī, in a town named Ekalavyā. However, owing to the virtue of her vow and of the holy bathing-place, she remembered her former birth, and in conversation she related that secret of her former birth to a Brāhman named Choḍakarna, who was always engaged in muttering prayers, in order to cure him of his exclusive devotion to muttering; and at last,

¹ In Bengal no animal sacrifices are offered to Śiva at the present day.

though she was a courtesan, as her will was purified, she attained blessedness.

163B. *Pushkarāksha and Vinayavatī*

"So, King, you see that a person attains similarity to that which he thinks of." Having said this to the king, the hermit dismissed him to bathe, and he himself performed his midday ablutions.

But King Pushkarāksha went to the bank of the river, that flowed through the forest, and saw Vinayavatī there gathering flowers. Her body gleamed as if she were the light of the sun come to visit the wood out of curiosity, as it had never been able to penetrate its thickets. He thought to himself: "Who can this be?" And she, as she was sitting in conversation with her maid, said to her: "My friend, the Vidyādhara, who wished long ago to carry me off, came here to-day released from his curse, and announced the arrival of my husband." When the friend heard that, she answered the hermit-maiden: "It is true, for this morning the hermit Vijitāsu said to his pupil Munjakeśa: 'Go and bring here quickly Tārāvalī and Rankumālin, for to-day will certainly take place the marriage of their daughter Vinayavatī to King Pushkarāksha.' When Munjakeśa received this order from his teacher, he said, 'I obey,' and started on his journey. So come, my friend, let us now go to the hermitage."

When she said this, Vinayavatī departed, and Pushkarāksha heard the whole conversation from a distance without being seen. And the king returned quickly to the hermitage of Vijitāsu, after he had plunged in the river, as if to cool the burning heat of love. There Tārāvalī and Rankumālin, who had arrived, honoured him when he bent before them, and the hermits gathered round him. Then, on an altar-platform illuminated by the great hermit Vijitāsu with his austerities, as if by a second fire in human form, Rankumālin gave that Vinayavatī to the king, and he bestowed on him at the same time a heavenly chariot, that would travel in the sky. And the great hermit Vijitāsu conferred on him

this boon : " Rule, together with her, the earth with its four seas."

Then, with the permission of the hermit, the King Pushkarāksha took his new wife with him, and mounted that heavenly chariot that travelled through the air, and, crossing the sea, went quickly to his own city, being like the rising of the moon to the eyes of his subjects.

And then he conquered the earth and became emperor of it by virtue of his chariot, and lived a long time in enjoyment with Vinayavatī in his own capital.

163. *Story of Mrigāṅkadatta*

" So a task, which is very difficult in itself, succeeds in this world if the gods are propitious, and so, King, you may be certain that your enterprise also will succeed soon by the favour of the god Siva, promised you in a dream."

When Mrigāṅkadatta had heard this romantic story from his minister, being very eager to obtain Śaśāṅkavatī, he made up his mind to go to Ujjayinī with his ministers.

CHAPTER LXX

163. *Story of Mrigāṅkadatta*

ACCORDINGLY Mrigāṅkadatta, being desirous to obtain Śaśāṅkavatī, the daughter of King Karmasena, who had been described by the Vetāla, planned with his ministers to leave his city secretly, disguised as a Pāśupata ascetic, in order to travel to Ujjayinī. And the prince himself directed his minister Bhīmaparākrama to bring the necessary staves like bed-posts, the skulls, and so on. And the head minister of the king, his father, found out, by means of a spy, that Bhīmaparākrama had collected all these things in his house. And at that time it happened that Mrigāṅkadatta, while walking about on the top of his palace, spat down some betel-juice. And as ill-luck would have it, it fell on the head of his father's minister, who happened to be walking below, unseen by the prince.¹ But the minister, knowing that Mrigāṅkadatta had spat down that betel-juice, bathed, and laid up in his heart a grudge against Mrigāṅkadatta on account of the insult.

Now it happened that the next day King Amaradatta, the father of Mrigāṅkadatta, had an attack of cholera, and then the minister saw his chance, and, after imploring an assurance of safety, he said in secret to the king, who was tortured with his sudden attack of disease: "The fact is, my sovereign, your son Mrigāṅkadatta has begun incantations against you in the house of Bhīmaparākrama; that is why you are suffering."² I found it out by means of a spy,

¹ In the "First Kalandar's Tale" in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. i, p. 107) the Wazir bears a similar grudge. The prince had put one of his eyes out by accident. I have already (Vol. II, p. 147ⁿ¹) given a note on unintentional injuries.—N.M.P.

² Kuhn in his *Westfälische Märchen*, vol. i, p. 141, quotes a very early instance of this belief from Livy, viii, 18. The historian informs us that

and the thing is obvious for all to see, so banish your son from your realm and your disease from your body at the same time."

When the king heard that, he was terrified, and sent his general to the house of Bhīmaparākrama, to investigate the matter. And he found the hair, and the skulls, and other articles,¹ and immediately brought those very things and showed them to the king. And the king in his anger said to the general: "That son of mine is conspiring against me, because he wishes to reign himself, so expel him from the kingdom this very moment without delay, together with

one hundred and fifty Roman ladies were condemned as guilty of poisoning their husbands. That the death of their husbands was supposed to be brought about by witchcraft is clear from the whole passage, and particularly from the words: "*Secuti indicem et coquentes quaedam medicamenta et recondita alia invenerunt.*" In Brand's *Popular Antiquities* will be found much curious information on this subject. King James in his *Dæmonologie*, Book II, chap. 5, tells us that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that by roasting thereof, the persons, that they bear the name of, may be continually melted or dried away with sickness." See Servius on the eighth eclogue of Virgil; Theocritus, *Idyll*, ii, 22; *Hudibras*, Part II, canto ii, l. 31; Ovid, *Heroid. Ep.*, vi, 91. See also Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 587, where it is laid to the charge, among others, of Roger Bolinbrook, a cunning necromancer, and Margery Jordane, the cunning witch of Eye, "that they at the request of Eleanor, duchess of Gloucester, had devised an image of wax representing the king [Henry the Sixth] which by their sorcery a little and little consumed; intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person." Shakespeare mentions this, 2 *Henry VI*, Act I, sc. 4. Andrews, in his continuation of Henry's *History of Great Britain*, 4to, p. 93, tells us, speaking of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth died by poison: "The credulity of the age attributed his death to witchcraft. The disease was odd and operated as a perpetual emetic; and a waxen image, with hair like that of the unfortunate earl, found in his chamber, reduced every suspicion to certainty" (Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. iii, pp. 11 and 12). See also Shakespeare's *Richard III*, Act III, sc. 4, ll. 61-75; *King John*, Act V, sc. 4, ll. 25, 26; Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. ii, pp. 24, 26, 36; Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, vol. i, pp. 153 and 177.—Most readers will recognise in the above note examples of that section of magic called by Frazer "Sympathetic Magic." It will suffice here merely to mention vol. i of his *Golden Bough (The Magic Art)*, where the whole question is discussed (pp. 52-219), with numerous examples from all parts of the world.—N.M.P.

¹ I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *keśakapālādi*; perhaps for *keśa* we should read *veśa*. The skulls have been mentioned before.

his ministers." For a confiding¹ king never sees through the wicked practices of his ministers. So the general went and communicated that order of the king's, and expelled Mrigānkadatta from the city, together with his ministers.²

Then Mrigānkadatta was delighted³ at having obtained his object, and he worshipped Gaṇeśa, and mentally took a humble leave of his parents, and started off. And after they had gone a great distance from the town of Ayodhyā, the prince said to Prachāṇḍasakti and the other nine ministers who were travelling with him: "There is here a great king of the Kirātas, named Śaktirakshita; he is a student in the sciences, observing a vow of chastity, and he is a friend of mine from childhood. For, when his father was long ago captured in battle, he sent him here to be imprisoned as a substitute for himself, in order to obtain his own release. And when his father died, his relations by his father's side rose against him, and at my instigation my father established him on the throne of his father with a military force. So let us go to him, my friend, and then we will travel on to Ujjayinī, to find that Śaśāṅkavati."

When he said this, all the ministers exclaimed, "So be it," and he set out with them and reached in the evening a great wilderness. It was devoid of trees and water, and it was with difficulty that at last he found a tank, with one withered tree growing upon its banks. There he performed the evening ceremonies, and drank water, and being fatigued he went to sleep with his ministers under that dry tree. And in the night, which was illuminated by the moon, he woke up, and saw that the tree first put forth abundance of leaves, then of flowers, then of fruit. And when he saw its ripe fruit falling, he immediately woke up his ministers, and pointed out that marvel to them. Then they were astonished, and as they were hungry, he and they ate the delicious fruits of that tree together, and after they had

¹ For *āśvasto* I read *viśvasto*. Perhaps we ought to read *asvastho*—i.e. "sick," "ill."

² The wanderings of Herzog Ernst are brought about in a very similar manner. See Simrock, *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. iii, p. 278.

³ See Tawney, *Kathākoṣa*, p. 126.—N.M.P.

eaten them, the dry tree suddenly became a young Brāhman, before the eyes of them all.¹ And when Mṛigāṅkadatta questioned him, he told his tale in the following words:

"There was an excellent Brāhman in Ayodhyā named Dāmadhi. I am his son, and my name is Śrutadhi. And once in a time of famine he was wandering about with me, *Śrutadhi and* and he reached this place almost dead.² Here *the Five Fruits* he got five fruits which someone gave him, and though he was exhausted with hunger, he gave three to me, and set aside two for himself. Then he went into the water of the lake to bathe, and in the meanwhile I ate all the five fruits, and pretended to be asleep. He returned after bathing, and beholding me cunningly lying here as motionless as a log he cursed me, saying: 'Become a dry tree here on the bank of the lake. And on moonlight nights flowers and fruit shall spring from you, and when once on a time you shall have refreshed guests with fruits, you shall be delivered from your curse.'³ As soon as my father had pronounced this curse on me, I became a dry tree, but now that you have tasted my fruit I have been delivered from the curse, after enduring it for a long time."

After Śrutadhi had related his own story, he asked Mṛigāṅkadatta for his, and he told it him. Then Śrutadhi, who had no relations, and was well read in policy, asked Mṛigāṅkadatta to permit him, as a favour, to attach himself to his service. So, after he had spent the night in this way, Mṛigāṅkadatta set out next morning with his ministers. And in the course of his journey he came to a forest named

¹ See the numerous references to tree-metamorphoses given by W. Crooke, "King Midas and his Ass's Ears," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, 1911, pp. 196, 197.—N.M.P.

² Here Brockhaus has a misreading. The D. text has *mṛitajāniḥ* instead of *mṛitajātīḥ*, thus the meaning is "having lost his wife by death" (see Barnett, *Golden Town*, p. 61). This reading is supported by the corresponding passage of Kshemendra, who says she starved to death after giving her food to a beggar. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 129, 130.—N.M.P.

³ Compare the myths of Attis and Cyparissus. In the story called "Der rothe Hund," Gaal, *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 362, the queen becomes a dry mulberry-tree. See also Grohmann, *Sagen aus Böhmen*, p. 116. In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xiv, 517, an abusive pastor is turned into an oleaster.

Karimaṇḍita. There he saw five wild-looking men with long hair, who aroused his wonder. Then the five men came and respectfully addressed him as follows :

“ We were born in the city of Kāśī as Brāhmans who lived by keeping cows. And during a famine we came from that country, where the grass was scorched by drought, with our cows, to this wood, which abounds in grass. And here we found an elixir in the form of the water of a tank, continually flavoured with the three kinds of fruits ¹ that drop from the trees growing on its bank. And five hundred years have passed over our heads in this uninhabited wood, while we have been drinking this water and the milk of cows. It is thus, Prince, that we have become such as you see, and now destiny has sent you to us as guests, so come to our hermitage.”

When thus invited by them, Mṛigānkadatta went with them to their hermitage, taking his companions with him, and spent the day there living on milk. And he set out from it in the morning, and in course of time he reached the country of the Kirātas, seeing other wonderful sights on the way. And he sent on Śrutadhi to inform his friend Śaktirakshita, the King of the Kirātas, of his arrival. When the sovereign of the Kirātas heard of it, he went to meet Mṛigānkadatta with great courtesy, and conducted him with his ministers into his city. Mṛigānkadatta told him the cause of his arrival, and remained there for some days, being entertained by him. And the prince arranged that Śaktirakshita should be ready to assist him in his undertaking when the proper time came, and then he set out, on an auspicious day, for Ujjayinī, with his eleven companions, having been captivated by Śaśānkavatī.

And as he went along, he reached an uninhabited forest and saw standing under a tree an ascetic, with ashes on his body, a deer-skin, and matted hair. So he went up to him,

¹ *Triphalā*, according to Professor Monier Williams, means the three myrobalans—i.e. the fruits of *Terminalia Chebula*, *T. Bellerica* and *Phyllanthus Emblica*; also the three fragrant fruits, nutmeg, areca-nut and cloves; also the three sweet fruits, grape, pomegranate and date. The first interpretation seems to be the one usually accepted by the Paṇḍits of Bengal.

with his followers, and said to him : “ Reverend sir, why do you live alone in this forest in which there is no hermitage ? ” Then the hermit answered him : “ I am a pupil of the great sage named Suddhakīrti, and I know innumerable spells. Once on a time I got hold of a certain Kshatriya boy with auspicious marks, and I exerted all my diligence to cause him to be possessed, while alive, by a spirit, and, when the boy was possessed I questioned him, and he told me of many places for potent drugs and liquors, and then said this : ‘ There is in this Vindhya forest in the northern quarter a solitary *aśoka* tree,¹ and under it there is a great palace of a snake-king.² In the middle of the day its water is concealed with moistened dust, but it can be discovered by the couples of swans sporting there together with the water-cranes.³ There dwells a mighty chief of the snakes, named Pārāvātāksha, and he obtained a matchless sword from the war of the gods and Asuras, named Vaidūryakānti; whatever man obtains that sword will become a chief of the Siddhas and roam about unconquered, and that sword can be obtained only by the aid of heroes.’ When the possessed boy said this, I dismissed him. So I have wandered about over the earth desirous to obtain that sword, and caring for nothing else, but, as I have not been able to find men to help me, in disgust I have come here to die.”

When Mrigāṅkadatta heard the ascetic say this, he said to him : “ I and my ministers will help you.” The ascetic gladly accepted this offer, and went with him and his followers, by the help of an ointment rubbed on the feet, to the dwelling-place of that snake. There he found the sign by which it could be recognised, and he placed there at night Mrigāṅkadatta and his companions, duly initiated,

¹ Barnett translates this *śmśapa* tree. See his *Golden Town*, p. 61.—N.M.P.

² I.e. Nāga, a kind of snake-demon. See Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 65, Veckenstedt's *Wendische Märchen*, pp. 400-409, Prym und Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, pp. 100, 101. The sword with a name may remind the reader of Balmung, Excalibar, Durandal, etc.—For details of the Nāgas see Vol. I, pp. 203, 204, and for a note on sword-names see p. 109ⁿ of the same volume.—N.M.P.

³ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sāmpusāraiḥ*, perhaps for *sāmbusārasaiḥ*—i.e. “with the water-cranes.”

fixed with spells ; and throwing enchanted mustard-seed he cleared the water from dust, and began to offer an oblation with snake-subduing spells. And he conquered by the power of his spells the impediments, such as earthquakes, clouds, and so on.

Then there came out from that *aśoka* tree a heavenly nymph, as it were, murmuring spells with the tinkling of her jewelled ornaments, and approaching the ascetic she pierced his soul with a sidelong glance of love. And then the ascetic lost his self-command and forgot his spells ; and the shapely fair one, embracing him, flung from his hand the vessel of oblation. And then the snake Pārāvataṅksha had gained his opportunity, and he came out from that palace like the dense cloud of the day of doom. Then the heavenly nymph vanished, and the ascetic beholding the snake terrible with flaming eyes, roaring horribly, died of a broken heart.

When he was destroyed, the snake laid aside the awful form, and cursed Mṛigāṅkadatta and his followers, for helping the ascetic, in the following words : “ Since you did what was quite unnecessary after all coming here with this man, you shall be for a certain time separated from one another.” Then the snake disappeared, and all of them at the same time had their eyes dimmed with darkness, and were deprived of the power of hearing sounds. And they immediately went in different directions, separated from one another by the power of the curse, though they kept looking for one another and calling to one another. And when the delusion of the night was at an end, Mṛigāṅkadatta found himself roaming about in the wood without his ministers.

And, after two or three months had passed, the Brāhman Śrutadhi, who was looking for him, suddenly fell in with him. Mṛigāṅkadatta received him kindly, and asked for news of his ministers, whereupon Śrutadhi fell at his feet weeping, and consoled him, and said to him : “ I have not seen them, Prince, but I know they will go to Ujjayinī, for that is the place we all have to go to.” With these and similar speeches he urged the prince to go there, so Mṛigāṅkadatta set out with him slowly for Ujjayinī.

And after he had journeyed a few days, he found his own

minister Vimalabuddhi, who suddenly came that way. When the minister saw him, he bowed before him with eyes filled with tears at seeing him, and the prince embraced him, and, making him sit down, he asked him for tidings of the other ministers.

Then Vimalabuddhi said to that prince, who was so beloved by his servants: "I do not know, King, where each of them has gone in consequence of the curse of the snake. But hear how I know that you will find them again.

"When the snake cursed me, I was carried far away by the curse, and wandered in the eastern part of the forest. And being fatigued, I was taken by some kind person to the hermitage of a certain hermit, named Brahmadandin. There my fatigue was removed by the fruits and water which the sage gave me, and, roaming far away from the hermitage, I saw a vast cave. I entered it out of curiosity, and I saw inside it a palace made of jewels, and I began to look into the palace through the lattice-windows. And lo! there was in it a woman causing to revolve a wheel with bees, and those bees made some of them for a bull, and others for a donkey, both which creatures were standing there. And some drank the foam of milk sent forth by the bull, and others the foam of blood sent forth by the donkey, and became white and black, according to the colour of the two objects on which they settled; and then they all turned into spiders. And the spiders, which were of two different colours, made two different coloured webs with their excrements. And one set of webs was hung on wholesome flowers, and the other on poisonous flowers. And the spiders, that were clinging to those webs as they pleased, were bitten by a great snake which came there, having two mouths, one white, and the other black. Then the woman put them in various pitchers, but they got out again, and began to occupy the same webs again respectively. Then those that were on the webs attached to the poisonous flowers began to cry out, owing to the violence of the poison. And thereupon the others, that were on the other webs, began to cry out also. But the noise interrupted the meditation of a certain merciful ascetic

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of Vimala-
buddhi after he
was separated
from the Prince*

who was there, who discharged fire at the webs.¹ Then the webs, in which the spiders were entangled, were burnt up, and the spiders entered a hollow coral rod, and disappeared in a gleaming light at the top of it. In the meanwhile the woman disappeared with her wheel, her bull, and her donkey.

“When I had seen this, I continued to roam about there in a state of astonishment; and then I saw a charming lake, which seemed by means of its lotuses, round which bees hummed, to summon me thither to look at it. And while I sat on the bank and looked at it I beheld a great wood inside the water, and in the wood was a hunter, and the hunter had got hold of a lion’s cub with ten arms, which he brought up, and then banished from the wood in anger, on the ground that it was disobedient.² The lion then heard the voice of a lioness in a neighbouring wood, and was going in the direction of the sound, when his ten arms were scattered by a whirlwind. Then a man with a protuberant belly came and restored his arms as they were before, and he went to that forest in search of the lioness. He endured for her sake much hardship in that forest, and at last obtained her whom he had had for a wife in a former state, and with her returned to his own forest. And when that hunter saw that lion return with his mate to the forest, which was his hereditary abode,³ he resigned it to him and departed.

“When I had seen this, I returned to the hermitage and described both those very wonderful spectacles to Brahmadāṇḍin. And that hermit, who knows the past, present and future, kindly said to me: ‘You are fortunate; Śiva has shown you all this by way of favour. That woman whom you saw is Māyā,⁴ and the wheel which she caused to revolve is the wheel of mundane existence, and the bees are living creatures. And the bull and the donkey are respectively

¹ Read “and he made flames burst forth from his forehead.” As the D. text shows, the reading is *kenāpi bhālato muktā*, etc., instead of B.’s *kenāpi jālato muktā*, etc. Cf. the blazing eye of Śiva in the Invocation of Chapter CIV. of this work, where *bhālekshaṇa* is used. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 130.—N.M.P.

² *Anāyata* is a misprint for *anāyatta*.

³ I read *kulamandiram* with the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

⁴ See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

symbols of Righteousness and Unrighteousness, and the foam of milk and the foam of blood discharged by them, to which the bees repaired, are typical of good and evil actions. And they acquired properties arising from the things on which they respectively settled, and became spiders of two kinds, white and foul respectively; and then with their energy, which was symbolised by excrement, they produced entangling nets of two kinds, such as offspring and so on, which were attached to wholesome and poisonous flowers, which signify happiness and misery. And while clinging each to its own web they were bitten by a snake, typical of Death,¹ with its two mouths, the white set with the white mouth symbolical of good fortune, the other with the black mouth symbolical of evil fortune.

“Then that female, typifying Māyā, plunged them into various wombs, typified by the jars, and they again emerged from them, and assuming forms white and black, corresponding to what they had before, they fell into entangling webs, which are symbolical of sons and other worldly connections, resulting in happiness and misery. Then the black spiders, entangled in their webs, being tortured by the poison, symbolical of pain, began in their affliction to invoke the supreme lord as their help. When the white spiders, who were in their own webs, perceived that, they also became averse to their state, and began to invoke that same lord. Then the god, who was present in the form of an ascetic, awoke from his trance, and consumed all their entangling webs with the fire of knowledge. Accordingly they ascended into the bright coral tube, typical of the orb of the sun, and reached the highest home, which lies above it. And then Māyā vanished, with the revolving wheel of births, and with her ox, and her ass, typical of Righteousness and Unrighteousness.

“Even thus in the circle of existence revolve creatures, fair and foul according to their actions, and they are liberated by propitiating Siva; and this spectacle has been shown to you by Siva to teach you this lesson, and to put an end to your delusion.

¹ Barnett, *op. cit.*, p. 64, translates “time.”—N.M.P.

“ ‘As for that sight which you saw in the water of the tank, this is the explanation of it. The holy god produced this apparent reflection in the water, in order to teach you what was destined to befall Mṛigāṅkadatta. For he may be compared to a young lion-whelp, and he was brought up with ten ministers round him resembling ten arms, and he was banished in anger by his father (typified by the hunter) from his native land (typified by the forest); and on hearing the report of Śaśāṅkavatī (who may be compared to a lioness) coming from the land of Avanti (symbolised by the other wood ¹), he made towards her, and the wind which stripped him of his arms is the curse of the snake, which separated him from his ministers.

“ ‘Then Vināyaka ² appeared as a man with a pendulous belly, and restored to him his arms (that is to say, his ministers), and so he recovered his former condition. Then he went and, after enduring great hardship, obtained from another place the lioness (that is, Śaśāṅkavatī), and returned. And when the hunter (that is, his father) saw him coming near with his wife, having swept away the obstacles which his foes put in his way, ³ he resigned to him the whole of his forest (that is, his kingdom), and retired to a grove of ascetics. Thus has Śiva shown you the future as if it had already taken place. So you may be sure your master will recover you, his ministers, and obtain his wife and his kingdom.’ When the excellent hermit had thus instructed me, I recovered hope and left that hermitage, and travelling along slowly I have met you here, Prince, to-day. So you may rest assured, Prince, that you will recover Prachāṇḍasakti, and your other ministers, and gain your object: you certainly gained the favour of Gaṇeśa by worshipping him before you set out.”

When Mṛigāṅkadatta had listened for a while to this strange story of Vimalabuddhi's he was much pleased, and after he had again deliberated with him he set out for the city of Avanti, with the double object of accomplishing his enterprise and recovering his other ministers.

¹ For *vanopamām* I conjecture *vanopamāi*.

² I.e. Gaṇeśa.

³ Or “the elephants of his enemies.” Here there is probably a pun.

MĀYĀ

The interesting allegory on pp. 30, 31 of our text propounds the doctrine of *māyā* and of the power of *tapas* (austerities) and *dhyāna* (meditation) to destroy the weavings of Karma (acts and their retribution). The doctrine of *māyā* forms such an important tenet in the great Vedānta philosophy that the following short account may prove interesting to readers unacquainted with a doctrine which still pervades the philosophy of the great mass of thinkers in India to-day.

The word *māyā* is a term used in Vedānta philosophy to denote "cosmic illusion," the creation of the world of experience, which in reality is merely an illusion of the soul, due to *avidyā* (ignorance, or false knowledge). In *Rig-Veda* times the word meant "cunning," "mysterious will-power," "magic wiles," and such like.

It was only in the Upanishads that it began to assume the meaning of "cosmic illusion," when the doctrine of the *ātman* was introduced. The *ātman* can be described as signifying "the self in contrast to that which is not self." In its philosophical sense, therefore, it is both *relative* and *negative*. It points to something which is not the *ātman*, while its positive sense lies in that which is to be excluded, or in other words, the concept states only what the principle is *not*, and not what it is. Being thus empty of content, the value of such terms in the science of metaphysics is obvious. Many words (e.g. ἀρχή, ὄν, *substantia*, etc.) have been invented to signify the inner principle of the universe, exclusive of the whole content of the phenomenal world, but *ātman* alone "touches the precise point at which the inner, obscure, never-appearing essence of things reveals itself." There is another word used in close association with *ātman*, the word *brahman*. Originally meaning "prayer," it came to signify "the essential principle of the world." It will thus be seen that the two words largely coincide. Wherever a difference is observable *Brahman* means the eternal principle as realised in the whole world, and *ātman* the same principle as realised in ourselves. As *Brahman* and *ātman* are alone real, all else, including the universe, is *māyā*.

Whereas in the Upanishads the existence of the world is granted, although the *ātman* still remains the sole reality, we find that in the Vedānta a system of *advaita*—i.e. "non-duality"—is advocated. This is the main difference between the Vedānta and its great rival philosophy the Sāṅkhya. Of the early work in the Vedānta, one of the most important is the *Kārikā* of Gauḍapāda (eighth century A.D.). He strongly supports the doctrine of *māyā*. The universe does not exist. The waking world is no more real than the world of dreams. The *ātman* is both the knower and the known; his experiences exist within him through the power of *māyā*. As a rope in a dim light is mistaken for a snake, so the *ātman* is mistaken for the variety of experience (*jīva*). When the rope is recognised, the illusion of the snake at once disappears; when true knowledge of the *ātman* is attained, the illusion which makes us think of it as a multiplicity of experiences vanishes. The world has

no more real existence than the snake, and, as one cannot remove or cast off what does not exist, it is wrong to speak of obtaining freedom from it. The *ātman* cannot be said to create or cause the universe any more than the rope creates the snake. Production would be either from the existent or from the non-existent; but the former is impossible, for it would be producing what already exists, and the latter is equally impossible, for the non-existent—*e.g.* the son of a barren woman—cannot be the cause of anything; it cannot even be realised by the mind.

The doctrine received its final form in the commentaries of Śaṅkara. The phenomenal world is real so long as the unity of the *ātman* is not realised, just as the creations of a dream are thought to be real till the dreamer awakes. Just as a magician (*māyāvin*) causes a phantom, having no existence apart from him, to issue from his body, so the *ātman* creates a universe which is a mere mirage and in no way affects the self. It is through *māyā* that plurality is perceived where there is really only the *ātman*. Multiplicity is only a matter of name and form, which are the creations of ignorance, being neither the *ātman* nor different from it, through the power of illusion (*māyāśakti*). The Highest One manifests himself in various ways by *avidyā* as a magician assumes various forms by his wiles.

Without going further into this intricate philosophy, I would note that the doctrine of *māyā*, as propounded by Śaṅkara, still forms one of the main tenets of his Advaitist school. Further details will be found in the article "Māyā," by J. Allan, in Hastings' *Enc. Rel. Eth.*, vol. viii, pp. 503-505, to which I am indebted for part of the above. Apart from the references given here, see also the bibliography added by R. Garbe, at the end of his article "Vedānta," ditto, vol. xii, p. 598.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXI

163. *Story of Mṛigānkadatta*

THEN, as Mṛigānkadatta was journeying to Ujjayinī, with Śrutadhi and Vimalabuddhi, to find Śaśānkavatī, he reached the Narmadā which lay in his path. The fickle stream, when she beheld him, shook her waves like twining arms, and gleamed white with laughing foam, as if she were dancing and smiling because he had so fortunately been reunited with his ministers. And when he had gone down into the bed of the river to bathe, it happened that a king of the Śavaras, named Māyāvaṭu, came there for the same purpose. When he had bathed, three water-spirits¹ rose up at the same time and seized the Bhilla, whose retinue fled in terror. When Mṛigānkadatta saw that, he went into the water with his sword drawn, and killed those water-spirits, and delivered that king of the Bhillas.

When the king of the Bhillas was delivered from the danger of those monsters, he came up out of the water and fell at the feet of the prince, and said to him: "Who are you, that Providence has brought here to save my life on the present occasion? Of what virtuous father do you adorn the family? And what is that country favoured by fortune to which you are going?" When he said this, Śrutadhi told him the prince's whole story from the beginning, and then the Śavara king showed him exceeding respect, and said to him: "Then I will be your ally in this undertaking which you have in view, as you were directed by the god, and with me will come my friend Durgapiśācha, the King of Mātangas.

¹ Literally, "water-men." Perhaps they were of the same race as Grendel, the terrible *nicor*. See also Veckenstedt's *Wendische Märchen*, p. 185 *et seq.*; Grimm's *Irische Märchen*, p. cv; Kuhn's *Westfälische Märchen*, vol. ii, p. 35; Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 187 *et seq.*, and the 6th, 20th and 58th *Jātakas*. See also Grohmann's account of the "Wassermann," *Sagen aus Böhmen*, p. 148.

So do me the favour, my lord, of coming to my palace, since I am your slave."

Thus he entreated Mṛigānkadatta with various humble speeches, and then took him to his own village. And there he entertained the prince fittingly with all the luxuries he could command, and all the people of the village showed him respect. And the King of Mātangas came and honoured him as the saviour of his friend's life, and placed his head on the ground to show that he was his slave. Then Mṛigānkadatta remained there some days, to please that Māyāvaṭu, the king of the Bhillas.

And one day, while he was staying there, that king of the Savaras began to gamble with Chaṇḍaketu, his own warder. And while he was playing, the clouds began to roar, and the domestic peacocks lifted up their heads and began to dance, and King Māyāvaṭu rose up to look at them. Then the warder, who was an enthusiastic gambler, said to his sovereign: "What is the use, my master, of looking at these peacocks which are not skilled in dancing? I have a peacock in my house to which you would not find an equal in the world. I will show it you to-morrow, if you take pleasure in such things." When the king heard that, he said to the warder, "You must certainly show it to me," and then he set about the duties of the day. And Mṛigānkadatta, when he heard all that, rose up with his companions and performed his duties, such as bathing and eating.

And when the night came, and thick darkness was diffused over the face of things, the prince went out alone and self-impelled from the chamber in which his companions were sleeping, in search of adventures, with his body smeared with musk, wearing dark blue garments and with his sword in his hand.¹ And as he was roaming about, a certain man, who was coming along the road and did not see him on account of the darkness, jostled against him, and struck his shoulder against his.

*The Adventures
of Mṛigān-
kadatta and
the Warder*

¹ These nocturnal adventures remind us of similar habits of Harūn-al-Rashīd, in the *Nights*. In his extremely entertaining paper, "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction" (*Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xlv, 1923, p. 194 *et seq.*), Bloomfield has collected several "Harūn" tales.—N.M.P.

Then he rushed at him angrily and challenged him to fight. But the person challenged, being a man not easily abashed, made an appropriate reply : "Why are you perplexed by want of reflection ? If you reflect, you will see that you ought to blame the moon for not lighting up this night, or the Governor of the world for not appointing that it should rule with full sway here,¹ since in such darkness causeless quarrels take place."

Mrīgāṅkadatta was pleased with this clever answer, and he said to him : "You are right. Who are you ?" The man answered : "I am a thief." Whereupon the prince said falsely : "Give me your hand, you are of the same profession as myself." And the prince made an alliance with him, and went along with him out of curiosity, and at last reached an old well covered with grass. And there the man entered a tunnel, and Mrīgāṅkadatta went along it with him and reached the harem of that King Māyāvaṭu. And when he got there he recognised the man by the light of the lamp, and lo ! it was the warder Chaṇḍaketu, and not a robber. But the warder, who was the secret paramour of the king's wife, did not recognise the prince, because he had other garments on than those he usually wore,² and kept in a corner where there was not much light.

But the moment the warder arrived, the king's wife, who was named Manjumatī, and was desperately in love with him, rose up and threw her arms round his neck. And she made him sit down on a sofa, and said to him : "Who is this man that you have brought here to-day ?" Then he said to her : "Make your mind easy ; it is a friend of mine." But Manjumatī said excitedly : "How can I, ill-starred woman that I am, feel at ease, now that this king has been saved by Mrīgāṅkadatta, after entering the very jaws of death ?" When the warder heard her say that he answered : "Do not grieve, my dear ! I will soon kill the king, and Mrīgāṅkadatta too." When he said this she answered, as fate would have it : "Why do you boast ? When the king

¹ The MS. in the Sanskrit College seems to me to read *pūrṇo'sya*.

² I read *'nyaveśastham*, which is the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

was seized ¹ that day by monsters in the water of Narmadā, Mṛigānkadatta alone was ready to rescue him; why did you not kill him then? The fact is, you fled in fear. So be silent, lest someone hears this speech of yours, and then you would certainly meet with calamity at the hands of Mṛigānkadatta, who is a brave man." When she said this, her paramour, the warder, lost his temper with her. He said: "Wretched woman! you are certainly in love with Mṛigānkadatta, so receive now from me the just recompense of that taunt." And he rose up to kill her, dagger in hand. Then a maid, who was her confidante, ran and laid hold of the dagger with her hand and held it. In the meanwhile Manjumati escaped into another room. And the warder dragged the dagger out of the maid's hand, cutting her fingers in the process, and returned home by the way which he came, somewhat confused, with Mṛigānkadatta, who was much astonished.

Then Mṛigānkadatta, who could not be recognised in the darkness, said to the warder: "You have reached your own house, so I will leave you." But the warder said to the prince: "Sleep here to-night, without going farther, for you are very tired." Then the prince consented, as he wished to learn something of his goings on; and the warder called one of his servants and said to him: "Take this man to the room where the peacock is, and let him rest there, and give him a bed." The servant said, "I will do as you command," and took the prince to the room and placed a light in it, and gave him a bed. He then departed, fastening the outer door with a chain, and Mṛigānkadatta saw the peacock there in a cage. He said to himself, "This is the very peacock that the warder was speaking of," and out of curiosity he opened its cage. And the peacock came out and, after looking intently at Mṛigānkadatta, it fell down and rolled at his feet again and again. And as it was rolling, the prince saw a string tied round its neck and at once untied it, thinking that it gave the bird pain. The peacock, the moment that

¹ Tawney translates *āghrāto* 'bhūt, "was smelt," as if it were *ākṛāto* 'bhūt, "was seized." The latter proves to be the reading in D., and must, of course, be the correct one.—N.M.P.

the thread was loosened from its neck, became before his eyes his minister Bhīmaparākrama.¹ Then Mṛigāṅkadatta embraced the affectionate minister, who bowed before him, and in his astonishment said to him: "Tell me, friend, what is the meaning of this?" Then Bhīmaparākrama said to him in his delight: "Listen, Prince, I will tell you my story from the beginning.

"When I was separated from you by the curse of the Nāga I wandered about in the wood until I reached a *Sālmali* tree.² And I saw an image representing Gaṇeśa carved in the tree, which I worshipped, and then I sat down at the foot of the tree, being tired, and I said to myself: 'All this mischief has been brought about by me, by telling my master that time the incident of the Vetāla which took place at night.

So I will abandon here this my sinful body.' In this frame of mind I remained there, fasting, in front of the god. And after some days an old traveller came that way and sat in the shade of that tree. And the good man, seeing me, questioned me with much persistence, saying: 'Why do you remain in this solitary place, my son, with such a down-cast face?' Then I told him my story, exactly as it took place, and the old traveller kindly said to me, to encourage me: 'Why, being a man, are you killing yourself like a woman? Moreover, even women do not lose their courage in calamity; hear the following tale in proof of it.

163c. *Kamalākara and Haṃsāvalī*

In the city of Kośalā there was a king named Vimalākara, and he had a son named Kamalākara, who was made by the Creator admirable in respect of the qualities of courage, beauty and generosity, as if to outdo Skanda, Kandarpa and the wishing-tree of heaven. Then one day a bard, whom he had known before, came and recited a certain stanza in the presence of that prince, who deserved to be praised by bards in all the regions of the world. "Where can the row

¹ See Note 1 at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

² The silk-cotton tree.

of swans ¹ obtain satisfaction, until it reaches the lotus-bed,² round which sings a host of many noisy birds ³ delighted at obtaining the lotus-flower?"⁴ When the bard, named Manorathasiddhi, had frequently recited this stanza, Prince Kamalākara questioned him, and he said to him: "Prince, as I was roaming about, I reached the city of King Meghamālin, named Vidiśā, the pleasure-ground of the Goddess of Prosperity. There I was staying in the house of a professor of singing, named Dardura, and one day he happened to say to me: 'To-morrow the daughter of the king, named Hamsāvalī, will exhibit in his presence her skill in dancing, which she has lately been taught.'

"When I heard that, I was filled with curiosity, and managed to enter the king's palace with him the following day, and went into the dancing-hall. There I saw the slender-waisted Princess Hamsāvalī dancing before her father, to the music of a great tabor, looking like a creeper of the tree of love agitated by the wind of youth, shaking her ornaments like flowers, curving her hand like a shoot. Then I thought: 'There is no one fitted to be the husband of this fawn-eyed one except the Prince Kamalākara; so, if she, being such, is not joined to him, why has the God of Love taken the trouble of stringing his bow of flowers thus fruitlessly? So I will adopt some expedient in this matter.' Thus minded I went, after I had seen the spectacle, to the door of the king's court, and I put up a notice with this inscription on it: 'If there is any painter here who is a match for me, let him paint a picture.' When no one else dared to tear it down, the king, coming to hear of it, appointed me to paint his daughter's bower. Then I painted you and your servants, Prince Kamalākara, on the wall of the bower of that Hamsāvalī.

"I thought to myself: 'If I declare the matter openly,

¹ Or Hamsāvalī.

² Or Kamalākara.

³ It may also mean a host of Brāhmanas, or many birds and bees. It is an elaborate pun.

⁴ Another pun! It may mean "by obtaining good fortune in the form of wealth."

she will know that I am scheming, so I will let the princess know it by means of an artifice.' So I persuaded a handsome fellow, who was an intimate friend of mine, to come near the palace and pretend to be mad, and I arranged with him beforehand how he was to behave. Now he was seen a long way off by the princes, as he was roaming about singing and dancing, and they had him brought into their presence to make game of him. Then Hamsāvalī saw him, and had him brought by way of a joke into her bower, and when he saw the picture of you, which I had painted there, he began to praise you, saying: 'I am fortunate in beholding this Kamalākara, who is, like Viṣṇu, an endless store of virtues, with his hand marked with the lotus and conch, the object of the favour of the Goddess of Fortune.'

"When the princess heard him singing such songs, as he danced, she said to me: 'What does this fellow mean? Who is it that you have painted here?' When she asked me this persistently, I said: 'This mad fellow must have previously seen this prince, whom I have painted here out of regard for his beauty.' And then I told her your name, and described to her your good qualities. Then the young tree of passion grew up in the heart of Hamsāvalī, which was irrigated by the overflowing streams of gushing love for you. Then the king, her father, came and saw what was going on, and in wrath had the pretended madman, who was dancing, and myself, both turned out of doors. After that she pined away day by day with longing, and was reduced to such a state that, like a streak of the moon during the wane, she had only her beauty left. And on the pretence of illness she went to a temple of Viṣṇu that dispels calamity, and so managed to live a solitary life by the permission of her father. And being unable to sleep, owing to thinking on you, she could not endure the cruel moonlight, and remained there ignorant of the changes of day and night. Then she saw me one day from a window,¹ as I was entering there, and she summoned me, and honoured me respectfully with dresses and ornaments. And then I went out and saw this stanza,

¹ For *vātāyanoddeśāt* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *chāyatanoddeśāt* [so also the D. text]; perhaps it means "entering to visit the temple."

which I have repeated to you, written on the border of a garment that she had given me : hear it again : ‘ Where can the row of swans obtain satisfaction, until it reaches the lotus-bed, round which sings a host of many noisy birds delighted at obtaining the lotus-flower ? ’ And when I read it, I knew for certain how she felt towards you, and I came here to inform you, and recited the stanza in your presence, and here is the garment on which she wrote the stanza.”

When Kamalākara heard the speech of the bard, and saw the stanza, he joyed exceedingly, thinking of Hamsāvalī, who had entered his heart, he knew not whether by eye or ear.

Now it happened that, while he was thinking with eager longing about the best means of obtaining this princess, his father summoned him and said to him : “ My son, unenterprising kings perish like snakes arrested by a charm, and how can kings rise up again when they have once perished ? But you have been addicted to pleasures, and up to the present time you have not been visited by any longing for conquest ; so arouse yourself, and fling off sloth : advance and conquer that enemy of mine the King of Anga, who has left his own country on an enterprise against me, and I will remain at home.” When the brave Kamalākara heard this, he agreed to undertake the enterprise, being desirous of marching towards the country of his beloved. Then he set out with the forces which his father assigned him, making the earth and the hearts of his enemies tremble. And he reached in a few marches the army of the King of Anga, and when that prince turned round to make a counter-attack he fought with him. And the brave hero drank up his army, as Agastya ¹ did the water of the sea, and, being victorious,

¹ Agastya is the reputed author of some Vedic hymns (*Rig-Veda*, i, 165-191). His miraculous birth and various exploits are related in the *Mahābhārata* and *Rāmāyaṇa*. His drinking up of the ocean is thus related in the *Mahābhārata* (iii. 103 *et seq.*) :

The Kālakeyas or Kāleyas, a class of Asuras, had fought under Vṛitra against the gods. After the death of their leader they hid themselves in the ocean, where the gods could not reach them, and determined to extirpate the Brāhmins and holy men ; for thus, they thought, they would bring about the end of the world. The gods, alarmed by their raids, were advised by

captured the king alive. And he sent that enemy in chains to his father, committing him to the care of the principal warder, in accordance with a letter which he sent him. But he commissioned the warder to give the following message by word of mouth to the king : " I now leave this place, my father, to conquer other enemies." So he went on conquering other enemies, and with his army augmented by their forces he at last arrived in the vicinity of the city of Vidiśā.

And encamping there he sent an ambassador to Meghamālin, the father of Hamsāvalī, to ask for her in marriage. When that king learned from the ambassador that he had come, not as an enemy, but for the sake of his daughter, he paid a friendly visit to him in person. The prince welcomed him; and Meghamālin, after he had complimented the prince, said to him : " Why did you take the trouble of coming in person about a business which might have been negotiated by an ambassador ? For I desire this marriage : hear the reason. Seeing that this Hamsāvalī was even in her childhood devoted to the worship of Vishṇu, and that she had a frame delicate as a *śirīsha*, I became anxious about her, and kept saying to myself : ' Who will be a fitting husband for this girl ? ' And as I could not think of a suitable husband for her, I was deprived of my sleep by my anxiety about the matter, and contracted a violent fever. And in order to allay it I worshipped and petitioned Vishṇu, and one night, when I was only able to sleep a little on account of pain, Vishṇu said to me in a dream : ' Let that Hamsāvalī, on account of whom you have contracted this fever, touch you with her hand, my son ; then your fever will be allayed. For her hand is so holy from worshipping me, that whenever she touches anyone with it, his fever, even though incurable, will certainly pass away. And you need have no more anxiety about her marriage, since Prince Kamalākara

Vishṇu to implore Agastya for help. The Ṛishi, accordingly, drank up the water of the ocean, and thus laid bare the Kālakeyas, who were then slain by the gods. The ocean continued a void till Bhagīratha led the Gangā to it and thus filled it again with water.

For further details see H. Jacobi, " Agastya," *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. i, pp. 180, 181.—N.M.P.

is destined to be her husband. But she will endure some misery for a short time.' When I had been thus instructed by Viṣṇu in a dream, I woke up at the end of the night. Then my fever was removed by the touch of Haṃsāvali's hand. And so the union of you two is appointed by the god. Accordingly I bestow on you Haṃsāvali." When he had said this, he had an auspicious moment fixed for the marriage, and returned to his capital.

There he told all that he had done, and when Haṃsāvali had heard it, she said in secret to her confidante, named Kanakamanjarī: "Go and see with your own eyes whether that prince, to whom I am to be given, is the same as he who, when painted here by the artist, captivated my heart. For it is just possible that my father may wish, out of fear, to bestow me as a gift on some prince of the same name that has come here with an army." With these words she sent off Kanakamanjarī, acting in accordance with her own will only.

And the confidante, having assumed the complete disguise of an ascetic, with rosary of Aksha beads, deer-skin and matted hair, went to the camp of that prince, and entered introduced by his attendants, and beheld him looking like the god that presides over the weapon with which the God of Love conquers the world. And her heart was fascinated by his beauty, and she remained a moment looking as if she were in profound meditation. And full of longing she said to herself: "If I am not united with this charming prince, I shall have been born in vain. So I will take the necessary steps to ensure that, whatever comes of it." Then she went up to him and gave him her blessing, and bestowed on him a jewel, and he received the gem politely and sat down. Then she said to him: "This is an excellent jewel, of which I have often seen the properties tested. By holding it in your hand you can render ineffectual the best weapon of your enemy. And I give it you out of regard for your excellence, for it is not of so much use to me, Prince, as it is to you." When she said this the prince began to speak to her, but she forbade him, on the ground that she had vowed an exclusive devotion to the life of a beggar, and departed thence.

Then she laid aside the dress of a female ascetic, and

assumed a downcast expression of face and went into the presence of Hamsāvali, and, when questioned by her, made the following false statement: "I must, out of love for you, reveal the king's secret, although it is a matter which ought to be concealed. When I went from here to the camp of the prince, dressed as a female ascetic, a man came up to me of his own accord and said in a low voice: 'Reverend madam, do you know the rites for exorcising demons?' When I heard that I said to him, looking upon him as the warder: 'I know them very well. This is a trifling matter for me.' Then I was immediately introduced into the presence of that Prince Kamalākara. And I saw him crouching, possessed by a demon, having horns on his head,¹ and his attendants were trying to restrain him; besides, he had herbs and a talismanic jewel on him. I performed certain pretended ceremonies to avert evil, and went out immediately, saying: 'To-morrow I will come and take away his affliction.' Accordingly, being exceedingly grieved with the sight of such an unexpected calamity, I have come here to tell you; it is for you to decide what you will do next."

When the unsuspecting Hamsāvali heard this trumped-up tale of her maid's, terrible as a thunderstroke, she was distracted, and said to her: "Out on the spite of Destiny! she brings trouble on her handiwork, even when full of excellencies²; indeed the spot on the moon is a disgrace to him who created it. As for this prince, I chose him as my husband; but I cannot see him, so it is best for me to die, or to retire into some forest. So tell me what I had better do in this matter." When the guileless lady said this, the treacherous Kanakamanjarī answered: "Have some maid of yours, dressed in your clothes, married to him, and we will escape to some place of refuge; for the people of the palace will be all in a state of excitement at that time." When the

¹ See Vol. III, pp. 187ⁿ³, 188ⁿ.—N.M.P.

² As Speyer suggests (*op. cit.*, p. 131), Tawney could not have been happy about the translation here. B.'s text reads: *guṇavatyām svasṛishṭāṃ apy aṇho; dhig matsaro vidheḥ!* but that of D., transliterated with punctuation, *guṇavatyām svasṛishṭāṃ apy aho dhin matsaro vidheḥ!* Thus Hamsāvali cries out: "Oh! what a pity that Destiny feels jealousy towards her creation, even when full of excellencies!"—N.M.P.

princess heard that, she said to her wicked confidante : "Then do you put on my clothes and marry that prince ; who else is as faithful to me as you ?" The wicked Kana-kamanjarī answered : "Cheer up ; I will manage to effect this by a stratagem, happen to me what may. But when the time comes, you must do as I direct you." When she had consoled her with these words she went and told an intimate friend of hers, named Aśokakarī, her secret object. And with her she waited during three days on the desponding Hamsāvalī, who agreed with them on the measures to be taken.

And when the wedding day came, the bridegroom, Kama-lākara, arrived at night, with a train of elephants, horses and footmen. While all the people of the palace were occupied with festal rejoicing, Kanakamanjarī, keeping by an artifice the other maids out of the way, quickly took Hamsāvalī into her chamber, ostensibly for the purpose of decking her, and put the princess's dress on herself, and clothed her in the dress of Aśokakarī, and put her own dress on her accomplice Aśokakarī ; and, when night came, said to Hamsāvalī : "If you go out only the distance of a *cos* from the western gate of this city, you will find an old hollow *Sālmali* tree. Go and hide inside it, and await my arrival. And after the business is accomplished I will certainly come there to you." When Hamsāvalī heard these words of her treacherous friend she agreed, and went out from the female apartments at night clad in her garments, and she passed out unperceived by the western gate of the city, which was crowded with the bridegroom's attendants, and reached the foot of that *Sālmali* tree. But when she saw that the hollow of it was black with thick darkness she was afraid to go into it, so she climbed up a banyan-tree near it. There she remained hidden by the leaves, watching for the arrival of her treacherous friend, for she did not see through her villainy, being herself of a guileless nature.¹

¹ Cf. "Die Gänsemagd," Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, No. 89. See also Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*, No. 1 ; Bernhard Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen*, p. 100 ; and Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, Nos. 33 and 34 (see Köhler's notes).—In the Introduction to Basile's *Pentamerone* (Burton,

In the palace meanwhile, the auspicious moment having arrived, the king brought Kanakamanjarī, who was dressed as Hamsāvalī, and placed her on the sacrificial platform, and Kamalākara married that fair-hued maid; and on account of its being night nobody detected her. And the moment the marriage was over, the prince set out for his own camp at full speed by that same western gate of the city, in order to gain the benefit of propitious constellations, and he took with him the supposed Hamsāvalī, together with Aśokakarī, who was personating Kanakamanjarī. And as he went along he came near that *Śālmali* tree, in the banyan-tree near which was concealed Hamsāvalī, who had been so cruelly deceived. And when he arrived there, the supposed Hamsāvalī, who was on the back of the elephant, which the king had mounted, embraced him, as if she were terrified. And he asked her eagerly the reason of that terror; whereupon she artfully replied, with gushing tears: "My husband, I remember that, last night, in a dream, a woman like a Rākshasī rushed out from this tree and seized me to eat me. Then a certain Brāhman ran forward and delivered me, and after he had consoled me he said: 'My daughter, you should have this tree burnt, and if this woman should come out of it she must be thrown back into it. So all will turn out well.' When the Brāhman had said this he disappeared, and I woke up. Now that I have seen this tree I remember it. That is why I am frightened."

When she said this, Kamalākara immediately ordered his servants to burn the tree, and the woman too. So they burned the tree; and the pretended Hamsāvalī thought that her mistress was burned in it, as she did not come out of it.

vol. i, p. 5 *et seq.*), a Moorish slave supplants the Princess Zoza. See also "The Three Citrons," the ninth diversion of the fifth day, in the same collection (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 553 *et seq.*). The "supplanted bride" motif was first treated in detail by P. Arfert, *Das Motiv von der unterschobenen Braut in der internationalen Erzählungs-Litteratur* . . . , 1897, pp. 8-71, and recently by E. Cosquin, *Contes Indiens et l'Occident*, 1922, pp. 61-85. See also P. Saintyves, *Les Contes de Perrault*, 1923, pp. 48, 50-52. Bolte and Polívka (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 273-285) give numerous analogues to the well-known tale of the "Goose Girl," mentioned above. References to the motif under consideration occur on pp. 284, 285 (see especially the notes).—N.M.P.

Then she was satisfied, and Kamalākara returned with her to the camp, thinking that he had got the real Hamsāvali. And the next morning he returned rapidly from that place to his city of Kośalā, and he was anointed king by his father, who was pleased at his success. And after his father had gone to the forest, he ruled the earth, having for his wife Kanakamanjarī, the pretended Hamsāvali. But the bard Manorathasiddhi kept at a distance from the palace, because he feared for his own safety in case she were to find out who he was.

But when Hamsāvali, who remained that night in the banyan-tree, heard and saw all that, she perceived that she had been tricked. And she said to herself, as soon as Kamalākara had departed: "Alas! my wicked confidante has robbed me of my lover by treachery. Alas! she even desires to have me burned in order to ensure her own peace of mind. But to whom is reliance upon treacherous people not a source of calamity? So I will throw my unlucky self into the glowing ashes of the *Sālmali* tree, that was burnt for me, and so pay my debt to the tree." After these reflections she descended from the tree, determined to destroy herself, but as fate would have it, she returned to her sober reason, and thought thus within herself: "Why should I destroy myself without reason? If I live, I shall soon be revenged on that betrayer of her friend. For when my father was seized with that fever, Vishṇu appeared to him in a dream, and after saying that he was to be healed by the touch of my hand, said this to him: 'Hamsāvali shall obtain Kamalākara, who will be a suitable husband for her, but she shall endure calamity for a short time.' So I will go somewhere and wait a little." When she had formed this resolution, she set out for an uninhabited forest.

And after she had gone a long distance, and was weary, and her steps began to falter, the night disappeared, as if out of pity, in order to let her see her way. And the heaven being, as it were, moved with compassion at beholding her, let fall a flood of tears in the form of drops of dew. And the sun, the friend of the virtuous, rose up so as to comfort her, by revealing to her both hopes and the face of the country,

and stretched out the fingers of his rays to wipe away her tears. Then the princess, being a little consoled, went on slowly by bypaths, avoiding the sight of men; and wounded by the spikes of *kuśa* grass, she at last reached with difficulty a certain forest, full of birds which seemed to be singing: "Come here! come here!" She entered the wood, fatigued, and was, as it were, courteously fanned by the trees with their creepers waving in the wind. So she, full of longing for her beloved, beheld that wood in all the pomp of spring, where the cuckoos cooed sweetly on fragrant mango-trees in full blossom. And in her despondency she said to herself: "Although this breeze from the Malaya mountain, red with the pollen of flowers, scorches me like a fire, and these showers of flowers falling from the trees, while the bees hum, strike me like showers of the arrows of love, still I will remain here worshipping with these flowers the husband of Rāmā,¹ and by so doing purge away my sin." Having formed this resolution, she remained bathing in tanks and living on fruit, devoted to the worship of Viṣṇu, in order to gain Kamalākara.

In the meanwhile it happened that Kamalākara was seized with a chronic quartan fever. Then the wicked Kanakamanjarī, who personated Hamsāvalī, was terrified, and thought thus in her heart: "I have always one fear in my heart, lest Aśokakarī should reveal my secret, and now a second has come on the top of it. For the father of Hamsāvalī said to my husband, in the presence of a large number of persons, that the touch of his daughter's hand removed fever; and as soon as in his present attack he shall call that to mind, I shall be exposed, as not having that power, and ruined. So I will perform on his behalf with all due rites an incantation for obtaining control over an imp of the fever-demon, who has the power of removing fever, and who was mentioned to me long ago by a certain witch. And I will by a stratagem kill this Aśokakarī, in front of the imp, in order that the offering to him may be made with human flesh, and so he may be enlisted in my service and bring about the desired result. So the king's fever will be cured and

¹ I.e. Viṣṇu.

Aśokakarī removed at the same time, and both my fears will be ended ; I do not see any chance of a prosperous issue in any other way."

Having formed this resolution, she told Aśokakarī all the harmless points of her plan, taking care to omit the necessity of slaying a human being. Then Aśokakarī consented, and brought the necessary utensils, and Kanakamanjarī by an artifice dismissed her attendants, and, accompanied by Aśokakarī only, went out from the women's apartments secretly at night by a postern-door, and, sword in hand,¹ made for a deserted temple of Śiva, in which there was one *linga*. There she killed with the sword a goat, and anointed the *linga* with its blood, and made an offering to it of its flesh, and threw the animal's entrails round it by way of a garland, and honoured it by placing on its summit the goat's lotus-like heart, and fumigated it with the smoke of its eyes, and lastly presented to it the animal's head by way of oblation. Then she smeared the front of the sacrificial platform with blood and sandalwood, and painted on it with yellow paint a lotus having eight leaves, and on its pericarp she traced with crushed mango a representation of the demon of fever, with three feet and three mouths, and with a handful of ashes by way of weapon ; and she represented on the leaves the fever's attendant imps in proper form, and summoned them with a spell which she knew.² And then

¹ The sword seems to be essential in these rites : compare Book VI of the *Æthiopica* of Heliodorus, where the witch Cybele raises her son to life, in order that he may prophesy. [See the edition of the "Tudor Translations," 1895, trans. T. Underdowne, p. 169, or Bohn's edition, p. 146.] Cf. also the story of "Sundaraka and the Witches," sub-story 24B of this work, Vol. II, p. 106, 106n⁴.

² Such black magic conjurations are doubtless connected with *some* of the Hindu and Buddhist Śāstras, called Tantras. In a note at this point Tawney speaks of "The debased form of Buddhism found throughout this work" as being "no doubt the Tantra-system introduced by Asanga in the sixth century of our era." This statement is very misleading and could not possibly have any justification. In the first place we cannot speak of a "Tantra-system"—the phrase is meaningless. There are many schools of Āgama to which the Tantras belong. But the material we have does not allow of definite historical conclusions, and any confident statements are as yet impossible. How can any decision be reached before the materials are

she wished to make an offering to them, preparatory to bathing, with human flesh, as I said before, so she said to Aśokakarī: "Now, my friend, prostrate yourself flat on the earth before the god, for thus you will obtain prosperous fortune."

Then she consented, and flung herself flat on the earth, and the wicked Kanakamanjarī gave her a cut with the sword. As it happened, the sword only wounded her slightly on the shoulder, and she rose up terrified and ran away; and seeing Kanakamanjarī pursuing her, she exclaimed again and again: "Help! help!" And thereupon some guards, who happened to be near, ran to her assistance. When they saw Kanakamanjarī pursuing her, sword in hand, with a ferocious expression of countenance, they thought she was a Rākshasī, and slashed her with their swords till she was almost dead. But when they heard from the lips of Aśokakarī the real state of the case, they took both the women to the king's court, with the governor of the town at their head. When King Kamalākara heard their story, he had that wicked wife and her confidante brought into his presence. And when they were brought, what with fear and the severe pain of her wounds, Kanakamanjarī died on the spot.

known? In the West for years it has been the custom for scholars to establish a close connection between so-called "Tantrism" and the worse examples of Hindu and Buddhist paganism—black magic, left-handed sex worship and every kind of excess imaginable. So far as such practices are not to be found in Buddhism outside the Rgyud (*Tantra*), they are correct, but *Tantra* covers a large field, and one as yet but little explored. In the Rgyud are texts solely concerned with the building of *stūpas*, the consecration of idols, the *stotras* or hymns, and daily offerings, etc. Sir John Woodroffe, perhaps the greatest European authority on these works in question, would see in them "the repository of a high philosophic doctrine, and of means whereby its truth may through bodily, psychic and spiritual development be realised."

Yet the leading idea in the Śaivite type of Tantras—*omnia sancta sanctis*—is a dangerous one, and has led to most disastrous consequences. Without going into further detail, I would refer readers to the works of Sir John Woodroffe, published under the *nom de plume* of Arthur Avalon. These include: *Tantra of the Great Liberation (Mahānirvāṇa Tantra)*, 1913; *Hymns to the Goddess*, 1913; *Principles of Tantra (Tantra-tattva)*, 1914-1916, and *Shakti and Shākta*, second edition, London and Madras, 1922. See also the authoritative article by L. de la Vallée Poussin, "Tantrism (Buddhist)," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. xii, pp. 193-197.—N.M.P.

Then the king, in great despondency, said to Aśokakarī, who was wounded : "What is the meaning of this ? Tell me without fear." Then Aśokakarī related from the very beginning the history of the daring treachery accomplished by Kanakamanjarī. Then King Kamalākara, having found out the truth, thus bewailed his lot on that occasion : "Alas ! I have been deceived by this supposed Haṃsāvalī with my own hand, fool that I was ! Well ! this wicked woman has met the just reward of her actions, in that, after becoming the wife of a king, she has been thus put to death. But how came I to permit cruel Destiny to deceive me with mere outward appearances, like a child, and so to rob me by taking away my jewel and giving me glass instead ? Moreover, I did not remember that touch of the hand of Haṃsāvalī, of which Viṣṇu spoke to her father, which has given evidence of its power to remove fever."

While Kamalākara was thus lamenting, he suddenly recollected the words of Viṣṇu, and said to himself : "Her father, Meghamālin, told me that Viṣṇu said she should obtain a husband, but that she should suffer some little affliction, and that word of the god, made known to men, will not have been spoken in vain. So it is quite possible that she may have gone somewhere else, and be still alive, for who knows the mysterious ways of a woman's heart, any more than those of Destiny ? So in this matter the bard Manorathasiddhi must once more be my refuge."

Thus reflecting, the king sent for that excellent bard, and said to him : "How is it, my good friend, that you are never seen in the palace ?" But how can those obtain their wishes who are deceived by rogues ? When the bard heard that, he said : "My excuse is that this Aśokakarī was well-nigh slain, out of fear that she would reveal the secret. But you must not be despondent about Haṃsāvalī, for Viṣṇu revealed that she would suffer calamity for a short time. And he certainly protects her, because she is ever intent on worshipping him ; for virtue prevails : has it not been seen in the present instance ? So I will go, King, to obtain tidings of her." When the bard said this to the king, he answered him : "I myself will go in search of her

with you. For otherwise my mind cannot be at rest even for a moment."

When the king had said this, he resolved on the course to be taken, and next day he entrusted his kingdom to the care of his minister Prajnādhya. And though the minister did all he could to dissuade him, the king left the town unobserved with Manorathasiddhi. And he went round to many holy places, hermitages and forests in search of her, disregarding physical suffering, for weighty is the command of love. And it happened that he and Manorathasiddhi at last reached the wood where Hamsāvalī was performing austerities. There he saw her at the foot of a red *Āśoka* tree, thin and pale, but yet charming, like the last digit of the gleaming moon. And he said to the bard: "Who is this silent and motionless, engaged in meditation? Can she be a goddess, for her beauty is more than human?" When the bard heard that, he looked and said: "You are fortunate, my sovereign, in finding Hamsāvalī; for it is she herself that is standing there." When Hamsāvalī heard that, she looked at them, and recognising that bard, she cried out with renewed grief: "Alas, my father, I am ruined! alas, my husband, Kamalākara! alas, Manorathasiddhi! alas, Destiny, source¹ of untoward events!"

Thus lamenting she fell on the ground in a faint, and when Kamalākara heard and saw her, he too fell on the earth overpowered with grief. Then they were both brought round by Manorathasiddhi; and when they had recognised one another for certain, they were much delighted, and, having crossed the ocean of separation, they experienced indescribable joy, and they told one another in due course all their adventures. Then Kamalākara returned with Hamsāvalī and that bard to the city of Kośalā. There he received in marriage her hand that had the power of removing disease, after summoning her father, the famous Meghamālin. Then Kamalākara shone exceedingly bright, being united with Hamsāvalī, both whose

¹ *Nidhi* means "treasury," not "source," but Tawney sacrificed the true meaning for the sense. The D. text, however, explains the difficulty by its reading *viparītavidhe vidhe*—"Alas! she cries, Destiny, operator of wrong decisions!" See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 131.—N.M.P.

wings were pure.¹ And having attained his object in life, he lived happily with her whose endurance had borne fruit, ruling the earth, inseparable from Manorathasiddhi.

163. *Story of Mṛigāṅkadatta*

“So you see those who do not lose heart, even in calamity, obtain all they desire, and on the same principle you should abstain from suicide, for, if you live, you will be reunited to that lord.’ With these words the old traveller closed his tale, and after dissuading me from death, departed whither he would.”

After Bhīmaparākrama had told all this to Mṛigāṅkadatta at night in the house of Chaṇḍaketu, he went on to say :

“So, having received useful admonition, I left that forest and went to the city of Ujjayinī, for which I knew you were making, to find you. When I did not find you there, I entered the house of a certain woman to lodge, as I was worn out, and gave her money for food. She gave me a bed, and being tired I slept for some time, but then I woke up, and out of curiosity I remained quiet, and watched her, and while I was watching, the woman took a handful of barley, and sowed it all about inside the house, her lip trembling all the time with muttering spells. Those grains of barley immediately sprang up, and produced ears, and ripened, and she cut them down, and parched them, and ground them, and made them into barley-meal. And she sprinkled the barley-meal with water, and put it in a brass pot, and, after arranging her house as it was before, she went out quickly to bathe.²

“Then, as I saw that she was a witch, I took the liberty of rising up quickly ; and taking that meal out of the brass pot, I transferred it to the meal-bin, and took as much barley-meal out of the meal-bin, and placed it in the brass vessel, taking

¹ Here there is a pun, as Kamalākara means “a bed of lotuses,” the word *paksha* meaning “wing” and also “side.” She was of good lineage by her father’s and mother’s side. Manorathasiddhi means “the attainment of desire.”

² See Note 2 at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

care not to mix the two kinds. Then I went back again to bed, and the woman came in, and roused me up, and gave me that meal from the brass pot to eat, and she ate some herself, taking what she ate from the meal-bin, and so she ate the charmed meal, not knowing that I had exchanged the two kinds. The moment she had eaten that barley-meal she became a she-goat; then I took her and sold her by way of revenge to a butcher.¹

"Then the butcher's wife came up to me and said angrily: 'You have deceived this friend of mine—you shall reap the fruit of this.' When I had been thus threatened by her, I went secretly out of the town, and being weary I lay down under a banyan-tree, and went to sleep. And while I was in that state, that wicked witch, the butcher's wife, came and fastened a thread on my neck. Then the wicked woman departed, and immediately I woke up, and when I began to examine myself, lo! I had turned into a peacock, though I still retained my intelligence.²

"Then I wandered about for some days much distressed, and one day I was caught alive by a certain fowler. He brought me here and gave me to this Chanḍaketu, the principal warder of the king of the Bhillas, by way of a complimentary present. The warder, for his part, immediately made me over to his wife, and she put me in this house as a pet bird. And to-day, my Prince, you have been guided here by fate, and have loosened the thread round my neck, and so I have recovered my human shape.

¹ Cf. "The Soldier's Midnight Watch" in Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 274.

² In *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, Pamphile turns herself into an owl; when Apuleius asks to be turned into an owl, in order to follow her, Fotis turns him by mistake into an ass. See also the *Ass* of Lucian. The story of Circe will occur to everyone in connection with these transformations. See also Baring-Gould's *Myths of the Middle Ages*, pp. 151, 152. Reference to animal metamorphoses in folk-tales are much too numerous to attempt to exhaust in a single note. One of the best-known tales is perhaps Grimm's "Der Krautesel" ("Donkey Cabbage"). Bolte and Polívka (*op. cit.*, vol. iii, pp. 3-9) give a long list of analogues. See also the references given by Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 199, and especially P. Saintyves, *Les Contes de Perrault*, pp. 408-416. In Note 1 at the end of this chapter will be found some account of the use of the magic string in metamorphoses.—N.M.P.

“ So let us leave this place quickly, for this warder always murders next morning¹ the companions of his midnight rambles, for fear his secrets should be disclosed. And to-day he has brought you here, after you have been a witness of his nightly adventures, so fasten, my Prince, on your neck this thread prepared by the witch, and turn yourself into a peacock, and go out by this small window ; then I will stretch out my hand and loosen the thread from your neck, which you must put up to me, and I will fasten it on my own neck and go out quickly in the same way. Then you must loosen the thread round my neck, and we shall both recover our former condition. But it is impossible to go out by the door, which is fastened from outside.”

When the sagacious Bhīmaparākrama had said this, Mṛigāṅkadatta agreed to his proposal and so escaped from the house with him ; and he returned to his lodging where his other two friends were ; there he and his friends all spent the night pleasantly in describing to one another all their adventures.

And in the morning Māyāvaṭu, the Bhilla king, the head of that town, came to Mṛigāṅkadatta, and after asking him whether he had spent the night pleasantly, he said to amuse him : “ Come, let us play dice.” Then Mṛigāṅkadatta’s friend Śrutadhi, observing that the Bhilla had come with his warder, said to him : “ Why should you play dice ? Have you forgotten ? To-day we are to see the dance of the warder’s peacock, which was talked about yesterday.”

When the Śavara king heard that, he remembered, and out of curiosity sent the warder to fetch the peacock. And the warder remembered the wounds he had inflicted,² and thought to himself : “ Why did I in my carelessness forget to put to death that thief, who witnessed my secret nightly expedition,

¹ I read *prātaḥ* for *prāyaḥ*.

² In order to make sense Tawney has supplied “ he had inflicted ” after the word “ wounds.” But he was misled by the B. text. Instead of *smṛitvā ’udghātān*, read with the D. text, *smṛtvodghātāt*. *Udghāta* (now in the abl. sing.) literally means “ something that is made to rise up suddenly [in your mind] ” —i.e. “ a hint,” “ suggestion,” or “ allusion.” Thus we should translate “ By this allusion the warder remembered [the affair] and thought to himself . . . ” —N.M.P.

though I placed him in the peacock's house ? So I will go quickly, and do both the businesses." And thereupon he went quickly home.

But when he reached his own palace, and looked into the house where the peacock was, he could not find either the thief or the peacock. Then terrified and despondent he returned, and said to his sovereign : " My lord, that peacock has been taken away in the night by a thief." Then Śrutadhi said, smiling : " The man who took away your peacock is renowned as a clever thief." And when Māyāvaṭu saw them all smiling, and looking at one another, he asked with the utmost eagerness what it all meant. Then Mṛigāṅkadatta told the Śavara king all his adventures with the warder : how he met him in the night, and how the warder entered the queen's apartment as a paramour, and how he drew his knife in a quarrel ; how he himself went to the house of the warder, and how he set Bhīmaparākrama free from his peacock transformation, and how he escaped thence.

Then Māyāvaṭu, after hearing that, and seeing that the maid in the harem had a knife-wound in the hand, and that when that thread was replaced for a moment on the neck of Bhīmaparākrama he again became a peacock, put his warder to death at once as a violator of his harem. But he spared the life of that unchaste queen, on the intercession of Mṛigāṅkadatta, and renouncing her society, banished her to a distance from his court. And Mṛigāṅkadatta, though eager to win Śaśāṅkavatī, remained some more days in the Pulinda's town, treated with great consideration by him, looking for the arrival of the rest of his friends and his reunion with them.

NOTE 1.—THE MAGIC STRING

We have already (Vol. III, p. 191) come across this form of animal metamorphosis, where several references are given. It will be remembered that in that case Sukhaśayā, the witch, teaches the spells to her friend Bandhudattā in order that she can turn her lover into a monkey at will without her husband suspecting the intrigue. There are, however, two spells which have to be recited—one in order to turn the man into the monkey, and another to change him back again to his former condition. Furthermore, we see (Vol. III, p. 192) that the cord or string itself possessed protective powers, for after the lover in his monkey form has been nearly killed by a troop of real monkeys, he says: "At last, by the virtue of the string on my neck . . . I managed to recover my strength. . . ."

In the very next story (p. 194) we saw that Bhavaśarman was turned into an ox merely by a magical string being placed round his neck. We hear nothing of the necessity for the recitation of spells or of the virtue of the string itself. The same applies to the story in our present text (p. 40).

Thus we notice that in no case is there any mention of a talisman or amulet, but merely a string or cord which possesses magical properties. That the mere string suffices in Indian fiction should not surprise us, as it enters into such important Hindu ceremonies as *upanayana*, the rite of initiation at which the Brāhman is invested with the sacred thread (*yajñopavīta*). (For details see Stevenson, *Rites of the Twice-Born*, pp. 27-45.) There is also the *maṅgalasūtram*, or lucky thread fastened round the neck at marriages in Southern India (see Padfield, *The Hindu at Home*, Madras, 1896, pp. 126 *et seq.*, 239). Closely analogous to this is the rite of the tying of the *tāli*, to which we have already had numerous references in the *Ocean* (see *e.g.* Vol. I, pp. 255-264; Vol. II, pp. 17, 18). Then there is the *rākhi*, which is a cord tied by a woman or by Brāhmins on the wrists of men at the Salono or Rakshābandhan feast, held on the full moon of the month Śrāvaṇa (July-August). The use of cords and strings to obviate sterility and for medicinal curative purposes is found not only in many parts of India, but all over the world. See, for instance, W. Crooke, "Charms and Amulets (Indian)," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. iii, p. 444; ditto, *Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, new edition (1926), pp. 304-306; J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. iii (*Taboo and the Perils of the Soul*), pp. 32 *et seq.*, 43, 51. The colour of the string or cord is often of importance as well as the material of which it is made. (See the following articles by Theodor Zachariae, "Zum altindischen Hochzeitsritual," *Wiener Zeitschrift f. d. Kunde d. Morgenlandes*, vol. xvii, pp. 135 *et seq.*, 211 *et seq.*; "Verwandlung durch Umbinden eines Fadens," *op. cit.*, vol. xix, pp. 240-243. The last article is also to be found in his *Kleine Schriften*, pp. 228-230.)

The uses of the noose or necklace of string in magical connections are, therefore, numerous and the practice widespread. Yet in nearly every case we can discern a distinct connection with the magic circle—a line of endless

continuity, a barrier past which nothing can escape and into which nothing can enter.

Thus, in our present text the *modus operandi* of the magic string is clear. It possesses the power of holding a person in a certain prescribed state or condition until it is removed. The person when released from the enthralling properties of the string immediately returns to his former condition. A few analogues to our present text will show the different forms in which the "magic string" *motif* is found. In the *Uttama-charitra-kathānaka* (a Jain tale—the only copy in the British Museum is in Sanskrit, from the Gujarati), Anangasena, the courtesan, is madly in love with Prince Uttama-charitra. Unable to obtain him any other way, she manages to tie a magic thread round his leg. He is immediately turned into a parrot, and thus can be kept in close confinement, only being released to quench the fire of her passion.

A rather curious, and in many ways similar, story appears in a small Burmese collection translated by C. J. Badow, *The Precedents of Princess Thoodamma Tsari*, Rangoon, 1881. Story No. XVII, "The Case of the Thoo-Hte's Son and his Three Wives," can be summarised as follows. A man is bitten by a snake and dies. In accordance with his instructions he is placed upon a raft and set adrift on the river. The body is found by three sisters many miles downstream. Their father restores the dead man to life, and all the daughters claim him. Finally, they agree to let him depart, but place a thread round his neck which immediately turns him into a small parrot. He flies home, and settles in the king's garden. He steals the fruit, is captured, and given as a present to the princess. One day she notices the thread round the bird's neck and removes it in play. The transformation at once takes place, and the couple become enamoured of one another. In time the princess becomes pregnant, and the parrot thinks it about time to make his exit. In doing so, however, the thread catches in the window and the metamorphosis occurs at this most inopportune moment. The man makes good his escape and rushes into a neighbouring house, where the family, liking his looks, pretend he is their son-in-law. Subsequently he marries the daughter. His original wife hears of his return to life. And (as in the *Vetāla* tales which begin on p. 165 of this volume) the story ends with a question, in this case put to the wise Princess Tsari: "Whose husband should he be—that of his original wife, the princess, or the stranger's daughter?" Similar to the tale of Prince Uttama-charitra is a Kashmiri story, found in Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir* (2nd ed., 1893, p. 71). Here a witch's daughter falls in love with a prince, and leading him away from the princess throws a cord round his neck, and turns him into a ram, releasing him only at night.

In a Persian collection by Shay kh'Izzat Ullāh, known as "The Rose of Bakawali" (see Clouston, *Eastern Romances*, pp. 346 and 545), we find practically the same tale again. Rūh-afzā is madly in love with Bahrām, and in order to have him always with her fastens round his neck a talisman which changes him into a bird. Here, for the first time, we have the string or cord playing but a secondary part. It is now the *talisman* which is the important thing. As we now begin to get further away from Hindu environment, the

sacredness and power of the string would lose its point in effecting transformations, while the magical talisman (the word itself is derived from the Arabic *ṭīlsam*, pl. *ṭālāsīm*), so well known throughout Mohammedan countries, would take its place.

The use of talismans for the purposes of conjurations, etc., was not original with the Arabs. They derived their knowledge almost entirely from Gnostic and Talmudic sources, merely adding invocations from the Qur'ān. When we come to Christian countries we note a further change still, for the cord, string or talisman has become a bridle. It is not surprising that the talisman is rare in Christian collections of folk-tales, for the underlying ideas of all charms and talismans is little less than a negation of the Unity of God. In early Christian times the efforts to crush all superstition and magic were for a time effective, and it is very interesting to read Augustine (*De Civ. Dei*, viii, 16-22) in his attack on Apuleius. It was only in later days that the belief in magic was recognised in Catholic communities, thus proving it had been crushed only temporarily, and was merely awaiting a more propitious moment to reassert itself.

But in the case of transformations in European folk-tales the bridle is the magical article usually employed. After serving an apprenticeship with a magician, the hero learns how to turn himself into any animal he pleases, but in nearly every case becomes a horse or donkey, which is to be taken to market and sold. Great care, however, has to be taken to remember to remove the bridle after the sale is completed, otherwise the man cannot return to his former shape. It is quite natural that a European village community would much more readily appreciate a tale of a magic bridle than a string, or even a talisman worn round the neck. (The bridle, however, *does* occur in Eastern tales. See, e.g., *Nights*, Burton, vol. vii, p. 304ⁿ¹, and Kirby's note in *Supp.*, vol. vi, p. 353.)

The best-known "bridle" story is undoubtedly Grimm's No. 68, "*De Gaudeif un sien Meester*," but here, as in so many of its analogues, the tale runs into the "Magical Conflict" *motif*, already treated in Vol. III, pp. 203-205.

For both *motifs* see Bolte (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 60-69).

In conclusion, I would mention those Eastern variants in which no connection with the magic circle is possible, as nothing circular is used for the transformation. I refer to those tales in which a pin is inserted or taken out of the head of the man or animal (see Cosquin, *Contes Indiens et l'Occident*, p. 58 *et seq.*). A well-known example will be found in the second story of Miss Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*, "The Pomegranate King" (see pp. 12-14 of the 1880 edition). Here the dead wife prays to be allowed to see her husband and children. Her prayer is granted, but she can come only as a bird—with a pin in her head. As soon as it is extracted, however, she will at once turn into a woman again. It has also found its way to Sarawak, and occurs in a modern tale by the Ranees of Sarawak, "The Pontianak," included in her recent book, *The Cauldron*. Her Highness tells me she founded it entirely on a local legend. The Pontianak is well known throughout the Malayan region as a kind of flying

vampire created by the death of a woman in childbirth. Full details will be found in Skeat, *Malay Magic*, London, 1900, p. 327, and Skeat and Blagden, *Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula*, London, 1906, vol. i, pp. 698, 699, and vol. ii, p. 14.—N.M.P.

NOTE 2.—THE MAGIC SEED

The curious magical ceremony described on pp. 55-56 will remind many readers of a similar incident in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. vii, pp. 302, 330). Here, in the story of "Julnar the Sea-born and her Son," we read:

"Presently, about midnight she rose from the carpet-bed and King Badr Basim was awake; but he feigned sleep and watched stealthily to see what she would do. She took out of a red bag a something red, which she planted a-middlemost the chamber, and it became a stream, running like the sea; after which she took a handful of barley and strewing it on the ground watered it with water from the river; whereupon it became wheat in the ear, and she gathered it and ground it into flour. Then she set it aside and, returning to bed, lay down by Badr Basim till morning, when he arose and washed his face and asked her leave to visit the Shaykh his uncle."

Badr Basim is then given some parched corn by his uncle, with instructions only to pretend to eat her parched grain, and then make her eat of his corn. As soon as she has eaten even but a grain, Basim must throw water in her face and by simple declaration will be able to change her into any animal he likes.

All is duly accomplished, and Queen Lab (the sorceress) is turned into a dapple mule. The aged mother of the queen manages to restore her to her original shape, and in revenge turns Basim into a fowl, which is put in a cage and kept in the palace, until the final release and triumph of the hero finishes the story.

Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, 150, notices the likeness between these two tales, but adds no other analogues.

Owing to the kindness of Dr D. B. Macdonald, probably the greatest living authority on the *Nights*, I am able to state that similar tales occur in several Arabic works dating from about A.D. 850 to 1200.

The story first occurs in the celebrated collection of proverbs of al-Mufaḍḍal ibn Salāma (*fl.* second half of ninth century A.D.), called the *Fākhir*. The proverb in question is "A ḥadīth of Khurāfa." This is said to signify that the speaker considers something he has heard is "a story with no truth in it." The saying arose from the adventures of a certain good man named Khurāfa. It resembles the first tale of the *Nights*, in that Khurāfa is saved from the jinn by the marvellous tales of three chance travellers. It is the third tale that interests us here. It is quoted thus from al-Mufaḍḍal by Sharishī (*d.* 619/1222) in his commentary on the Maqāmāt of Ḥarīrī (ed. Cairo, A.H. 1314, vol. i, p. 56 *et seq.*). The translation is by D. B. Macdonald, *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, July 1924, pp. 374-375:

“‘I had an evil mother’—then he said to the mare on which he rode, ‘Was it thus?’ and she said with her head, ‘Yes’—he said, ‘and I suspected her with this black slave’—and he pointed to the horse on which his *ghulām* rode [and said to it], ‘Was it thus?’ and it said with its head, ‘Yes.’ So I sent one day on one of my affairs this *ghulām* of mine who is riding; but she shut him up with herself. He fell asleep and saw in his sleep as though she uttered a cry, and lo! there was a large field rat which had come out. She said ‘Bend down thy head!’ and he bent it down. Next she said, ‘Plough!’ and it ploughed. Next she said, ‘Thresh!’ and it threshed. Next she summoned a handmill and it ground a cupful of *sawīq*. She brought it to the *ghulām* and said to him, ‘Take it to thy master.’ He brought it to me, but I used guile towards the two of them until I had made them drink the cupful, and lo! she was a mare and he was a stallion.’ He said, ‘Was it thus?’ The mare with her head said, ‘Yes,’ and the stallion with his head said, ‘Yes.’ Then they said, ‘This is the most wonderful thing we have heard; thou art our partner.’ So they agreed and freed Khurāfa. Then he came to the prophet and told him this narrative. So whatever occurs of jesting narratives is referred back to Khurāfa to whom this narrative goes back.”

In the text of the *Fākhir* edited by C. A. Storey (Leyden, 1915) the magic scene is somewhat different. After the appearance of the large field rat it continues:

“She said, ‘Cleave!’ and it cleft. Next she said, ‘Repeat!’ and it repeated. Next she said, ‘Sow!’ and it sowed. Next she said, ‘Reap!’ and it reaped. Next she said, ‘Thresh!’ and it threshed.”

Although the *Nights* and al-Mufaḍḍal describe a similar scene it would be hard to find two accounts so different.

“It is noteworthy,” says Macdonald, “that al-Mufaḍḍal makes no reference to the *Nights* in any form, although we should have expected something of the kind in the context. It seems almost unescapable that he did not know the *Nights*.”

I now proceed to another version of the story which has been found by Dr Macdonald in five places, and has been very kindly translated by him for this work.

The story is connected with Hārūt and Mārūt of Bābil (Babel), the two angels who teach magic to mankind, without, however, concealing the fact that they are tempting them. Reference should be made to the *Qur’ān*, ii, 96, which is the Muslim *locus classicus* for magic.

The five places in which Dr Macdonald found the story in question are:

I. The *Mukhtalif al-ḥadīth* of Ibn Qutaiba (d. A.H. 276—i.e. A.D. 889), ed. Cairo, 1326, pp. 232-234.

II. The *Tafsīr* (Qur’ān commentary) of Ṭabarī (d. 310/923), ed. Cairo, vol. i, p. 347, l. 23 to p. 348, l. 10; on *Qur.* ii, 96.

III. The *Qīṣaṣ al-‘anbiyā’* of Tha’labī (d. 427/1036), ed. Cairo, 1314, p. 30, ll. 16-31.

IV. The *'Maḡāṭih algh-aib* (Qur'ān commentary) of Rāzī (d. 606/1209), ed. Cairo, 1307, vol. i, p. 434, ll. 19-28; on *Qur.* ii, 96.

V. Commentary by Sharishī (d. 619/1222) on *Maḡāmāt* of Ḥarirī, ed. Cairo, 1314, vol. i, p. 211.

Of these III, IV and V seem to be dependent upon II. I is a much shorter form and stands by itself.

The following translations, by Dr Macdonald, are, therefore, of Nos. I and II :—

I

A woman came seeking an opinion in canon law, but she found that the Prophet had died and she found only one of his wives—it is said that she was 'Ā'isha. So she said to her, "O Mother of the Believers, a woman said to me, 'Do you wish that I should do something for you by which the face of your husband will be turned to you?'" (And I think he [the narrator of the tradition] said), "Then she brought two dogs; she rode one and I rode the other. Then we journeyed as long as Allah willed. Thereafter she said, 'Do you know that you are in Bābil?'" And [the story goes on that] she went in to a man—or, she said, two men—and they said to her, "Make water upon those ashes." She [the original teller of the story to 'Ā'isha] said, "So I went, but I did not make water, and I returned, and they said to me, 'What did you see?' I said, 'I have not seen anything.' They said, 'You are still at the beginning of your affair.'" She said, "So I returned and plucked up my courage, then made water and there came out from me the likeness of a helmeted horseman, and it ascended into the sky. Then I returned to them and they said to me, 'What have you seen?' So I told them and they said, 'That was your Faith which has left you.' And I went out to the woman and said, 'By Allāh, they did not teach me anything and they did not say to me how I should act.' She said, 'But what did you see?' So I told her and she said, 'You are [now] the greatest magician of the Arabs; act and wish!' (So she said.) Then she cut furrows and said, 'It showed ears.' And lo, it was seed produce, shaking. Then she said, 'It began to ripen.' And lo, it was dry and hard. (So she said.) Then she took it and husked it and gave me it and said, 'Pound this and make into *sawīq* and give it to your husband to drink.' But I did not do any such thing; the affair reached this point only. So is there any repentance for me?"

This is translated very literally from a text which probably is not too sound. The insertions in square brackets have been added by Dr Macdonald, and, like the inverted commas, are purely conjectural.

II

From 'Urwa, sister's son of 'Ā'isha, that she said :—"There came to me a woman of the people of Dūmat al-Jandal. She came desiring to meet the Messenger of Allah, shortly after his death, to ask him about a thing into which she had entered of the matter of magic; and she did not know of his

death." 'Ā'isha said to 'Urwa, "O my sister's son, then I saw her weeping when she did not find the Messenger of Allah that he might deal with her case; she was weeping until I had compassion upon her, and she was saying, 'I fear I am lost. I had a husband and he deserted me; so I went to an old woman and I complained to her of that. She said, "If you will do what I command you I will make him come to you." So when it was night she came to me with two black dogs; she rode one of them and I rode the other; and it was no time until we arrived at Bābil. And lo, there were two men, hung up by their feet, and they said, "What has brought you?" I said, "I would learn magic." Then they said, "We are only a temptation; so be not an unbeliever, but go back." But I was unwilling and refused. So they said, "Go to that oven (*tannūr*) and make water in it." So I went, but I was afraid and did not do it. Then I returned to them and they said, "Did you do it?" I said, "Yes." They said, "Did you see anything?" I said, "I saw nothing." Then they said to me, "You did not do it; go back to your own country and do not be an unbeliever." But I was unwilling; so they said, "Go to that oven and make water in it." So I went, but I shuddered and feared; then I returned to them and said, "I have done it." Then they said, "And have you not seen anything?" I said, "I saw nothing." Then they said, "You lie; you did not do it; go back to your own country and be not an unbeliever, for you are at the point of accomplishing your affair." [Or "for you are (only) at the beginning of your affair."] But I was unwilling; so they said, "Go to that oven and make water in it." So I went and made water in it, and I saw a horseman with an iron helmet who came out from me until he went away into the sky, and he departed from me until I did not see him. So I came to them and said, "I have done it." They said, "What did you see?" I said, "A horseman with an iron helmet who came out from me, and he went away into the sky until I did not see him." They said, "You have spoken the truth. That was your faith which came out from you. Go away." Then I said to the woman, "By Allah, I do not know anything and they have not said anything to me." But she said, "Nay, you will never will a thing but it will happen. Take this wheat and scatter it." So I scattered it. Then I said, "Spring up!" Then it sprang up. I said, "Show ears!" Then it showed ears. Thereafter I said, "Begin to ripen!" Then it began to ripen. Thereafter I said, "Turn dry and hard!" Then it turned dry and hard. Thereafter I said, "Be ground!" Then it was ground. Thereafter I said, "Be baked to bread!" Then it was baked to bread. So when I saw that I could not will a thing but it happened, I was confounded and repented. And by Allah, O Mother of the Believers! I have never done anything magical and will never do anything.'"

Dr Macdonald can give no explanation of the differences between these two versions. The story does not occur in any of the standard collections of "traditions." Professor Wensinck of Leyden, under whose direction an "Index to Traditions" is being compiled, has looked for some reference to the story, but in vain. Thus it is clear that the tale has not good technical standing as a Muslim tradition, so it seems curious that Ṭabarī should have

used it. He was an historian, a traditionist and an exegete of the first rank; he is regarded as dependable in a high degree, and as the story is not "of faith" for Islām, his use of it is specially curious. Ibn Qutaiba was a man of literature in the traditionalist wing of Muslim theology, he, also, is of high reputation. Both, no doubt, gave the story as it reached them. The others evidently abbreviated and developed from Ṭabarī. For them all, see Nicholson's *Literary History of the Arabs*. Rāzī (No. IV) has one curious development: "You will never will a thing so as to picture it in your imagination, but it will happen." Cf. Macdonald's "Wahm" article in *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.* for October 1922, p. 514 *et seq.* Although there is not yet sufficient evidence to trace the story step by step, Dr Macdonald agrees that its starting-place was undoubtedly India.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXII

163. *Story of Mrigānkadatta*

WHILE Mrigānkadatta was thus residing in the palace of Māyāvaṭu, the king of the Bhillas, accompanied by Vimalabuddhi and his other friends, one day the general of the Bhilla sovereign came to him in a state of great excitement, and said to him in the presence of Mrigānkadatta : “ As by your Majesty’s orders I was searching for a man to offer as a victim to Durgā, I found one so valiant that he destroyed five hundred of your best warriors, and I have brought him here disabled by many wounds.”

When the Pulinda chief heard that, he said to the general : “ Bring him quickly in here, and show him to me.” Then he was brought in, and all beheld him smeared with the blood that flowed from his wounds, begrimed with the dust of battle, bound with cords, and reeling, like a mad elephant tied up, that is stained with the fluid that flows from his temples¹ mixed with the vermilion painting on his cheek.

¹ The *mast* (*must*, or *musth*) state of the elephant plays a large part in the metaphor and hyperbolic descriptions of Hindu poets. Special mention is usually made of the ichor or *mada*, a dark oily matter which exudes from the temporal pores of the elephant when in a *must* state.

In Vol. I, p. 182, we read of the King of Vatsa being “ followed by huge elephants raining streams of ichor that seemed like moving peaks of the Vindhya range accompanying him out of affection.”

In Vol. II, pp. 92 and 93, we have similar references : “ Though his elephants drank the waters of the Godāvarī . . . they seemed to discharge them again sevenfold in the form of ichor.” The *must* condition and the *mada* itself also appear in punning descriptions of the hero’s strength or degree of passion. (See Vol. II, p. 125n⁴, and Vol. III, p. 214n¹.)

Owing to the kindness of Major Stanley Flower, introduced to me by Dr Chalmers Mitchell, I am able to add some very interesting notes on *must* elephants. The Indian elephant has four (not two, as often stated) glands on the forehead, an upper and a lower pair. In Rājputāna the mahouts call the upper gland “ Daan,” and the lower gland “ Khamūka.” Whether the discharge from these glands, or pores, is necessarily coincident with the animal

Then Mrigānkadatta recognised him as his minister Guṇākara, and ran and threw his arms round his neck, weeping. Then the king of the Bhillas, hearing from Mrigānkadatta's friends that it was Guṇākara, bowed before him, and comforted him as he was clinging to the feet of his master, and brought him into his palace, and gave him a bath, and bandaged his wounds, and supplied him attentively with wholesome food and drink, such as was recommended by the physicians. Then Mrigānkadatta, after his minister had been somewhat restored, said to him: "Tell me, my friend, what adventures have you had?" Then Guṇākara said in the hearing of all: "Hear, Prince, I will tell you my story.

"At that time when I was separated from you by the curse of the Nāga, I was so bewildered that I was conscious of nothing, but went on roaming through that far-extending wilderness. At last I recovered consciousness and thought in my grief: 'Alas, this is a terrible dispensation of unruly

being *must*, or in a state of sexual excitement, is a matter on which observers disagree. The most recent, and reliable, article on the subject is that by J. C. C. Wilson in the *Journ. Bomb. Nat. Hist. Soc.*, vol. xxviii, 1922, pp. 1128-1129. He points out that it is not necessary for the bull to be *must* to reproduce his kind, and that an immature bull which has never been *must* can get a calf. *Must* elephants are most dangerous, both to other elephants and to man, so much so that they have to be chained up and starved till their condition becomes normal again. Luckily the glands of the temple swell some days before the discharge commences, and thus give warning of the approaching condition. If a cow in season can be provided for the bull, his *must* is reduced, but he will drive off, or even gore, a cow not in season. A curious fact is that the cow herself, when in season, has a slight discharge from the glands between the eye and ear similar to that of the bull.

A healthy bull should come on *must* at least once a year. Among wild tuskers the state usually occurs in December or January, while in tame herds, which are worked to about the end of February, *must* does not come on till later, after the elephants have had time to rest and get in good condition again. The mahouts, a most unscrupulous set of men, sometimes quiet the *must* condition by the use of opium and other drugs. The ichor, or *mada*, is looked upon as a great perquisite, and is sold by the mahout, sometimes for high prices, as an aphrodisiac for human consumption.

Reference might also be made to the following: G. H. Evans, *A Treatise on Elephants: Their Treatment in Health and Disease*, Rangoon, 1901; ditto, *Elephants and their Diseases*, Rangoon, 1910; and S. E. Wilmot, *The Life of an Elephant*, Ldn., 1912.—N.M.P.

destiny. How will Mṛigānkadatta, who would suffer even in a palace, exist in this desert of burning sand? And how will his companions exist?' Thus reflecting frequently in my mind, I happened, as I was roaming about, to come upon the abode of Durgā. And I entered her temple, in which were offered day and night many and various living creatures, and which therefore resembled the palace of the God of Death. After I had worshipped the goddess there, I saw the corpse of a man who had offered himself, and who held in his hand a sword that had pierced his throat. When I saw that, I also, on account of my grief at being separated from you, determined to propitiate the goddess by the sacrifice of myself. So I ran and seized his sword. But at that moment some compassionate female ascetic, after forbidding me from a distance by a prohibitive shake of the head, came up to me, and dissuaded me from death, and after asking me my story said to me: 'Do not act so, the reunion of the dead has been seen in this world, much more of the living. Hear this story in illustration of it.

*The Adventures
of Guṇākara
after his
Separation
from the Prince*

163D. *How King Vinītamati became a Holy Man*

There is a celebrated city on the earth, of the name of Ahichchhatrā¹; in it there dwelt of old time a mighty king, of the name of Udayatunga. And he had a noble warder

¹ Also known as Ahikshētra, Ahikshatra and Adhichchhatrā. The later form is found in the inscriptions (see *Epigraphia Indica*, vol. ii, p. 243). It is referred to in the *Mahābhārata*, Ādiparva, sect. clxviii, as Chhatravatī, and is the 'O-hi-chi-ta-lo of Hiuen Tsiang (A.D. 629). For his account see S. Beal, *Buddhist Records of the Western World*, vol. i, pp. 200-201. It has been identified by Cunningham (*Ancient Geography of India*, vol. i, p. 359 *et seq.*) with Rāmnagar, twenty miles west of Bareilly, in Rohilkhand. The name Ahichchhatrā is now confined to the great fortress in the lands of 'Ālampūr Kōṭ and Nasratganj. It was the capital of North Pañchāla or Rohilkhand. (See Führer, *Monumental Antiquities and Inscriptions in the N.-W. Provinces and Oudh*, p. 26 *et seq.*; and Nundolal Dey, "Geographical Dictionary of Ancient and Mediæval India," *Indian Antiquary*, vol. xlviii, 1919, Supp., pp. 2-3.) In Jaina works it is described as the chief town of Jaṅgala, another name for North Pañchāla (Weber, *Indische Studien*, vol. xvi, p. 398).—N.M.P.

named Kamalamati. This warder had a matchless son named Vinītamati. The lotus, in spite of its threads, and the bow, in spite of its string, could not be compared to that youth who possessed a string of good qualities, for the first was hollow and the second crooked. One day, as he was on a platform on the top of a palace white with plaster, he saw the moon rising in the beginning of the night, like a splendid ear-ornament on the darkness of the eastern quarter, made of a shoot from the wishing-tree of love. And Vinītamati, seeing the world gradually illuminated with its numerous rays, felt his heart leap within him, and said to himself: "Ha! the ways are seen to be lighted up by the moonlight, as if whitened with plaster, so why should I not go there and roam about?" Accordingly he went out with his bow and arrows, and roamed about, and after he had gone only a *kos*,¹ he suddenly heard a noise of weeping. He went in the direction of the sound and saw a certain maiden of heavenly appearance weeping, as she reclined at the foot of a tree. And he said to her: "Fair one, who are you? And why do you make the moon of your countenance like the moon when flecked with spots, by staining it with tears?" When he said this to her, she answered: "Great-souled one, I am the daughter of a king of the snakes named Gandhamālin, and my name is Vijayavatī. Once on a time my father fled from battle, and was thus cursed by Vāsuki²: 'Wicked one, you shall be conquered and become the slave of your enemy.' In consequence of that curse my father was conquered by his enemy, a Yaksha named Kālajihva, and made his servant, and forced to carry a load of flowers for him. Grieved thereat, I tried for his sake to propitiate Gaurī with asceticism, and the holy goddess appeared to me in visible form, and said this to me: 'Listen, my child; there is in the Mānasa lake a great and heavenly lotus of crystal

¹ Or more correctly *Krośa* (literally, a "shout," as expressing the range of the voice). It is usually taken as representing one and an eighth miles. See Fleet, "Imaginative Yojanas," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, 1912, p. 237.—N.M.P.

² The serpent who, at the Churning of the Ocean, acted as a rope by twining round Mount Mandara, which was used as the churning-stick. According to the *Rāmāyaṇa*, his city, Bhōgavatī, lies between Kūnjara and Rishabha, two of the five mountains of Ceylon.—N.M.P.

expanded into a thousand leaves. Its rays are scattered abroad when it is touched by the sunbeams, and it gleams like the many-crested head of Śeṣha,¹ yellow with the rays of jewels. Once on a time Kuvera beheld it, and conceived a desire for that lotus, and after he had bathed in the Mānasa lake, he began to worship Viṣṇu in order to obtain it. And at that time, the Yakshas, his followers, were playing in the water, in the shapes of Brahmany ducks and geese, and other aquatic creatures. And it happened that the elder brother of your enemy Kālajihva, a Yaksha named Vidyujjihva, was playing with his beloved in the form of a Brahmany drake, and while flapping his wings, he struck and upset the *argha* vessel² held in the extremity of Kuvera's hand. Then the God of Wealth was enraged, and by a curse made Vidyujjihva and his wife Brahmany ducks³ on this very Mānasa lake. And Kālajihva, now that his elder brother is so transformed and is unhappy at night on account of the absence of his beloved, assumes out of affection her form every night to console him, and remains there in the day in his own natural form, accompanied by your father Gandhamālin, whom he has made a slave. So send there, my daughter, the brave and enterprising Vinītamati, of the town of Ahichchhatrā,

¹ Or Ananta, the giant cobra on which Viṣṇu is often represented sleeping. He has a thousand heads, and supports the earth on his hood. With Vāsuki and Takshaka he rules the Nāgas.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. II, p. 77n¹.—N.M.P.

³ More usually spelt Brahminy. This is the *Tadorna Casarca* or *Casarca rutila*, the ruddy sheldrake of English authors. It appears in Barbary, South-East Europe and Central Asia. In colour the bird is bay, with the quill-feathers of the wings and tail black. The male has also a black ring round the neck. There seems to be foundation for the Hindu belief that the male and female stay apart during the night, calling to one another from opposite banks. This strange behaviour was not lost on Hindu poets, who explained it by telling a story of how two lovers were transformed into birds and condemned to separate at night. References to the three leading accounts of the Brahminy Duck are as follows:—E. C. Stuart Baker, *The Indian Ducks and their Allies*, Nat. Hist. Soc. Bombay, 1908, pp. 114-122 (good coloured plate); J. C. Phillips, *A Natural History of the Ducks*, vol. i, London, 1923, pp. 230-246 (coloured plate and map of distribution); R. G. Wright and D. Dewar, *The Ducks of India*, London, 1925, pp. 187-196. Reference might also be made to T. C. Jerdon, *The Birds of India*, vol. iii, 1864, pp. 791-793; and Sarat Chandra Mitra, *Quarterly Journal Mythic Society*, vol. xvi, pp. 125-128.—N.M.P.

the son of the warder, and take this sword¹ and this horse, for with these that hero will conquer that Yaksha, and will set your father at liberty. And whatever man becomes the possessor of this excellent sword will conquer all his enemies and become a king on the earth.' After saying this the goddess gave me the sword and the horse, and disappeared. So I have come here to-day in due course to excite you to the enterprise, and seeing you going out at night with the favour of the goddess, I brought you here by an artifice, having caused you to hear a sound of weeping. So accomplish for me that desire of mine, noble sir!" When Vinītamati was thus entreated by her, he immediately consented.

Then the snake-maiden went at once and brought that swift white horse, that looked like the concentrated rays of the moon rushing forth into the extreme points of the earth to slay the darkness, and that splendid sword, equal in brightness to the starlight sky, appearing like a glance of the Goddess of Fortune in search of a hero, and gave them both to Vinītamati. And he set out with the sword, after mounting that horse with the maiden, and thanks to its speed he reached that very Lake Mānasa. The lotus-clumps of the lake were shaken by the wind, and it seemed by the plaintive cries of its Brahmany ducks to forbid his approach out of pity for Kālajihva. And seeing Gandhamālin there in the custody of some Yakshas, he wounded those miserable creatures with his sword and dispersed them, in order to set him at liberty. When Kālajihva saw that, he abandoned the form of a Brahmany duck and rose from the middle of the lake, roaring like a cloud of the rainy season. In the course of the fight Kālajihva soared up into the air, and Vinītamati, with his horse, soared up after him, and seized him by the hair. And when he was on the point of cutting off his head with his sword, the Yaksha, speaking in a plain-

¹ The sword may be compared with that of Chaṇḍamahāsena in Chapter XI, and with Morglay, Excalibar, Durandal, Gram, Balmung, Chrysaor, etc. (See Sir G. Cox's *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, vol. i, p. 308.) The same author has some remarks upon Pegasus and other magic horses in his second volume, p. 287 *et seq.* See also Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 256 *et seq.*—For the magic sword see Vol. I, p. 109n¹, and cf. *Mahājanaka-Jātaka*, No. 539 (Cambridge edition, vol. vi, p. 26).—N.M.P.

tive voice, implored his protection. And being spared, he gave him his own ring, that possessed the power of averting all the calamities called *īti*,¹ and with all marks of deference he released Gandhamālin from slavery, and Gandhamālin, in his delight, gave Vinītamati his daughter Vijayavatī, and returned home. Then Vinītamati, being the possessor of a splendid sword, ring, horse and maiden, returned home as soon as the day broke. There his father welcomed him and questioned him, and was delighted at the account of his exploits, and so was his sovereign, and then he married that Nāga maiden.²

And one day his father Kamalamati said in secret to the youth, who was happy in the possession of these four priceless things, and of many accomplishments : " The King Udaya-tunga here has a daughter named Udayavatī, well taught in all the sciences, and he has publicly announced that he will give her to the first Brāhman or Kshatriya who conquers her in argument. And by her wonderful skill in argument she has silenced all other disputants, as by her beauty, which is the theme of the world's wonder, she has put to shame the nymphs of heaven. You are a distinguished hero, you are a disputant of the Kshatriya caste ; why do you remain silent ? Conquer her in argument, and marry her."³

¹ Excessive rain, drought, rats, locusts, birds and foreign invasion.

² I have before referred to Ralston's remarks on snakes in his *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 65. Melusina is a clear instance of a snake-maiden in European folk-lore. See her story in Simrock's *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*, vol. vi. There is a similar marriage in Prym and Socin, *Syriscche Märchen*, p. 246.—Many references will be found in Vols. I and II of this work.—N.M.P.

³ Compare the commencement of the story of "The Blind Man and the Cripple" in Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 240, and Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 445. This tale appears to belong to the Atalanta cycle.—These "wit combats," which sometimes take the form of a series of riddles, appear to have been a common feature of entertainment at the courts of Asiatic monarchs, and are found throughout Eastern fiction. They form a most useful "motif" in prolonging the final triumph of the hero, and afford a formidable obstacle for him to overcome.

The account given by Somadeva of how the *femme savante* was defeated in argument by Vinītamati is very disappointing, and reads rather as if it had been cut down from a longer account in the original tale as given by Guṇādhya.

In Vol. V, p. 183n¹, I gave references to tales containing riddles in

When Vinītamati's father said this to him, he answered : "My father, how can men like me contend with weak women? Nevertheless I will obey this order of yours." When the bold youth said this, his father went to the king, and said to him : "Vinītamati will dispute with the princess to-morrow." And the king approved the proposal, and Kamalamati returned home, and informed his son Vinītamati of his consent.

The next morning the king, like a swan, took up his position in the midst of the lotus-bed of the assembly of learned men, and the disputant Vinītamati entered the hall, resplendent like the sun, and being gazed on by the eyes of all the accomplished men who were assembled there, that were turned towards him, he, as it were, animated the lotus-bed with circling bees. And soon after the Princess Udayavati came there slowly, like the bow of the God of Love bent with the string of excellence; adorned with splendid sweetly tinkling ornaments, that seemed, as it were, to intimate her first objection before it was uttered.¹ A pure streak of the

Chauvin. To them I would add vii, pp. 118, 119. Here Chauvin gives a large number of analogues to the tale of "Abu Al-Husn and his Slave-Girl Tawaddud" in the *Nights* (see Burton, vol. v, pp. 189-245), where the long series of questions on every imaginable subject occupies nearly the entire text. One is naturally reminded of the Queen of Sheba who "came to prove the wisdom of Solomon with hard questions," and also of his putting the judges to shame by his questions to which they could make no reply. See Clouston, *Flowers from a Persian Garden*, pp. 218, 273, 274, and the references given.

For the riddles of the Queen of Sheba see S. Schechter, *Folk-Lore*, vol. i, pp. 349-358; J. Issaverdens, *Uncanonical Writings of the O.T. found in the Armenian MSS. of the Library of St Lazarus*, Venice, 1901, pp. 205-207, 211-215; W. Hertz, *Gesammelte Abhandlungen*, 1905, pp. 412-455; P. Cassel, *An Explanatory Commentary on Esther*, Edinburgh, 1888, pp. 283-285; and St John D. Seymour, *Tales of King Solomon*, pp. 145-146.

In Hindu fiction one of the best-known series of riddles (and charades) occurs in Pārśvanātha's account of Vikrama's adventures as a parrot. See Bloomfield, "On the Art of Entering Another's Body," *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lvi, 1917, pp. 31-35.—N.M.P.

¹ The passage is full of puns, which it is impossible to translate; the "ornaments" may be rhetorical ornaments, there is also a reference to the *gunas* of rhetorical writers. "Sweetly tinkling" might mean "elegant words." *Guṇākṛishṭā*, in *śloka* 76A, may also mean that the princess was attracted by the good qualities of her opponent.

moon in a clear heaven would give some idea of her appearance when she was seated on her emerald throne. Then she made her first objection, stringing on the threads of her glittering teeth a chain of elegant words like jewels. But Vinītamati proved that her objection was based upon premises logically untenable, and he soon silenced the fair one, refuting her point by point. Then the learned audience commended him, and the princess, though beaten in argument, considered that she had triumphed, as she had gained an excellent husband. And Udayatunga bestowed on Vinītamati his daughter, whom he had won in the arguing match. Then the king loaded Vinītamati with jewels and he lived united to the daughter of a snake and the daughter of a king.

Once on a time, when he was engaged in gambling, and was being beaten by other gamblers, and much distressed in mind thereat, a Brāhman came and asked him for food with great importunity.

He was annoyed at that, and whispered in the ear of his servant, and caused to be presented to the Brāhman a vessel full of sand wrapped up in a cloth. The simple-minded Brāhman thought, on account of its weight, that it must be full of gold, and went to a solitary place and opened ¹ it. And seeing that it was full of sand, he flung it down on the earth, and saying to himself, "The man has deceived me," he went home despondent. But Vinītamati thought no more of the matter, and left the gambling, and remained at home with his wives in great comfort.

And in course of time, the King Udayatunga became unable to bear the burden of the empire, as his vigour in negotiations and military operations was relaxed by old age.² Then, as he had no son, he appointed his son-in-law Vinītamati his successor, and went to the Ganges to lay down his body. And as soon as Vinītamati obtained the government, he conquered the ten cardinal points by the virtue of his horse and his sword. And, by the might of his calamity-

¹ Dr Kern conjectures *udaghātayat*, which is, as far as I can make out, the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

² There is probably a pun here. It may mean that his joints and body were relaxed by old age.

averting ring, his kingdom was free from sickness and famine, like that of Rāma.

Now, once on a time, there came to that king from a foreign country a mendicant, named Ratnachandramati, who was among other disputants like the lion among elephants. The king, who was fond of accomplished men, entertained him, and the mendicant challenged him to dispute on the following terms, which he uttered in the form of a verse : " If thou art vanquished, O King, thou must adopt the law of Buddha ; if I am vanquished, I will abandon the rags of a Buddhist mendicant, and listen to the teaching of the Brāhmans." The king accepted this challenge, and argued with the mendicant for seven days, and on the eighth day the mendicant conquered that king, who in the dispute with Udayavati had conquered the " Hammer of Shavelings." ¹ Then faith arose in the breast of the king, and he adopted the Buddha law taught by that mendicant, which is rich in the merit of benefiting all creatures ; and becoming devoted to the worship of Jina, he built monasteries and almshouses for Buddhist mendicants, Brāhmans, and other sectaries, and all men generally.

And being subdued in spirit by the practice of that law, he asked that mendicant to teach him the rule for discipline leading to the rank of a Bodhisattva, a rule which involves benefits to all. And the mendicant said to him : " King, the great discipline of a Bodhisattva is to be performed by those who are free from sin, and by no others. Now you are not tainted with any sin which is palpable, and therefore visible to men like myself, but find out, by the following method, if you have any minute sin, and so destroy it." With these words the mendicant taught him a charm ² for producing dreams, and the king, after having had a dream, said to the mendicant in the morning : " Teacher, I fancied

¹ The practice of tonsure among Buddhists is well known. It is interesting to note that it became unpopular in China chiefly because it was an outward sign of the celibate priesthood, and so adverse to the Chinese idea of the importance of domestic life. See the various articles on the subject in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vii, pp. 385-388.—N.M.P.

² This seems to be the meaning of *mānava* here. See Böhtlingk and Roth s.v.

in my dream last night that I went to the other world, and being hungry I asked for some food. And then some men with maces in their hands said to me: 'Eat, O King, these numerous grains of hot sand earned by you, which you gave long ago to the hungry Brāhman, when he came to beg of you. If you give away ten crores of gold, you will be liberated from this guilt.' When the men with maces had said this to me, I woke up, and lo! the night had come to an end."

When the king had related his dream, he gave away, by order of the mendicant, ten crores¹ of gold as an atonement for his sin, and again employed the charm for producing dreams. And again he had that dream, and in the morning when he got up he related it, and said: "Last night also those mace-bearers in the other world gave me sand to eat, when I was hungry, and then I said to them: 'Why should I eat this sand, though I have bestowed alms?' Then they said to me: 'Your gift was of no avail, for among the gold coins was one belonging to a Brāhman.' When I heard this I woke up." Having told his dream in these words, the king gave away another ten crores of gold to beggars.

And again, when the night came, he used that charm for producing dreams, and again he had a dream, and next morning when he got up he related it in the following words: "Last night too those men in the other world gave me sand to eat in my dream, and when I questioned them, they said this to me: 'King, that gift of yours also is of no avail, for to-day a Brāhman has been robbed and murdered in a forest in your country by bandits, and you did not protect him, so your gift is of no avail on account of your not protecting your subjects; so give to-day double the gift of yesterday.' When I heard this I woke up." After the king had related his dream to his spiritual guide in these words, he gave double his former gift.

Then he said to the mendicant: "Teacher, how can men like myself obey in this world a law which admits of so many infractions?"

¹ Sansk. *koṭi*, and Hindus. *karor*. One hundred *lakhs*—i.e. 10,000,000. A crore of rupees was originally worth a million sterling, but when the rupee was fixed at fifteen to £1 its value sank to £666,666.—N.M.P.

When the mendicant heard that, he said: "Wise men should not allow such a little thing to damp their ardour in the keeping of the law of righteousness. The gods themselves protect firm men, endowed with perseverance, that swerve not from their duty, and they bring their wishes to fulfilment. Have you not heard the story of the adorable Bodhisattva in his former birth as a boar? Listen, I will tell you.

163DD. *The Holy Boar, the Monkey and the Lions*

Long ago there dwelt in a cavern in the Vindhya mountains a wise boar, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Buddha, together with his friend a monkey. He was a benefactor of all creatures, and he remained always in the society of that friend, honouring guests, and so he spent the time in occupations suited to him. But once on a time there came on a storm lasting for five days, which was terrible, in that it hindered with its unintermitting rainfall the movements of all living creatures. On the fifth day, as the boar was lying asleep with the monkey at night, there came to the door of the cave a lion with his mate and his cub. Then the lion said to his mate: "During this long period of bad weather we shall certainly die of hunger from not obtaining any animal to eat." The lioness answered: "It is clear that hunger will prevent all of us from surviving, so you two had better eat me and so save your lives. For you are my lord and master, and this son of ours is our very life; you will easily get another mate like me, so ensure the welfare of you two by devouring me."

Now, as chance would have it, that noble boar woke up and heard the conversation of the lion and his mate. And he was delighted and thought to himself: "The idea of my receiving such guests on such a night in such a storm! Ah! to-day my merit in a former state of existence has brought forth fruit. So let me satiate these guests with this body that perishes in a moment, while I have a chance of doing so." Having thus reflected, the boar rose up, and went out, and said to the lion with an affectionate voice: "My good friend, do not despond. For here I am ready to be eaten by you and

your mate and your cub : so eat me." When the boar said this the lion was delighted, and said to his mate : " Let this cub eat first, then I will eat, and you shall eat after me." She agreed, and first the cub ate some of the flesh of the boar, and then the lion himself began to eat. And while he was eating, the noble boar said to him : " Drink my blood quickly, before it sinks into the ground, and satisfy your hunger with my flesh, and let your mate eat the rest."

While the boar was saying this, the lion gradually devoured his flesh until nothing but bones was left, but still the virtuous boar did not die, for his life remained in him, as if to see what would be the end of his endurance. And in the meanwhile the lioness, exhausted with hunger, died in the cave, and the lion went off somewhere or other with his cub, and the night came to an end.

At this juncture his friend the monkey woke up, and went out, and seeing the boar reduced to such a condition said to him, in the utmost excitement : " Who reduced you to such a state ? Tell me, my friend, if you can." Thereupon the heroic boar told him the whole story. Then the monkey prostrated himself at his feet, and said to him with tears : " You must be a portion of some divinity, since you have thus rescued yourself from this animal nature : so tell me any wish that you may have, and I will endeavour to fulfil it for you." When the monkey said this to the boar, the boar answered : " Friend, the only wish that I have is one difficult for even Destiny to fulfil. For my heart longs that I may recover my body as before, and that this unfortunate lioness, that died of hunger before my eyes, may return to life, and satiate her hunger by devouring me."

While the boar was saying this, the God of Justice appeared in bodily form, and stroking him with his hand, turned him into a chief of sages possessing a celestial body. And he said to him : " It was I that assumed the form of this lion, and lioness, and cub, and produced this whole illusion, because I wished to conquer thee, who art exclusively intent on benefiting thy fellow-creatures ; but thou, possessing perfect goodness, gavest thy life for others, and so hast triumphed over me, the God of Justice, and gained this rank of a chief

of sages." The sage, hearing this, and seeing the God of Justice standing in front of him, said : " Holy lord, this rank of chief of sages, even though attained, gives me no pleasure, since my friend this monkey has not as yet thrown off his animal nature." When the God of Justice heard this, he turned the monkey also into a sage. Of a truth, association with the great produces great benefit. Then the God of Justice and the dead lioness disappeared.

163D. *How King Vinītamati became a Holy Man*

" So you see, King, that it is easy for those who in the strength of goodness do not relax their efforts after virtue, and are aided by gods, to attain the ends which they desire." When the generous King Vinītamati had heard this tale from the Buddhist mendicant, he again used, when the night came, that charm for obtaining a dream. And after he had had a dream, he told it the next morning to the mendicant : " I remember a certain divine hermit said to me in my dream : ' Son, you are now free from sin, enter on the discipline for obtaining the rank of a Bodhisattva.' And having heard that speech I woke up this morning with a mind at ease." When the king had said this to the mendicant, who was his spiritual guide, he took upon himself, with his permission, that difficult vow on an auspicious day ; and then he remained continually showering favours on suitors, and yet his wealth proved inexhaustible, for prosperity is the result of virtue.

One day a Brāhman suitor came and said to him : " King, I am a Brāhman, an inhabitant of the city of Pāṭaliputra. There a Brāhman-Rākshasa has occupied my sacrificial fire-chamber and seized my son, and no expedient which I can make use of is of any avail against him. So I have come here to petition you, who are the wishing-tree of suppliants ; give me that ring of yours that removes all noxious things, in order that I may have success." When the Brāhman made this request to the king, he gave him without reluctance the ring he had obtained from Kālajihva. And when the Brāhman departed with it, the fame of the king's Bodhisattva-vow was spread abroad throughout the world.

Afterwards there came to him one day another guest, a prince named Indukalaśa, from the northern region. The self-denying king, who knew that the prince was of high lineage, showed him respect, and asked him what he desired. The prince answered : " You are celebrated on earth as the wishing-stone of all suitors ; you would not send away disappointed a man who even asked you for your life. Now I have come to you as a suppliant, because I have been conquered and turned out of my father's kingdom by my brother, whose name is Kanakakalaśa. So give me, hero, your excellent sword and horse, in order that by their virtue I may conquer the pretender and obtain my kingdom." When King Vinītamati heard that, he gave that prince his horse and his sword, though they were the two talismanic jewels that protected his kingdom ; and so unshaken was his self-denial that he never hesitated for a moment, though his ministers heaved sighs with downcast faces. So the prince, having obtained the horse and sword, went and conquered his brother by their aid, and got possession of his kingdom.

But his brother Kanakakalaśa, who was deprived of the kingdom he had seized, came to the capital of that King Vinītamati ; and there he was preparing in his grief to enter the fire, but Vinītamati, hearing of it, said to his ministers : " This good man has been reduced to this state by my fault, so I will do him the justice which I owe him, by giving him my kingdom. Of what use is this kingdom to me, unless it is employed to benefit my fellow-creatures ? As I have no children, let this man be my son and inherit my kingdom." After saying this, the king summoned Kanakakalaśa, and in spite of the opposition of his ministers gave him the kingdom.

And after he had given away the kingdom, he immediately left the city with unwavering mind, accompanied by his two wives. And his subjects, when they saw it, followed him distracted, bedewing the ground with their tears, and uttering such laments as these : " Alas ! the nectar-rayed moon had become full so as to refresh the world, and now a cloud has suddenly descended and hid it from our eyes. Our king, the wishing-tree of his subjects, had begun to satisfy the desires of all living creatures, when lo ! he is removed somewhere

or other by fate." Then Vinītamati at last prevailed on them to return, and with unshaken resolution went on his way, with his wives, to the forest, without a carriage.

And in course of time he reached a desert without water or tree, with sands heated by the sun, which appeared as if created by Destiny to test his firmness. Being thirsty and exhausted with the fatigue of the long journey, he reclined for a moment in a spot in this desert, and both he and his two wives were overtaken by sleep. When he woke up and looked about him, he beheld there a great and wonderful garden, produced by the surpassing excellence of his own virtue. It had in it tanks full of cool pure water adorned with blooming lotuses, it was carpeted with dark green grass, its trees bent with the weight of their fruit, it had broad, high, smooth slabs of rock in shady places; in fact it seemed like Nandana drawn down from heaven by the power of the king's generosity. The king looked again and again, and was wondering whether it could be a dream, or a delusion, or a favour bestowed on him by the gods, when suddenly he heard a speech uttered in the air by two Siddhas, who were roaming through the sky in the shape of a pair of swans: "King, why should you wonder thus at the efficacy of your own virtue? So dwell at your ease in this garden of perennial fruits and flowers." When King Vinītamati heard this speech of the Siddhas, he remained in that garden with mind at ease, practising austerities, together with his wives.

And one day, when he was on a slab of rock, he beheld near him a certain man about to commit suicide by hanging himself. He went to him immediately, and with kindly words talked him over, and prevailed on him not to destroy himself, and asked him the reason of his wishing to do so. Then the man said: "Listen, I will tell you the whole story from the beginning. I am the son of Nāgaśūra, Somaśūra by name, of the race of Soma. It was said by those versed in the study of astrology that my nativity prognosticated that I should be a thief, so my father, afraid that that would come to pass, instructed me diligently in the law. Though I studied the law, I was led by association with bad companions to take to a career of thieving.

*The Thief's
Story*

For who is able to alter the actions of a man in his previous births ?

“ Then I was one day caught among some thieves by the guards, and taken to the place of impalement, in order to be put to death. At that moment a great elephant belonging to the king, which had gone mad, and broken its fastening, and was killing people in all directions, came to that very place. The executioners, alarmed at the elephant, left me and fled somewhere or other, and I escaped in that confusion and made off. But I heard from people that my father had died on hearing that I was led off to execution, and that my mother had followed him. Then I was distracted with sorrow, and as I was wandering about despondent, intent on self-destruction, I happened to reach, in course of time, this great uninhabited wood. No sooner had I entered it than a celestial nymph suddenly revealed herself to me, and approached me, and consoling me, said to me : ‘ My son, this retreat, which you have come to, belongs to the royal sage Vinītamati, so your sin is destroyed, and from him you shall learn wisdom.’ After saying this, she disappeared ; and I wandered about in search of that royal sage, but not being able to find him, I was on the point of abandoning the body, out of disappointment, when I was seen by you.”

When Somaśūra had said this, that royal sage took him to his own hut, and made himself known to him, and honoured him as a guest ; and after he had taken food, the kingly hermit, among many pious discourses, told him, as he listened submissively, the following tale, with the object of dissuading him from ignorance.

163DDD. *The Brāhman Devabhūti and his Chaste Wife*

Ignorance, my son, is to be avoided, for it brings harm in both worlds upon men of bewildered intellects : listen to this legend of sacred story. There lived in Panchāla, of old time, a Brāhman named Devabhūti, and that Brāhman, who was learned in the Vedas, had a chaste wife named Bhogadattā. One day when he had gone to bathe, his wife went into the kitchen-garden to get vegetables, and saw a

donkey belonging to a washerman eating them. So she took up a stick and ran after the donkey, and the animal fell into a pit, as it was trying to escape, and broke its hoof. When its master heard of that, he came in a passion, and beat with a stick and kicked the Brāhman woman. Accordingly she, being pregnant, had a miscarriage; but the washerman returned home with his donkey.

Then her husband, hearing of it, came home after bathing, and after seeing his wife, went, in his distress, and complained to the chief magistrate of the town. The foolish man immediately had the washerman, whose name was Balāsura, brought before him, and, after hearing the pleadings of both parties, delivered this judgment: "Since the donkey's hoof is broken, let the Brāhman carry the donkey's load for the washerman until the donkey is again fit for work. And let the washerman make the Brāhman's wife pregnant again, since he made her miscarry. Let this be the punishment of the two parties respectively." When the Brāhman heard this, he and his wife, in their despair, took poison and died. And when the king heard of it, he put to death that inconsiderate judge, who had caused the death of a Brāhman, and he had to be born for a long time in the bodies of animals.¹

163D. *How King Vinītamati became a Holy Man*

"So people, who are obscured by the darkness of ignorance, stray into the evil paths of their vices, and not setting in front of them the lamp of sound treatises, of a surety stumble." When the royal sage had said this, Somaśūra begged him to instruct him further, and Vinītamati, in order to train him aright, said: "Listen, my son, I will teach you in due order the doctrine of perfections.

163D (1). *The Generous Induprabha* ²

There lived a long time ago in Kurukshetra a king of the name of Malayaprabha. One day the king was about to give

¹ For tales of *Jugements insensés* see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 203.—N.M.P.

² Here, when the royal sage introduces six stories illustrating the six Perfections, a slightly different method of numbering is necessary. Thus the constant reduplication of the "D" will be avoided.—N.M.P.

money to his subjects in a time of famine. But his ministers dissuaded him from doing so, out of avarice; thereupon his son Induprabha said to him: "Father, why do you neglect your subjects at the bidding of wicked ministers? For you are their wishing-tree, and they are your cows of plenty." When his son persisted in saying this, the king, who was under the influence of his ministers, got annoyed, and said to him: "What, my son! do I possess inexhaustible wealth? If, without inexhaustible wealth, I am to be a wishing-tree to my subjects, why do you not take upon yourself that office?" When the son heard that speech of his father's, he made a vow that he would attain by austerities the condition of a wishing-tree, or die in the attempt.

Having formed this determination, the heroic prince went off to a forest where austerities were practised, and as soon as he entered it, the famine ceased. And when Indra was pleased with his severe austerities, he craved a boon from him, and became a wishing-tree in his own city. And he seemed to attract the distant, and to summon suitors with his boughs stretched out in all directions, and with the songs of his birds. And every day he granted the most difficult boons to his petitioners. And he made his father's subjects as happy as if they were in Paradise, since they had nothing left to wish for.

One day Indra came to him and said to him, tempting him: "You have fulfilled the duty of benefiting others; come to Paradise." Then that prince, who had become a wishing-tree, answered him: "When these other trees with their pleasing flowers and fruits are for ever engaged in benefiting others, regardless of their own interests, how can I, who am a wishing-tree, disappoint so many men, by going to heaven for the sake of my own happiness?" When Indra heard this noble answer of his, he said: "Then let all these subjects come to heaven also." Then the prince, who had become a wishing-tree, replied: "If you are pleased with me, take all these subjects to heaven; I do not care for it: I will perform a great penance for the sole object of benefiting others." When Indra heard this, he praised him as an incarnation of Buddha, and being

pleased, granted his petition, and returned to heaven, taking those subjects with him. And Induprabha left the shape of a tree, and living in the forest, obtained by austerities the rank of a Bodhisattva.

163D. *How King Vinītamati became a Holy Man*

“So those who are devoted to charity attain success. And now I have told you the doctrine of the perfection of charity, hear that of the perfection of chastity.

163D (2). *The Parrot who was taught Virtue by the King of the Parrots*

A long time ago there lived on the Vindhya mountain a continent king of parrots, named Hemaprabha, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Buddha, and was rich in chastity that he had practised during a former birth. He remembered his former state and was a teacher of virtue. He had for warder a parrot named Chārumati, who was a fool enslaved to his passions. Once on a time a female parrot, his mate, was killed by a fowler, who was laying snares, and he was so much grieved at being separated from her, that he was reduced to a miserable condition. Then Hemaprabha, the wise king of the parrots, in order by an artifice to rescue him from his grief, told him this false tale for his good: “Your wife is not dead, she has escaped from the snare of the fowler, for I saw her alive a moment ago. Come, I will show her to you.” Having said this, the king took Chārumati through the air to a lake. There he showed him his own reflection in the water, and said to him: “Look! here is your wife!” When the foolish parrot heard that, and saw his own reflection in the water, he went into it joyfully, and tried to embrace and kiss his wife. But not being embraced in return by his beloved, and not hearing her voice, he said to himself: “Why does not my beloved embrace me and speak to me?” Supposing therefore that she was angry with him, he went and brought an *āmalaka* fruit, and dropped it on his own reflection, thinking that it was his beloved, in order to coax her. The *āmalaka* fruit sank into the water, and rose again to the

surface, and the parrot, supposing that his gift had been rejected by his beloved, went full of grief to King Hemaprabha and said to him: "King, that wife of mine will not touch me or speak to me. Moreover she rejected the *āmalaka* fruit which I gave her."

When the king heard that, he said to him slowly, as if he were reluctant to tell it: "I ought not to tell you this, but nevertheless I will tell you, because I love you so much. Your wife is at present in love with another, so how can she show you affection? And I will furnish you with ocular proof of it in this very tank." After saying this, he took him there and showed him their two reflections close together in the tank. When the foolish parrot saw it, he thought his wife was in the embrace of another male parrot, and turning round disgusted, he said to the king: "Your Majesty, this is the result of my folly in not listening to your advice. So tell me, now, what I ought to do." When the warder said this, King Hemaprabha, thinking that he had now an opportunity of instructing him, thus addressed him: "It is better to take Hālāhala poison,¹ it is better to wreath a serpent round one's neck, than to repose confidence in females, a calamity against which neither charms nor talismanic jewels avail. Females being, like the winds, very changeful, and enveloped with a thick cloud of passion,² defile those who are walking in the right path, and disgrace them altogether. So wise men, of firm nature, should not cleave to them, but should practise chastity, in order to obtain the rank of sages who have subdued their passions." Chārumati, having been thus instructed by the king, renounced the society of females, and gradually became continent like Buddha.

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"So you see, those that are rich in chastity deliver others. And now that I have instructed you in the perfection of chastity, listen to the perfection of patience.

¹ This was the poison that was swallowed by Śiva at the Churning of the Ocean. See Vol. I, p. 1n².—N.M.P.

² The word also means dust.

163D (3). *The Patient Hermit Subhanaya*

There lived on the Kedāra mountain a great hermit, named Subhanaya, who was for ever bathing in the waters of the Mandākinī, and was gentle and emaciated with penance. One night some robbers came there to look for some gold, which they had previously buried there, but they could not find it anywhere. Accordingly, thinking that in that uninhabited place it could have been carried off only by the hermit, they entered his cell and said to him: "Ah! you hypocritical hermit, give up our gold, which you have taken from the earth, for you have succeeded in robbing us, who are robbers by profession." When the hermit, who had not taken the treasure, was falsely reproached in these words by the robbers, he said: "I did not take away your gold, and I have never seen any gold." Then the good hermit was beaten with sticks by those robbers, and yet the truthful man continued to tell the same story; and then the robbers cut off, one after another, his hands and his feet, thinking that he was obstinate, and finally gouged out his eyes. But when they found that, in spite of all this, he continued to tell the same tale without flinching, they came to the conclusion that someone else had stolen their gold, and they returned by the way that they came.

The next morning a king, named Śekharajyoti, a pupil of that hermit's, who had come to have an interview with him, saw him in that state. Then, being tortured with sorrow for his spiritual guide,¹ he questioned him, and found out the state of the case, and had a search made for those robbers, and had them brought to that very spot. And he was about to have them put to death, when the hermit said to him: "King, if you put them to death, I will kill myself. If the sword did this work on me, how are they in fault? And if they put the sword in motion, anger put them in motion, and their anger was excited by the loss of their gold, and that was due to my sins in a previous state of existence, and that was due to my ignorance, so my ignorance is the only thing that has injured me. So my ignorance should be

¹ Or "by great sorrow."

slain by me. Moreover, even if these men deserved to be put to death for doing me an injury, ought not their lives to be saved on account of their having done me a benefit? For if they had not done to me what they have done, there would have been no one with regard to whom I could have practised patience, of which the fruit is emancipation. So they have done me a thorough benefit." With many speeches of this kind did the patient hermit instruct the king, and so he delivered the robbers from punishment. And on account of the excellence of his asceticism his body immediately became un mutilated as before, and that moment he attained emancipation.

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"Thus patient men escape from the world of births. I have now explained to you the perfection of patience; listen to the perfection of perseverance.

163D (4). *The Persevering Young Brāhman*

Once on a time there was a young Brāhman of the name of Mālādhara: he beheld one day a prince of the Siddhas flying through the air. Wishing to rival him, he fastened to his sides wings of grass, and continually leaping up, he tried to learn the art of flying in the air. And as he continued to make this useless attempt every day, he was at last seen by the prince while he was roaming through the air. And the prince thought: "I ought to take pity on this boy who shows spirit in struggling earnestly to attain an impossible object, for it is my business to patronise such." Thereupon, being pleased, he took the Brāhman boy, by his magic power, upon his shoulder, and made him one of his followers.

163D. *How King Vinītamati became a Holy Man*

"Thus you see that even gods are pleased with perseverance. I have now set before you the perfection of perseverance; hear the perfection of meditation.

163D (5). *The Merchant who fell in Love with a Painting*

Of old time there dwelt in the Carnatic a rich merchant, named Vijayamālin, and he had a son named Malayamālin. One day Malayamālin, when he was grown up, went with his father to the king's court, and there he saw the daughter of the King Indukeśarin, Induyaśas by name. That maiden, like a bewildering creeper of love, entered the heart of the young merchant as soon as he saw her. Then he returned home, and remained in a state of pallor, sleepless at night, and during the day cowering with contracted limbs, having taken upon himself the *kumuda* vow.¹ And thinking continually of her, he was averse to food and all other things of the kind, and even when questioned by his relations he gave no more answer than if he had been dumb.

Then, one day, the king's painter, whose name was Mantharaka, an intimate friend of his, said to him in private, when in this state owing to the sorrow of separation: "Friend, why do you remain leaning against the wall like a man in a picture? Like a lifeless image, you neither eat, nor hear, nor see." When his friend the painter asked him this question persistently, the merchant's son at last told him his desire. The painter said to him: "It is not fitting that you, a merchant's son, should fall in love with a princess. Let the swan desire the beautiful face² of the lotuses of all ordinary lakes, but what has he to do with the delight of enjoying the lotus of that lake which is the navel of Vishṇu?" Still the painter could not prevent him from nursing his passion; so he painted the princess on a piece of canvas, and gave her picture to him to solace his longing, and to enable him to while away the time. And the young merchant spent his time in gazing on, coaxing, and touching and adorning her picture, and he fancied that it was the real Princess Induyaśas, and gradually became absorbed in her, and did

¹ The *kumuda* remains with its petals closed during the day.

² The D. text would read *sukha*, "mouth," instead of *mukha*, as in the B. text. The word Tawney translated "delight," *lakshmi*, is probably meant as a pun, the word also referring to the wife of Vishṇu. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 131, 132.—N.M.P.

all that he did under that belief.¹ And in course of time he was so engrossed by that fancy that he seemed to see her, though she was only a painted figure, talking to him and kissing him. Then he was happy, because he had obtained in imagination union with his beloved, and he was contented, because the whole world was for him contained in that piece of painted canvas.²

One night, when the moon was rising, he took the picture and went out of his house with it to a garden, to amuse himself with his beloved. And there he put down the picture at the foot of a tree, and went to a distance to pick flowers for his darling. At that moment he was seen by a hermit, named Vinayajyoti, who came down from heaven out of compassion, to rescue him from his delusion. He by his supernatural power painted in one part of the picture a live black cobra, and stood near invisible. In the meanwhile Malayamālin returned there, after gathering those flowers, and seeing the black serpent on the canvas, he reflected : " Where does this serpent come from now ? Has it been created by fate to protect this fair one, the treasure-house of beauty ? " Thus reflecting, he adorned with flowers the fair one on the canvas ; and fancying that she surrendered herself to him, he embraced her, and asked her the above question, and at that very moment the hermit threw an illusion over him, which made him see her bitten by the black snake and unconscious. Then he forgot that it was only canvas, and exclaiming, " Alas ! alas ! " he fell distracted on the earth, like a Vidyādhara brought down by the canvas acting as a talisman. But soon he recovered consciousness, and rose up weeping, and determined on suicide, and climbed up a lofty tree and threw himself from its top. But, as he was falling, the great hermit appeared to him, and bore him up in his hands, and consoled him, and said to him : " Foolish boy ! do you not know that the real princess is in her palace, and that this princess on the canvas is a painted figure devoid of life ? So who is it that you embrace, or who has been bitten by the serpent ? Or what is this delusion of attributing reality to the creation of

¹ I follow the Sanskrit College MS. reading *dhṛityā*.

² See Vol. IV, pp. 131-132, 132n¹, 207-208.—N.M.P.

your own desire that has taken possession of your passionate heart? Why do you not investigate the truth with equal intensity of contemplation, in order that you may not again become the victim of such sorrows?"

When the hermit had said this to the young merchant, the night of his delusion was dispersed, and he recovered his senses, and, bowing before the hermit, he said to him: "Holy one, by your favour I have been rescued from this calamity; do me the favour of rescuing me also from this changeful world." When Malayamālin made this request to the hermit, who was a Bodhisattva, he instructed him in his own knowledge and disappeared. The Malayamālin went to the forest, and by the power of his asceticism he came to know the real truth about that which is to be rejected and that which is to be chosen, with the reasons, and attained the rank of an Arhat.¹ And the compassionate man returned, and, by teaching them knowledge, he made King Indukeśarin and his citizens obtain salvation.

163D. *How King Vinītamati became a Holy Man*

"So even untruth, in the case of those mighty in contemplation, becomes true. I have now explained the perfection of contemplation; listen to the perfection of wisdom.

163D (6). *The Robber who won over Yama's Secretary*²

Long ago there lived in Siṃhaladvīpa a robber, of the name of Siṃhavikrama, who since his birth had nourished

¹ I.e. a "venerable"—a candidate for Nirvāṇa. See Monier Williams, *Indian Wisdom*, pp. 128, 129.—N.M.P.

² This story is a good example of the "Escaping One's Fate" *motif*, and belongs to the class of stories where fate is overcome by the person's wit in obtaining divine aid, or putting the deity in such a position that it is practically impossible for him to withhold his aid. One of the best-known variants is that of the astrologer whose son Atirūpa was doomed to die at the age of eighteen. See Natesa Sastri, *Indian Folk-tales*, p. 366. Numerous other versions are given in W. N. Brown's article, "Escaping One's Fate," in *Studies in Honor of Maurice Bloomfield*, pp. 100-103.—N.M.P.

his body with other men's wealth stolen from every quarter. In time he grew old, and desisting from his occupation, he reflected : " What resources have I in the other world ? Whom shall I betake myself to for protection there ? If I betake myself to Śiva or Viṣṇu, what value will they attach to me, when they have gods, hermits and others to worship them ? So I will worship Chitragupta,¹ who alone records the good and evil deeds of men. He may deliver me by his power, for he, being a secretary, does alone the work of Brahmā and Śiva : he writes down or erases in a moment the whole world, which is in his hand." Having thus reflected, he began to devote himself to Chitragupta ; he honoured him specially, and, in order to please him, kept continually feeding Brāhmans.

While he was carrying on this system of conduct, one day Chitragupta came to the house of that robber, in the form of a guest, to examine into his real feelings. The robber received him courteously, entertained him, and gave him a present, and then said to him : " Say this : ' May Chitragupta be propitious to you.' " Then Chitragupta, who was disguised as a Brāhman, said : " Why do you neglect Śiva and Viṣṇu, and the other gods, and devote yourself to Chitragupta ? " When the robber Siṃhavikrama heard that, he said to him : " What business is that of yours ? I do not need any other gods but him." Then Chitragupta, wearing the form of a Brāhman, went on to say to him : " Well, if you will give me your wife, I will say it." When Siṃhavikrama heard that, he was pleased, and said to him : " I hereby give you my wife, in order to please the god whom I have specially chosen for my own." When Chitragupta heard that, he revealed himself to him, and said : " I am Chitragupta himself, and I am pleased with you, so tell me what I am to do for you."

Then Siṃhavikrama was exceedingly pleased, and said to

¹ A being recording the vices and virtues of mankind in Yama's world. Kuhn, in his *Westfälische Sagen*, p. 71, speaks of " a devil who records the evil deeds of men." Böhlingk and Roth say that *utpāṃsayati* in *śl.* 323 should be *utpāṃsayati*.—One cannot help noticing the similarity between the duties of Chitragupta and those of Thoth, the advocate of Osiris.—N.M.P.

him : " Holy one, take such order as that I shall not die." Then Chitrugupta said : " Death is one from whom it is impossible to guard people ; but still I will devise a plan to save you : listen to it. Ever since Death was consumed by Siva, being angry on account of Sveta, and was created again in this world because he was required,¹ wherever Sveta lives, he abstains from injuring other people, as well as Sveta himself, for he is restrained by the command of the god. And at present the hermit Sveta is on the other side of the eastern ocean, in a grove of ascetics beyond the River Tarangiṇī. That grove cannot be invaded by Death, so I will take you and place you there. But you must not return to this side of the Tarangiṇī. However, if you do return out of carelessness, and Death seizes you, I will devise some way of escape for you, when you have come to the other world."

When Chitrugupta had said this, he took the delighted Simhavikrama and placed him in that grove of asceticism belonging to Sveta, and then disappeared. And after some time Death went to the hither bank of the River Tarangiṇī, to carry off Simhavikrama. While there, he created by his delusive power a heavenly nymph, and sent her to him, as he saw no other means of getting hold of him. The fair one went and approached Simhavikrama, and artfully enslaved him, fascinating him with her wealth of beauty. After some days had passed, she entered the Tarangiṇī, which was disturbed with waves, giving out that she wished to see her relations. And while Simhavikrama, who had followed her, was looking at her from the bank, she slipped in the middle of the river. And there she uttered a piercing cry, as if she were being carried away by the stream, exclaiming : " My husband, can you see me carried away by the stream without saving me ? Are you a jackal in courage, and not a lion as your name denotes ? " When Simhavikrama heard that he rushed into the river, and the nymph pretended to be swept away by the current, and when he followed her to save her, she soon led him to the other bank. When he reached it, Death threw his noose over his neck and

¹ Cf. the story in Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 242, *Gut, dass es den Tod auf Erden gibt!*

captured him; for destruction is ever impending over those whose minds are captivated by objects of sense.

Then the careless Simhavikrama was led off by Death to the hall of Yama, and there Chitrugupta, whose favour he had long ago won, saw him, and said to him in private¹: "If you are asked here whether you will stay in hell first or in heaven, ask to be allowed to take your period in heaven first. And while you live in heaven, acquire merit, in order to ensure the permanence of your stay there. And then perform severe asceticism, in order to expiate your sin." When Chitrugupta said this to Simhavikrama, who was standing there abashed, with face fixed on the ground, he readily consented to do it.

And a moment afterwards Yama said to Chitrugupta: "Has this robber any amount of merit to his credit or not?" Then Chitrugupta said: "Indeed he is hospitable, and he bestowed his own wife on a suitor, in order to please his favourite deity; so he has to go to heaven for a day of the gods." When Yama heard this, he said to Simhavikrama: "Tell me, which will you take first, your happiness or your misery?" Then Simhavikrama entreated that he might have his happiness first. So Yama ordered his chariot to be brought, and Simhavikrama mounted it and went off to heaven, remembering the words of Chitrugupta.

There he rigidly observed a vow of bathing in the Ganges of heaven, and of muttering prayers, and remained indifferent to the enjoyments of the place, and so he obtained the privilege of dwelling there for another year of the gods. Thus in course of time he obtained a right to perpetual residence in heaven, by virtue of his severe asceticism; and by propitiating Śiva his sin was burnt up, and he obtained knowledge. Then the messengers of hell were not able to look him in the face, and Chitrugupta blotted out the record of his sin on his birch-bark register, and Yama was silent.

¹ Cf. the speech of Chi, the scribe of the realms below, in Giles' *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, vol. i, p. 366.

163D. *How King Vinītamati became a Holy Man*

"Thus Simhavikrama, though a robber, obtained emancipation by virtue of true discernment; and now I have explained to you the perfection of discernment. And thus, my son, the wise embark on these six perfections taught by Buddha, as on a ship, and so cross the ocean of temporal existence."

While Somaśūra was being thus instructed in the forest by King Vinītamati, who had attained the rank of a Bodhisattva, the sun heard these religious lessons, and became subdued, and assuming the hue of sunset as a red robe of a Buddhist, entered the cavern of the western mountain. Then King Vinītamati and Somaśūra performed their evening rites, according to pious usage, and spent the night there. And the next day Vinītamati went on to teach Somaśūra the law of Buddha, with all its secrets.¹ Then Somaśūra built a hut at the foot of a tree, and remained there in the wood, sitting at the feet of that instructor, absorbed in contemplation. And in course of time those two, the teacher and the pupil, attained supernatural powers, the result of abstraction, and gained the highest illumination.

And in the meanwhile Indukalaśa came, out of jealousy, and by the might of his sword and horse ejected his brother Kanakakalaśa from the kingdom of Ahichchhatra also, which Vinītamati gave him when he was afflicted at losing his first kingdom. He, having been deposed from his throne, wandered about with two or three of his ministers, and, as chance would have it, reached the grove which was the retreat of Vinītamati. And while he was looking for fruits and water, as he suffered from severe hunger and thirst, Indra burnt up the wood by his magic power, and made it as it was before, wishing to entrap Vinītamati, by making it impossible for him to show such hospitality to every wayfarer.² And Vinītamati, beholding the grove, which was his retreat, suddenly turned into a desert, roamed about hither and thither for a short time, in a state of bewilderment.

¹ I substitute *Bauddham* for *bodhum*. [So in the D. text.]

² I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *lopataḥ* for *lobhataḥ*.

And then he saw Kanakakalaśa, who in the course of his wanderings had come there with his followers, and was now his guest, and he and his train were all on the point of death from hunger. And the hospitable Bodhisattva approached the king, when he was in this state, and asked him his story, and then he exerted his discernment, and said to him :

“ Though this wood has become a desert, and affords no hospitable entertainment, still I can tell you an expedient for saving your lives in your present state of hunger. Only half a *kos* from here there is a deer, which has been killed by falling into a hole ; go and save your lives by eating its flesh.”

His guest, who was suffering from hunger, took his advice, and set out for that place with his followers, but the Bodhisattva Vinitamati got there before him. He reached that hole, and by his supernatural power assumed the form of a deer, and then he threw himself into it, and sacrificed his life for the sake of his petitioner.

Then Kanakakalaśa and his followers slowly reached that hole, and found the deer lying dead in it. So they pulled it out, and made a fire with grass and thorns, and roasted its flesh, and devoured it all. In the meanwhile the Bodhisattva's two wives, the daughter of the Nāga and the princess, seeing that the wood of their retreat had been destroyed, and not seeing their husband, were much distressed, and went and told what had happened to Somaśūra, whom they roused from deep meditation. He soon discerned by contemplation what his spiritual teacher had done, and he told the news to his wives, distressing as it was to them. And he quickly went with them to that hole, in which his spiritual guide had sacrificed himself for his guests. There the princess and the Nāga's daughter, seeing that only the bones and horns of the deer, into which their husband had turned himself, remained, mourned for him. And the two ladies, who were devoted to their husband, took his horns and bones, and brought a heap of wood from their hermitage, and entered the fire. And then Kanakakalaśa and his companions, who were there, being grieved when they heard the story, entered the fire also.

When all this had taken place, Somaśūra, unable to

endure the grief which he felt for the loss of his spiritual teacher, took to a bed of *darbha* grass with the intention of yielding up his breath. And then Indra appeared to him in person and said to him: "Do not do so, for I did all this to try your spiritual teacher. And I have now sprinkled with *amṛita* the ashes and bones, which were all that remained of him, and his wives, and his guests, and restored them all to life."¹

When Somaśūra heard Indra say this, he worshipped him, and rose up delighted, and went and looked, and lo! his spiritual guide the Bodhisattva Vinītamati had risen up again alive, with his wives, and Kanakakalaśa, and his attendants. Then he honoured with an inclination of the head, and worshipped with gifts of flowers and respectful speeches, his spiritual father, who had returned from the other world with his wives, and feasted his eyes upon him. And while Kanakakalaśa and his followers were respectfully testifying their devotion to him, all the gods came there, headed by Brahmā and Viṣṇu. And pleased with the goodness of Vinītamati, they all gave him by their divine power boons earned by his disinterestedness, and then disappeared. And Somaśūra and the others told their history, and then Vinītamati went with them to another and a heavenly wood of ascetics.

163. *Story of Mṛigāṅkadatta*

"So you see that in this world even those who are reduced to ashes meet again, much more men who are alive and can go where they will. So, my son, no more of abandoning the body! Go, for you are a brave man, and you shall certainly be reunited with Mṛigāṅkadatta.' When I had heard this tale from the old female ascetic, I bowed before her, and set out, sword in hand, with renewed hope, and in course of time

¹ This idea is found in the story of Jimūtavāhana (No. 27). See Vol. II, p. 155ⁿ. Cf. also "Das Wasser des Lebens," Grimm, 97; and Herrtage's edition of the English *Gesta*, p. 344.—Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 394-401, give a very comprehensive bibliography of stories from all parts of the world containing the "water of life" motif.—N.M.P.

I reached this forest, and was, as fate would have it, captured by these Śavaras, who were seeking a victim for Durgā. And after wounding me in fight, they bound me, and brought me as a prisoner to this king of the Śavaras, Māyāvatu. Here I have found you, my sovereign, accompanied by two or three of your ministers, and by your favour I am as happy as if I were in my own house."

When Mṛigānkadatta, who was in the palace of the Śavara prince, had heard this story of the adventures of his friend Guṇākara told by himself, he was much pleased, and after he had seen the proper remedies applied to the body of that minister who had been wounded in fight, as the day was advancing, he rose up with his other friends, and performed the duties of the day.

And he remained there for some days engaged in restoring Guṇākara to health, though eager to go to Ujjayinī, in order to be reunited with his other friends and to obtain Śaśānkavatī.¹

¹ I read *ullāghayan*, which is found in the Sanskrit College MS. [So in the D. text.]

CHAPTER LXXIII

163. *Story of Mṛigāṅkadatta*

THEN Guṇākara's wounds healed, and he recovered his health, so Mṛigāṅkadatta took leave of his friend the King of the Śavaras, and set out from his town on a lucky day for Ujjayinī, to find Śaśāṅkavatī.

But his friend followed him a long way with his retinue, accompanied by his ally Durgapiśācha, King of the Mātangas, and made a promise to come to his assistance. And as he was going along with his friends Śrutadhi, and Vimalabuddhi, and Guṇākara, and Bhīmaparākrama, and searching for his other friends in that Vindhya forest, it happened that he slept one day on the road with his ministers at the foot of a certain tree. And he suddenly awoke, and got up, and looked about him, and beheld there another man asleep. And when he uncovered his face,¹ he recognised him

¹ His face was covered during sleep, not merely as a protection against insects, etc., but very possibly because of the ill-effects of moonshine. In an interesting note on the subject (*Nights*, vol. ii, p. 4n⁴) Burton quotes Psalm cxxi, 6, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," and adds, "Easterners still believe in the blighting effect of the moon's rays, which the Northerners of Europe, who view it under different conditions, are pleased to deny. I have seen a hale and hearty Arab, after sitting an hour in the moonlight, look like a man fresh from a sickbed; and I knew an Englishman in India whose face was temporarily paralysed by sleeping with it exposed to the moon."

Cf. also the following passage from J. Carne, *Letters from the East*, p. 77 : "The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country [Egypt] is singularly injurious; the natives tell you, as I found they also afterwards did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; indeed the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night would soon be utterly impaired and destroyed." (See T. Harley, *Moon-Lore*, p. 207.)

It is strange that Frazer fails to record these facts, for after quoting (*Golden Bough* (*Adonis, Attis, Osiris*), vol. ii, p. 148) examples from Greece, Armenia and Brazil of the belief in the baneful effects of the moon's rays on

as his own minister Vichitrakatha, who had arrived there. And Vichitrakatha too woke up, and saw his master Mrigān-kadatta, and joyfully embraced his feet. And the prince embraced him, with eyes wide open with delight at seeing him so unexpectedly, and all his ministers woke up and welcomed him. Then all in turn told him their adventures, and asked him to tell his, and Vichitrakatha began to relate his story as follows :

“At that time, when you were dispersed in all directions by the curse of Pāravatāksha, I too in my bewilderment wandered about alone for a long time. And after I had roamed far, still unconscious, I suddenly reached *The Adventures of Vichitrakatha after his Separation from the Prince* in the course of the next day, when I was tired out, a great and heavenly town on the outskirts of the forest. There a godlike being, accompanied by two consorts, beheld me, and had me bathed with cool water, and restored my strength. And he made me enter his city, and carefully fed me with heavenly food; then he ate himself, and those two wives of his ate after him. And after the meal,¹ being refreshed, I said to him: ‘Who are you, sir, and why have you thus saved the life of me, who am resolved on death? For I must certainly abandon the body, as I have lost my master.’ When I had said this, I told him my whole story. Then that noble and kind being said to me: ‘I am a Yaksha, these are my wives, and you have come here to-day as my guest, and you know that it is the duty of householders to honour guests to the utmost of their power. I have accordingly welcomed you. But why do you wish to abandon the body? For this separation of yours is due to the curse of a Nāga, and will

children, he adds, that they might certainly be thought to “peak and pine” with the moon’s dwindling light. “But,” he continues, “it is less easy to see why the same deleterious influence on children should be ascribed to moonlight in general.”

In the case of half-witted children, the effect on their health immediately after the full moon has often been noticed. I had first-hand information as to this fact from institutions, both in England and France, as recently as February 1926. Cf. the use of the English *moonstruck*, or *lunatic*, and the German *mondsüchtig*.—N.M.P.

¹ I read, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College, *bhuktottaram*.



last only a short time. And you will certainly be all reunited, when the curse pronounced on you has spent its force. And reflect, my good man : who is born free from sorrow in this world ? Hear what sorrow I have gone through, though I am a Yaksha.

163E. *Srīdarśana's Story*

There is a city named Trigartā, the garland that adorns the head of this bride the earth, strung with virtues as with flowers.¹ In it there lived a young Brāhman named Pavitradhara, who was himself poor in worldly wealth, but rich in relations, high birth, and other advantages. That high-spirited Brāhman, living in the midst of rich people, reflected : “ Though I live up to the rules of my caste, I do not cut a good figure in the midst of these rich people, like a word without meaning ² among the words of some splendid poem ; and being a man of honour, I cannot have recourse to service or donations. So I will go into some out-of-the-way place and get into my power a Yakshiṇī,³ for my spiritual teacher taught me a charm for accomplishing this.” Having formed this resolution, the Brāhman Pavitradhara went to the forest, and according to the prescribed method he won for himself a Yakshiṇī, named Saudāminī. And when he had won her, he lived united with her, like a banyan-tree, that has tided through a severe winter, united to the glory of spring. One day the Yakshiṇī, seeing her husband Pavitradhara in a state of despondency, because no son had been born to him, thus addressed him : “ Do not be despondent, my husband, for a son shall be born to us. And now hear this story which I am about to tell you.

163EE. *Saudāminī's Story*

There is on the confines of the southern region a range of *tamāla* forests, dark with clouds that obscure the sun, looking

¹ It also means “ the virtues of good or learned men.”

² It also means “ without wealth ” ; *vṛitta* also means “ metre.”

³ *I.e.* female Yaksha.

like the home of the monsoon. In it dwells a famous Yaksha of the name of Prithūdara, and I am his only daughter, Saudāminī by name. My loving father led me from one mighty mountain to another, and I was for ever amusing myself in heavenly gardens.

And one day, as I was sporting on Mount Kailāsa with my friend Kapiśabhrū, I saw a young Yaksha named Aṭṭahāsa. He too, as he stood among his companions, beheld me; and immediately our eyes were mutually attracted by one another's beauty. When my father saw that, and ascertained that the match would be no *mésalliance*, he summoned Aṭṭahāsa, and arranged our marriage. And after he had fixed an auspicious day, he took me home, and Aṭṭahāsa returned to his home with his friends in high spirits. But the next day my friend Kapiśabhrū came to me with a downcast air, and when I questioned her, she was at length induced to say this: "Friend, I must tell you this bad news, though it is a thing which should not be told. As I was coming to-day, I saw your betrothed Aṭṭahāsa in a garden named Chitrasthala, on a plateau of the Himālayas, full of longing for you. And his friends, in order to amuse him, made him in sport King of the Yakshas, and they made his brother Dīptaśikha personate Naḍakūvara his son, and they themselves became his ministers. While your beloved was being solaced in this way by his friends, Naḍakūvara, who was roaming at will through the air, saw him. And the son of the King of Wealth, being enraged at what he saw, summoned him, and cursed him in the following words: 'Since, though a servant, you desire to pose as a lord, become a mortal, you villain! As you wish to mount, fall!' When he had laid this curse on Aṭṭahāsa, he answered despondingly: 'Prince, I foolishly did this to dispel my longing, not through aspiring to any lofty rank, so have mercy upon me.' When Naḍakūvara heard this sorrowful speech of his, he ascertained by meditation that the case was so, and said to him by way of fixing an end for the curse¹: 'You shall

¹ This clearly shows that, even if it has been uttered hastily, a curse once inflicted can never be annulled, only shortened as to its period of operation.—N.M.P.

become a man, and beget on that Yakshiṇī, with whom you are in love, your younger brother Dīptaśikha by way of son,¹ and so you shall be delivered from your curse, and obtain your own rank once more, together with your wife, and this brother of yours shall be born as your son, and after he has reigned on earth, he shall be released from his curse.' When the son of the God of Wealth had said this, Aṭṭahāsa disappeared somewhere or other by virtue of the curse. And when I saw that, my friend, I came here to you grieved." When my friend said this to me, I was reduced to a terrible state by grief, and after I had bewailed my lot, I went and told it to my parents, and I spent that time in hope of a reunion with my beloved.

163E. *Srīdarśana's Story*

"You are Aṭṭahāsa born again as a Brāhman, and I am that Yakshiṇī, and we have been thus united here, so we shall soon have a son born to us." When the Brāhman Pavitradhara's wise wife Saudāminī said this to him, he conceived the hope that he would have a son, and was much delighted. And in course of time a son was born to him by that Yakshiṇī, whose birth cheered up their house and his mind. And when Pavitradhara saw the face of that son, he immediately assumed a celestial shape and became again the Yaksha Aṭṭahāsa. And he said to that Yakshiṇī: "My dear, our curse is at an end. I have become Aṭṭahāsa as before, come, let us return to our own place."

When he said this, his wife said to him: "Think what is

¹ The notion which Lucretius ridicules in his famous lines (Book III, line 776 et seq.),

*"Denique conubia ad Veneris partusque ferarum
Esse animas præsto deridiculum esse videtur,
Expectare immortales mortalia membra,"* etc.,

would, it is clear, present no difficulty to the mind of a Hindu. Nor would he be much influenced by the argument in lines 670-674 of the same book:

*"Præterea si immortalis natura animæ
Constat, et in corpus nascentibus insinuetur,
Cur super anteaclam ætatem meminisse nequimus,
Nec vestigia gestarum rerum ulla tenemus?"*

to become of the child, your brother, who through a curse has been born as your son." When Aṭṭahāsa heard that, he saw what was to be done by means of his powers of contemplation, and said to her: "My dear, there is in this town a Brāhman of the name of Devadarśana. He is poor in children and in wealth, and, though he keeps up five fires, hunger makes two others burn more fiercely—namely, the fire of digestion in his own stomach and in that of his wife. And one day, as he was engaged in asceticism to obtain wealth and a son, the holy God of Fire, whom he was propitiating, said to him in a dream: 'You have not a son of your own, but you shall have an adopted son, and by means of him, Brāhman, your poverty shall come to an end.' On account of this revelation of the God of Fire, the Brāhman is at the present moment expecting that son, so we must give him this child of ours, for this is the decree of fate." After Aṭṭahāsa had said this to his beloved, he placed the child on the top of a pitcher full of gold, and fastened round its neck a garland of heavenly jewels, and deposited it in the house of that Brāhman at night when he and his wife were asleep, and then went with his beloved to his own place.

Then the Brāhman Devadarśana and his wife woke up, and beheld that young moon of a child glittering with resplendent jewels, and the Brāhman thought in his astonishment: "What can be the meaning of this?" but when he saw the pot of gold he remembered what the God of Fire had told him in his dream, and rejoiced. And he took that young son given him by fate, and that wealth, and in the morning he made a great feast. And on the eleventh day he gave the child the appropriate name of Śrīdarśana.¹ Then the Brāhman Devadarśana, having become very rich, remained performing his sacrificial and other ceremonies, and enjoying the good things of this world at the same time.

The brave Śrīdarśana grew up in his father's house, and acquired great skill in the Vedas and other branches of learning, and in the use of weapons. But in course of time, when he had grown up, his father Devadarśana, who had gone on a pilgrimage to sacred bathing-places, died at Prayāga. His

¹ *I.e.* vision of the Goddess of Fortune: something like Fortunatus.

mother, hearing of that, entered the fire, and then Śrīdarsāna mourned for them, and performed on their behalf the ceremonies enjoined in the sacred treatises. But in course of time his grief diminished, and as he was not married, and had no relations, he became, though well educated, devoted to gambling. And in a short time his wealth was consumed by means of that vice, and he had difficulty in obtaining even food.

One day, after he had remained in the gambling-hall without food for three days, being unable to go out for shame, as he had not got a decent garment to wear, and refusing to eat the food which others gave him, a certain gambler, named Mukharaka, who was a friend of his, said to him : " Why are you so utterly overwhelmed ? Do you not know that such is the nature of the sinful vice of gambling ? Do you not know that the dice are the sidelong loving looks of the Goddess of Ill Luck ? Has not Providence ordained for you the usual lot of the gambler ? His arms are his only clothing, the dust is his bed, the cross-roads are his house, ruin is his wife.¹ So why do you refuse to take food ? Why do you neglect your health, though you are a wise man ? For what object of desire is there that a resolute man cannot obtain, as long as he continues alive ? Hear in illustration of this truth the following wonderful story of Bhūnandana.

163EEE. *The Adventures of King Bhūnandana*

There is here a region named Kaśmīra, the ornament of the earth, which the Creator made as a second heaven, after creating the first heaven, for men who have done righteous deeds. The difference between the two is that in heaven delights can only be seen, in Kaśmīra they can be actually enjoyed. The two glorious goddesses Śrī and Sarasvatī both frequent it, as if they vied with one another, saying : " I have the pre-eminence here." " No, it is I." The Himālaya encircles it with its embrace, as if to prevent Kali, the adversary of virtue, from entering it. The Vitastā adorns it, and

¹ I read *bāhū* and *vidhvastatā* : *kim tad* in *śl.* 78 should probably be *tat kim*.

repels sin with its waves, as if they were hands, and seems to say : " Depart far from this land which is full of waters sacred to the gods." In it the long lines of lofty palaces, whitened with silvery plaster, imitate the cliffs at the foot of the neighbouring Himālaya. In this land there lived a king, named Bhūnandana, who upheld as a spiritual guide the system of the castes and the prescribed stages of life, learned in science and traditional lore, the moon that delighted his subjects. His valour was displayed in the kingdoms of his foes, on which he left the impress of his nails. He was a politic governor, and his people were ever free from calamity ; he was exclusively devoted to Kṛishṇa, and the minds of his people took no pleasure in vicious deeds.¹

Once on a time, on the twelfth day of the month, the king, after duly worshipping Viṣṇu, saw in a dream a Daitya maiden approach him. When he woke up he could not see her, and in his astonishment he said to himself : " This is no mere dream ; I suspect she is some celestial nymph by whom I have been cajoled." Under this impression he remained thinking of her, and so grieved at being deprived of her society that gradually he neglected all his duties as a king. Then that king, not seeing any way of recovering her, said to himself : " My brief union with her was due to the favour of Viṣṇu, so I will go into a solitary place and propitiate Viṣṇu with a view of recovering her, and I will abandon this clog of a kingdom, which without her is distasteful." After saying this, King Bhūnandana informed his subjects of his resolution, and gave the kingdom to his younger brother named Sunandana.

But after he had resigned the kingdom he went to a holy bathing-place named Kramasaras ; which arose from the footfall of Viṣṇu, for it was made by him long ago in his Dwarf incarnation.² It is attended by the three gods

¹ In the original there is a most elaborate pun : " free from calamity " may mean also " im politic " or " lawless."

² It was as Vāmana, the dwarf, his fifth incarnation, that Viṣṇu appeared to Bali and asked for as much land as could be covered in three paces. On his request being granted, in two paces he strode over heaven and earth. See R. Shama Sastry, " Vishnu's Three Strides : the Measure of Vedic Chronology," *Bombay Br. Roy. As. Soc.*, vol. xxvi, pp. 40-56.—N.M.P.

Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Śiva, who have settled on the top of the neighbouring mountains in the form of peaks. And the foot of Vishṇu created here in Kaśmīra another Ganges, named Ikshuvatī, as if in emulation of the Vitastā. There the king remained, performing austerities, and pining without desire for any other enjoyment, like the *chātaka* in the hot season longing for fresh rain-water.

And after twelve years had passed over his head, while he remained engaged in ascetic practices, a certain ascetic came that way who was a chief of sages : he had yellow matted hair, wore tattered garments, and was surrounded by a band of pupils ; and he appeared like Śiva himself come down from the top of the hills that overhang that holy bathing-place. As soon as he saw the king he was filled with love for him, and went up to him, and, bowing before him, asked him his history, and then reflected for a moment and said :

“ King, that Daitya maiden that you love lives in Pātāla, so be of good cheer, I will take you to her. For I am a Brāhman named Bhūrivasu, the son of a sacrificing Brāhman of the Deccan, named Yajuh, and I am a chief among magicians. My father communicated his knowledge to me, and I learned from a treatise on Pātāla the proper charms and ceremonies for propitiating Hātakeśāna.¹ And I went to Śrīparvata and performed a course of asceticism there for propitiating Śiva, and Śiva, being pleased with it, appeared to me and said to me : ‘ Go ; after you have married a Daitya maiden and enjoyed pleasures in the regions below the earth, you shall return to me ; and listen ; I will tell you an expedient for obtaining those delights. There are on this earth many openings leading to the lower regions ; but there is one great and famous one in Kaśmīra made by Maya, by which Ushā the daughter of Bāṇa introduced her lover Aniruddha into the secret pleasure-grounds of the Dānavas, and made him happy there. And Pradyumna, in order to deliver his son, laid it open, making a door in one place with the peak of a mountain, and he placed Durgā there, under the name of Śārikā, to guard that door, after propitiating her with

¹ A name of Śiva.

hundreds of praises. Consequently even now the place is called by the two names of Peak of Pradyumna and Hill of Śārikā. So go and enter Pātāla with your followers by that famous opening, and by my favour you shall succeed there.'

"When the god had said this, he disappeared, and by his favour I acquired all the knowledge at once, and now I have come to this land of Kaśmīra. So come with us, King, to that seat of Śārikā, in order that I may conduct you to Pātāla, to the maid that you love." When the ascetic had said this to King Bhūnandana, the latter consented, and went with him to that seat of Śārikā. There he bathed in the Vitastā, and worshipped Gaṇeśa, and honoured the goddess Śārikā, and performed the ceremony of averting evil spirits from all quarters by waving the hand round the head¹ and other ceremonies. And then the great ascetic, triumphing by the favour of the boon of Śiva, revealed the opening by scattering mustard-seeds in the prescribed manner, and the king entered with him and his pupils, and marched along the road to Pātāla for five days and five nights.² And on

¹ My native friends tell me that the hand is waved round the head, and the fingers are snapped four or ten times.—"This is," says Crooke (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 24), "perhaps one explanation of the use of flags at temples and village shrines, though in some cases they appeared to be used as a perch, on which the deity sits when he makes his periodical visits." In Upper India the custom at Hindu weddings connected with the waving away of spirits is called Parachhan. Fans and branches of sacred trees are also largely used to dispel spirits, but practically anything passed round the head (usually seven times) and then thrown away, or scattered in all directions, will have the desired effect.—N.M.P.

² Possibly this story is the same as that of Tannhäuser, for which see Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, pp. 209-229. He remarks that the story of Tannhäuser is a very ancient myth christianised.—The Mountain of Venus appears in German literature before its connection with Tannhäuser, for which see Gottfried von Strassburg, *Tristan und Isolde*, l. 4805 *et seq.* For the Tannhäuser myth itself reference should be made to P. S. Barto, *Tannhäuser and the Mountain of Venus*, Oxford University Press, New York Branch, 1916, which contains ten pages of useful bibliography. Professor R. Priebsch draws my special attention to E. Elster, *Tannhäuser in Geschichte, Sage und Dichtung*, Bromberg, 1908; W. Gother, *Zur deutschen Sage und Dichtung. Gesammelte Aufsätze*, Leipzig, 1911; and F. Rostock, *Mittelhochdeutsche Dichterheldensage*, Halle, 1925, pp. 12-15, with a good bibliography.—N.M.P.

the sixth day they all crossed the Ganges of the lower regions, and they beheld a heavenly grove on a silver plain. It had splendid coral, camphor, sandal and aloes trees, and was perfumed with the fragrance of large full-blown golden lotuses. And in the middle of it they saw a lofty temple of Siva. It was of vast extent, adorned with stairs of jewels; its walls were of gold, it glittered with many pillars of precious stone; and the spacious translucent body of the edifice was built of blocks of the moon-gem.

Then King Bhūnandana and the pupils of that ascetic, who possessed supernatural insight, were cheered, and he said to them: "This is the dwelling of the god Siva, who inhabits the lower regions in the form of Hāṭakeśvara, and whose praises are sung in the three worlds, so worship him." Then they all bathed in the Ganges of the lower regions, and worshipped Siva with various flowers, the growth of Pātāla. And after the brief refreshment of worshipping Siva, they went on and reached a splendid lofty *jambu* tree,¹ the fruits of which were ripe and falling on the ground. And when the ascetic saw it, he said to them: "You must not eat the fruits of this tree, for, if eaten, they will impede the success of what you have in hand." In spite of his prohibitions one of his pupils, impelled by hunger, ate a fruit of the tree, and, as soon as he had eaten it, he became rigid and motionless.²

Then the other pupils, seeing that, were terrified, and no longer felt any desire to eat the fruit; and that ascetic, accompanied by them and King Bhūnandana, went on only a *kos*³ farther, and beheld a lofty golden wall rising before them, with a gate composed of a precious gem. On the two sides of the gate they saw two rams with bodies of iron, ready to strike with their horns, put there to prevent anyone from entering. But the ascetic suddenly struck them a blow on their heads with a charmed wand, and

¹ This is the rose-apple, *Eugenia jambolana*, found throughout India. The bark is used as an astringent, while the seed or stone of the fruit has acquired some reputation as a cure for diabetes. See Kanny Lall Dey, *Indigenous Drugs of India*, 2nd edition, Calcutta, 1896, p. 123.—N.M.P.

² See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

³ See p. 70n¹.—N.M.P.

drove them off somewhere, as if they had been struck by a thunderbolt. Then he and his pupils and that king entered by that gate, and beheld splendid palaces of gold and gems. And at the door of every one they beheld warders terrible with many teeth and tusks,¹ with iron maces in their hands. And then they all sat down there under a tree, while the ascetic entered into a mystic contemplation to avert evil. And by means of that contemplation all those terrible warders were compelled to flee from all the doors, and disappeared.

And immediately there issued from those doors lovely women with heavenly ornaments and dresses, who were the attendants of those Daitya maidens. They approached separately all there present, and the ascetic among them, and invited them in the name of their mistresses into their respective palaces. And the ascetic, having now succeeded in his enterprise, said to all the others : " You must none of you disobey the command of your beloved after entering her palace." Then he entered with a few of those attendants a splendid palace, and obtained a lovely Daitya maiden and the happiness he desired. And the others singly were introduced into magnificent palaces by other of the attendants, and were blessed with the love of Daitya maidens.

And the King Bhūnandana was then conducted by one of the attendants, who bowed respectfully to him, to a palace built of gems outside the wall. Its walls of precious stones were, so to speak, adorned all round with living pictures, on account of the reflections on them of the lovely waiting-women. It was built on a platform of smooth sapphire, and so it appeared as if it had ascended to the vault of heaven, in order to outdo a sky-going chariot.² It seemed like the house of the Vṛishṇis,³ made rich by means of the power of Viṣṇu. In it sported fair ones wild with intoxication, and it was full of the charming grace of Kāma. Even a flower, that cannot

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. has *dantadrishṭādharotkatān*. Perhaps *drishṭa* should be *dasṭa*. It would then mean "terrible because they were biting their lips."

² The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vimānavijigīṣhayā*.

³ Descendants of Vṛishṇi and relatives of Kṛishṇa. In Achyuta there is a pun: the word may mean "Viṣṇu" and also "permanent": *rāmam* may also refer to Balarāma, who is represented as a drunkard.

bear the wind and the heat, would in vain attempt to rival the delicacy of the bodies of the ladies in that palace. It resounded with heavenly music, and when the king entered it he beheld once more that beautiful Asura maiden whom he had seen in a dream. Her beauty illuminated the lower world which has not the light of the sun or the stars, and made the creation of sparkling jewels, and other lustrous things, an unnecessary proceeding on the part of the Creator.¹

The king gazed with tears of joy on that indescribably beautiful lady, and, so to speak, washed off from his eyes the pollution which they had contracted by looking at others. And that girl, named Kumudini, who was being praised by the songs of female attendants,² felt indescribable joy when she saw the prince. She rose up, and took him by the hand and said to him, "I have caused you much suffering," and then with all politeness she conducted him to a seat. And after he had rested a little while he bathed, and the Asura maiden had him adorned with robes and jewels, and led him out to the garden to drink. Then she sat down with him on the brink of a tank filled with wine, and with the blood and fat of corpses, that hung from trees on its banks, and she offered that king a goblet, full of that fat and wine, to drink, but he would not accept the loathsome compound. And she kept earnestly saying to the king: "You will not prosper if you reject my beverage." But he answered: "I certainly will not drink that undrinkable compound, whatever may happen." Then she emptied the goblet on his head and departed; and the king's eyes and mouth were suddenly closed, and her maids took him and flung him into the water of another tank.

And the moment he was thrown into the water he found himself once more in the grove of ascetics, near the holy bathing-place of Kramasaras, where he was before.³ And when he saw the mountain there, as it were, laughing at him

¹ Pātāla, like Milton's lower world, "wants not her hidden lustre, gems, and gold."

² Kumudini means an assemblage of white water-lilies: female attendants may also mean bees, as the Sandhi will admit of *ali* or *āli*: *rājendram* should probably be *rājendum*, moon of kings, as the *kumudini* loves the moon.

³ Cf. the story of Śaktideva in Vol. II, pp. 223-224; and see p. 279 of this volume.—N.M.P.

with its snow,¹ the disappointed king, despondent, astonished, and bewildered, reflected as follows: "What a difference there is between the garden of the Daitya maiden and this mountain of Kramasaras. Ah! what is this strange event? Is it an illusion or a wandering of the mind? But what other explanation can there be than this, that undoubtedly this has befallen me because, though I heard the warning of the ascetic, I disobeyed the injunction of that fair one. And after all the beverage was not loathsome; she was only making trial of me; for the liquor, which fell upon my head, has bestowed on it heavenly fragrance. So it is indubitable that, in the case of the unfortunate, even great hardships endured bring no reward, for Destiny is opposed to them."

While King Bhūnandana was engaged in these reflections, bees came and surrounded him on account of the fragrant perfume of his body, that had been sprinkled with the liquor offered by the Asura maiden. When those bees stung the king he thought to himself: "Alas! so far from my toils having produced the desired fruit, they have produced disagreeable results, as the raising of a Vetāla does to a man of little courage."² Then he became so distracted that he resolved on suicide.

And it happened that, at the very time, there came a young hermit that way, who, finding the king in this state, and being of a merciful disposition, went up to him and quickly drove away the bees, and after asking him his story said to him: "King, as long as we retain this body, how can woes come to an end? So the wise should always pursue without distraction the great object of human existence. And until you perceive that Vishṇu, Śiva and Brahmā are really one, you will always find the successes that are gained by worshipping them separately short-lived and uncertain. So meditate on Brahmā, Vishṇu and Śiva, in the light of their unity, and patiently perform asceticism here for another twelve years. Then you shall obtain that beloved, and eventually everlasting salvation; and observe, you have already attained a body possessing heavenly fragrance. Now

¹ By the laws of Hindu rhetoric a smile is regarded as white.

² We have an instance of this a little farther on.

receive from me this skin of a black antelope, to which a charm is attached, and if you wrap yourself up in it you will not be annoyed here by bees." When the hermit had said this, he gave him the deerskin and the charm, and departed ; and the king accepted his advice, and taking to himself patience, so lived in that place. And after the king had lived there twelve years, and propitiated Śiva by penance, that Daitya maiden, named Kumudinī, came to him of her own accord. And the king went with that beloved to Pātāla, and after he had lived with her a long time in happiness, he attained salvation.

163E. *Śrīdarśana's Story*

" So those fortunate ones, whose characters are free from perturbation, and who betake themselves to patient endurance, obtain again their own rank, though they may have fallen far from it.¹ And since you, Śrīdarśana, are a man fated to be prosperous, being covered with auspicious marks, why do you, out of perturbation, allow yourself to go without food ? " When Śrīdarśana, who was fasting, was thus addressed in the gambling-hall by his friend Mukharaka, he said to him : " What you say is true ; but being a man of good family, I cannot for shame go out into this town, as I am reduced so low by gambling. So if you will permit me, my friend, to go to some other country this very night, I will take food." When Mukharaka heard that, he consented, and brought food and gave it to him, and he ate it. And after Śrīdarśana had eaten it, he set out for another country with that friend of his, who followed him out of affection.

And as he was going along the road at night, it happened that the two Yakshas, Aṭṭahāsa and Saudāminī, his father and mother, who had deposited him, as soon as he was born, in the house of the Brāhman, saw him while they were roaming through the air. When they saw him in distress, impoverished by the vice of gambling, and on his way to a foreign country, affection made them say to him, while still

¹ I read *dūrabhrashṭā*. The reading of the Sanskrit College MS. is *dūram bhrashṭā*.

remaining invisible, the following words : “ Śrīdarśana, your mother, the wife of Devadarśana, buried in her house some jewels. Take those, and do not omit to go with them to Mālava, for there is a magnificent prince there of the name of Śrīsenā. And since he was much afflicted in his youth by miseries arising from gambling, he has made a large and glorious asylum for gamblers. There gamblers live, and are fed with whatever food they desire. So go there, darling, and you shall be prosperous.”

When Śrīdarśana heard this speech from heaven, he went back to his house with his friend, and found those ornaments in it, in a hole in the ground. Then he set out delighted for Mālava, with his friend, thinking that the gods had shown him favour. So in that night and the succeeding day he went a long distance, and the next evening he reached with his friend a village named Bahusasya. And being weary, he sat down with his friend on the bank of a translucent lake, not far from that village. While he remained for a brief period on the bank of that lake, after washing his feet and drinking water, there came there a certain maiden, matchless in beauty, to fetch water. Her body resembled a blue lotus in colour, and she seemed like Rati left alone, and blackened by the smoke from the body of the God of Love, when he had just been consumed by Śiva. Śrīdarśana was delighted to behold her, and she went up to him, and looked at him with an eye full of love, and said to him and his friend : “ Worthy sirs, why have you come hither to your death ? Why, through ignorance, have you fallen like moths into burning fire ? ” When Mukharaka heard this, he said to the maiden, without the least trepidation : “ Who are you ? And what is the meaning of what you say ? Tell us.” Then she said : “ Listen, both of you ! I will tell you the whole story in few words.

“ There is a large and famous royal grant to Brāhmins named Sughosha. In it there dwelt a Brāhman named Padmagarbha, who possessed a thorough knowledge of the Vedas. He had a wife of very good family, named Śasikalā. And the Brāhman had two children by that wife, a son of the name of Mukharaka, and myself, a daughter of the name of

Padmishthā. My brother Mukharaka was ruined by the vice of gambling in early youth, and left his home and went off to some other country. My mother died of grief on that account, and my father, afflicted with two sorrows, abandoned the state of a householder. And he roamed about from place to place, with no other companion than myself, to look for that son, and, as it happened, he reached this village. Now in this village there lives a great bandit, the chief of a gang of robbers, called Vasubhūti, a Brāhman only by name. When my father arrived here, that ruffian, with the help of his servants, killed him, and took away the gold he had about his person. And he made me a prisoner and carried me off to his house, and he has made arrangements to give me in marriage to his son Subhūti. But his son has gone off somewhere to plunder a caravan, and, owing to my good fortune, the result of good deeds in a former birth, he has not yet returned; now it remains for Destiny to dispose of me. But, if this bandit were to see you, he would certainly do you some violence: so think of some artifice by which you may escape him."

When the maiden said this, Mukharaka recognised her, and at once clasping her round the neck said to her: "Alas, my sister Padmishthā! I am that very brother of yours, Mukharaka, the murderer of his relations. Alas! wretched that I am, I am ruined." When Padmishthā heard this, and saw her elder brother, pity caused her to be, as it were, suddenly encircled with all sorrows. Then Śrīdarśana comforted the brother and sister, who were lamenting their parents, and addressed a timely admonition and encouragement to them. He said: "This is not the time for lamentation; we must save now our lives even at the cost of our wealth, and by means of it we must protect ourselves against this bandit." When Śrīdarśana said this, they checked their grief with self-control, and all agreed together what each was to do.

Then Śrīdarśana, being thin by reason of his former fasts, flung himself down on the bank of that tank, and pretended to be ill. And Mukharaka remained holding his feet and weeping: but Padmishthā immediately repaired to that

bandit chief, and said : " A traveller has arrived, and is lying ill on the border of the tank, and there is another there who is his servant." When the bandit chief heard that, he sent some of his followers there. They went, and, seeing the two men as had been described, asked Mukharaka why he wept so much for his companion. When Mukharaka heard this, he said with affected sorrow : " This Brāhman, who is my elder brother, left his native land to visit holy bathing-places, but was attacked by disease, and slowly travelling along he has arrived here, accompanied by me. And the moment he got here he became incapable of movement, and he said to me : ' Rise up, my dear brother, and quickly prepare for me a bed of *darbha* grass. And fetch me some virtuous Brāhman from this village. On him I will bestow all my wealth, for I cannot live through this night.' When he said this to me, in this foreign country after sunset, I felt quite puzzled as to what I ought to do, and, being afflicted, I had recourse to weeping. So bring here some Brāhman while he is alive, in order that he may bestow on him with his own hand whatever wealth we possess. For he will certainly not live through the night, and I shall not be able to survive the sorrow of his loss, so to-morrow I shall enter the fire. So do for us this which we ask, since we have met with you here as compassionate men and friends without any cause."

When the bandits heard that, pity arose in their minds, and they went and told the story, exactly as they had heard it, to their master Vasubhūti, and went on to say : " So come and receive, as a pious gift, from this Brāhman, who is eager to bestow it on you, the wealth which ordinarily is to be obtained only by killing its possessor." When they said this to Vasubhūti he said : " What course is this which you suggest ? It is highly impolitic for us to take wealth without killing its possessor, for, if he is deprived of his wealth without being killed, he will certainly do us an injury." When the villain said this, those servants answered him : " What is there to fear in this ? There is some difference in taking wealth by force, and receiving it as a gift from a dying man. Besides, to-morrow morning we will kill these two Brāhmans, if they are still alive. Otherwise, what is the use of incurring

needlessly the guilt of killing a Brāhman ? ” When Vasubhūti heard this he consented, and in the night he came to Śrīdarsana to receive his pious gift, and Śrīdarsana concealed a part of his mother’s ornaments, and gave him the rest, assuming a faltering voice. Then the bandit, having got what he wanted, returned home with his followers.

Then Padmishthā came at night to Śrīdarsana and Mukharaka, while the bandits were asleep. Then they quickly deliberated together, and set off at once from that place for Mālava by a path not frequented by the robbers. And during that night they went a long distance, and reached a wood that seemed to be afraid of the roaring lions, tigers and other wild beasts within it. It seemed by its thorns to be in a state of perpetual horripilation, and by its roaming black antelopes to be rolling its eyes. The dry creepers showed that its body was dried up from fear, and the shrill whistling of the loose bark was its screams of terror. And while they were journeying through the forest, the sun, that had observed their sufferings all day, withdrew its light as if in compassion, and set.

Then they sat down weary and hungry at the foot of a tree, and in the early part of the night they saw in the distance a light, as of fire. And Śrīdarsana said : “ Can there possibly be a village here ? I will go and look.” So he went in the direction of the light. And when he reached it, and looked at it, lo ! it was a great palace of jewels, and its splendour produced that light as of fire.¹ And he saw inside it a Yakshinī of heavenly beauty, surrounded by many Yakshas, with feet turned the wrong way and squinting eyes. And the brave man, seeing that they had brought there all kinds of meat and drink, went up to the Yakshinī, and asked her to give him his share as a guest. And she was pleased with his courage and gave him what he asked for : enough food and water to satisfy himself and his two companions. The refreshment was placed on the back of a Yaksha ordered off by her for that duty, and Śrīdarsana returned with it to his friend and Padmishthā. And then he

¹ See Vol. III, p. 167, 167n², also Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. 36, and Southey’s *Thalaba the Destroyer*, Book I, p. 30, with notes.

dismissed the Yaksha, and partook there with them of all that splendid food of various kinds, and drank pure cold water.

Then Mukharaka was pleased, perceiving that he must be an incarnation of a divinity, as he was so rich in courage and might, and, desiring his own prosperity, he said to him : " You are some incarnation of a divinity, and this sister of mine, Padmishṭhā, is the greatest beauty in the world, so I now give her to you as a wife meet for you."

When Śrīdarśana heard that, he was delighted, and said to his friend : " I accept with joy this offer of yours, which I have long desired. But when I reach my goal I will marry her in proper form." This he said to those two, and then passed the night in a joyful state of mind. And the next morning they all set out from that place, and reached in due course the city of that King Śrīsenā, the sovereign of Mālava. And arriving tired, they immediately entered the house of an old Brāhman woman to rest. And in the course of conversation they told her their story and their names; and then they saw that the old woman was much disturbed, and when they questioned her she said to them :

" I am the well-born wife of a Brāhman here, named Satyavrata, who was a servant of the king's, and my name is Yaśasvatī. And after my husband died, the compassionate king gave me the fourth part of his salary to live upon, as I had not a son to support me. But now this moon of kings, though his virtues are great, and though he is generous enough to give away the whole world, has been seized by a consumption¹ which the physicians cannot cure. And the drugs and charms of those skilled in such things do not prevail against it; but a certain enchanter made this promise in his presence : ' If I could only get a hero, equal to the task, to help me, I would certainly put an end to this illness by getting a Vetāla into my power.' Then proclamation was made by beat of drum, but no such hero was found. Then the king gave the following order to his ministers : ' You must look out for some daring gambler, who comes to reside in the great and well-known asylum which I built for such.

¹ The moon suffers from consumption in consequence of the curse of Daksha, who was angry at his exclusive preference for Rohiṇī.

For gamblers are reckless, abandoning wife and relations, fearless, sleeping at the foot of trees and in other exposed places, like ascetics.' When the king gave this order to his ministers, they instructed to this effect the superintendent of the asylum, and he is now on the look-out for some brave man who may come there to reside awhile. Now you are gamblers, and if you, Śrīdarśana, feel able to accomplish the undertaking, I will take you to-day to that asylum. And you will be well treated by the king, and you will confer a benefit on me, for grief is killing me."

When the old lady said this, Śrīdarśana answered her : "Agreed ! I am able to accomplish this, so lead me quickly to that asylum." When she heard this, she took him, and Padmishthā, and Mukharaka, to that asylum, and there said to the superintendent : "Here is a Brāhman gambler arrived from a foreign land, a hero who is able to assist that enchanter in performing incantations for the good of the king." When the superintendent heard this, he questioned Śrīdarśana, and when he confirmed the words of the old lady he treated him with great respect, and led him quickly into the presence of the king.

And Śrīdarśana, being introduced by him, beheld the king, who was thin and pale as the new moon. And King Śrīsenā observed that Śrīdarśana, who bowed before him and sat down, was of a taking appearance, and, pleased with his look, he felt comforted, and said to him : "I know that your exertions will certainly put an end to my disease ; my body tells me this, for the mere sight of you has quieted its sufferings. So aid the enchanter in this matter." When the king said this, Śrīdarśana said to him : "The enterprise is a mere trifle."

Then the king summoned the enchanter, and said to him : "This hero will aid you ; do what you said."

When that enchanter heard that, he said to Śrīdarśana : "My good sir, if you are able to assist me in raising a Vetāla, come to me in the cemetery at nightfall this very day, the fourteenth of the black fortnight." When the ascetic, who practised magic, had said this, he went away, and Śrīdarśana took leave of the king and returned to that asylum.

There he took food with Padmishthā and Mukharaka, and at night he went alone, sword in hand, to the cemetery. It was full of many ghosts, empty of men, inauspicious, full of roaring jackals, covered with impenetrable darkness, but showed in some places a faint gleam where the funeral pyres were.¹ The hero Śrīdarśana wandered about in that place of horrors and saw the enchanter in the middle of it. His whole body was smeared with ashes, he had a Brāhmanical thread of hair, he wore a turban made of the clothes of the dead, and he was clad in a black garment. Śrīdarśana approached him, and made himself known to him, and then, girding up his loins, he said: "Tell me, what shall I do for you?" The enchanter answered in high spirits: "Half a *kos* only to the west of this place there is an *asoka* tree, the leaves of which are burned with the hot flame of funeral pyres. At the foot of it there is a corpse; go and bring it here unharmed."

Then Śrīdarśana said: "I will"; and going quickly to the place he saw someone else taking away the corpse. So he ran and tried to drag it from the shoulder of that person, who would not let it go, and said to him: "Let go this corpse: where are you taking my friend whom I have to burn?" Then that second person said to Śrīdarśana: "I will not let the dead man go; I am his friend; what have you to do with him?" While they were dragging the corpse from one another's shoulders, and making these mutual recriminations, the corpse itself, which was animated by a Vetāla, uttered a terrible shriek. That terrified the second person so that his heart broke, and he fell down dead, and then Śrīdarśana went off with that corpse in his arms. Then the second man, though dead, rose up, being possessed by a Vetāla, and tried to stop Śrīdarśana, and said to him: "Halt! do not go off with my friend on your shoulder." Then Śrīdarśana, knowing that his rival was possessed by a Vetāla, said to him: "What proof is there that you are his friend? He is my friend." The rival then said: "The corpse itself shall decide between us." Then Śrīdarśana said: "Well! Let him declare who is his friend." Then the corpse that was on his back, being possessed by a Vetāla, said: "I am hungry,

¹ Here there is a pun: *upachitam* means also "concentrated."

so I decide that whoever gives me food is my friend ; let him take me where he likes." When the second corpse, that was also possessed by a Vetāla, heard this, he answered : " I have no food ; if he has any, let him give you some." Śrīdarśana, hearing this, said : " I will give you food " ; and proceeded to strike with his sword at the second corpse, in order to procure food for the Vetāla that was on his shoulder.¹ But that second corpse, which was also possessed by a Vetāla, the moment he began to strike it, disappeared by its supernatural power.

Then the Vetāla that was on Śrīdarśana's shoulder said to him : " Now give me the food that you promised me." So Śrīdarśana, not being able to obtain any other flesh to give him to eat, cut off with his sword some of his own flesh, and gave it to him.² This pleased the Vetāla, and he said to

¹ Cf. a story in the *Nugæ Curialium* of Gualterus Mapes, in which a corpse, tenanted by a demon, is prevented from doing further mischief by a sword-stroke, which cleaves its head to the chin. (Liebrecht's *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 34 *et seq.*)

² See Vol. I, pp. 84n², 85n ; Vol. II, p. 235. Mention should be made of a group of stories in which the hero gives flesh from his own body to an eagle or other large bird which carries him from the underworld. Grimm No. 91, "Dat Erdmänneken," can be taken as the standard version, of which numerous variants will be found in Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 297 *et seq.* (*motif* E). In Lorraine the corresponding stories are "Jean de l'Ours" (Cosquin, *Contes Populaires de Lorraine*, vol. i, pp. 1-27) and "La Canne de Cinq Cents Livres" (ditto, vol. ii, p. 137, and pp. 141-143, where several other variants are given). In a tale from Ulaghātsh, in the Cappadocian area of Asia Minor, called "The Underworld Adventure," is an interesting variant of the *motif*. That portion which concerns us is thus translated by R. M. Dawkins (*Modern Greek in Asia Minor*, Cambridge, 1916, pp. 373-374):

"The mother of the chicks said to the scaldhead [ὁ κασιδης = bald man]: 'When I say "Lak!" give me water, when I say "Lyk!" give me meat. In this way I will take you out to the surface of the earth.' The scaldhead put the meat on her wing; the water he put on her other wing. And the scaldhead mounted on her. When she says 'Lak!' he gives her meat; when she says 'Lyk!' he gives her water. Thus and thus she brought him half way. The meat and the water came to an end. 'Lak!' says she; there is no water. 'Lyk!' says she; there is no meat. The scaldhead with his knife took a little flesh from his leg. He gave it to her; and she refused it. She did not eat it. She brought him out to the surface of the earth.

"The mother of the chicks said to the scaldhead: 'Just rise up and walk!' That scaldhead said: 'Out upon you: can I walk?' She said: 'Just walk!'

him : " I am satisfied with you, brave man ; let your body be restored whole as before. Now take me off ; this enterprise of yours shall succeed, but that ascetic enchanter shall be destroyed, for he is a great coward." When Śrīdarśana was thus addressed by the Vetāla, he immediately became whole as before, and taking the corpse he handed it to the magician. He received it joyfully, and honoured it with unguents and garlands of blood, and he placed the corpse, possessed by the Vetāla, on its back in a great circle marked out with powdered human bones, in the corners of which were placed pitchers of blood, and which was lighted up with lamps fed by oil from the human body. And he sat on the breast of the corpse, and holding in his hand a ladle and spoon of human bone, he began to make an oblation of clarified butter in its mouth. Immediately such a flame issued from the mouth of that corpse possessed by the Vetāla that the sorcerer rose up in terror and fled. When he thus lost his presence of mind, and dropped his spoon and ladle, the Vetāla pursued him, and opening his mouth swallowed him whole.¹

When Śrīdarśana saw that, he lifted up his sword and attacked the Vetāla, but the Vetāla said to him : " Śrīdarśana, I am pleased with this courage of yours, so take these mustard-seeds produced in my mouth. If you place these on the head and hands of the king, the malady of consumption will immediately leave him, and you in a short time will become the king of the whole earth." When Śrīdarśana heard this, he said : " How can I leave this place without

He rose up to walk. He is lame. The mother of the chicks saw he was lame. She brought out the flesh from underneath her tongue. She put it on the wound and licked it. ' Just rise up and walk ! ' she said. He rose up ; he walked."

Cf. with the above, " Asphurtzela," in M. Wardrop's *Georgian Folk Tales*, p. 82, and see the notes by W. R. Halliday on pp. 274-275 of Dawkins' work mentioned above.

Very similar stories are found in Siberia. Thus in a Kirghiz (N.E. of the Caspian) tale the huge bird Karakus is fed by flesh from the hero's thigh, and in an Ostyak (N.W. Siberia) story the Fiery-bird consumes both calves of its rider. See C. F. Coxwell, *Siberian and Other Folk-Tales*, London, 1925, pp. 366, 531.—N.M.P.

¹ See note at end of chapter.—N.M.P.

that sorcerer? The king is sure to say that I killed him out of a selfish regard to my own interests." When Śrīdarśana said this to the Vetāla, he answered: "I will tell you a convincing proof, which will clear you. Cut open the body of this corpse, and show inside it this sorcerer dead, whom I have swallowed." When the Vetāla had said this, he gave him the mustard-seeds, and went off somewhere or other, leaving that corpse, and the corpse fell on the ground.

Then Śrīdarśana went off, taking with him the mustard-seeds, and he spent that night in the asylum in which his friend was. And the next morning he went to the king, and told him what had happened in the night, and took and showed to the ministers that sorcerer in the stomach of the corpse. Then he placed the mustard-seeds on the head and the hands of the king, and that made the king quite well, as all his sickness at once left him. Then the king was pleased, and, as he had no son, he adopted as his son Śrīdarśana, who had saved his life. And he immediately anointed that hero Crown Prince; for the seed of benefits, sown in good soil, produces abundant fruit. Then the fortunate Śrīdarśana married there that Padmishthā, who seemed like the Goddess of Fortune that had come to him in reward for his former courting of her, and the hero remained there, in the company of her brother Mukharaka, enjoying pleasures and ruling the earth.

One day a great merchant, named Upendraśakti, found an image of Gaṇeśa, carved out of a jewel, on the border of a tank, and brought it and gave it to that prince. The prince, seeing that it was of priceless value, out of his fervent piety set it up in a very splendid manner in a temple. And he appointed a thousand villages there for the permanent support of the temple, and he ordained in honour of the idol a festive procession, at which all Mālava assembled. And Gaṇeśa, being pleased with the numerous dances, songs and instrumental performances in his honour, said to the Gaṇas at night: "By my favour this Śrīdarśana shall be a universal emperor on the earth. Now there is an island named Hamsadvīpa in the western sea; and in it is a king named Anangodaya, and he has a lovely daughter named Anangamanjarī.

And that daughter of his, being devoted to me, always offers to me this petition, after she has worshipped me: 'Holy one, give me a husband who shall be the lord of the whole earth.' So I will marry her to this Śrīdarśana, and thus I shall have bestowed on both the meet reward of their devotion to me. So you must take Śrīdarśana there, and after you have contrived that they should see one another, bring him back quickly; and in course of time they shall be united in due form; but it cannot be done immediately, for such is the will of Destiny. Moreover I have determined by these means to recompense Upendraśakti, the merchant, who brought my image to the prince."

The Gaṇas, having received this order from Gaṇeśa, took Śrīdarśana that very night, while he was asleep, and carried him to Hamsadvīpa by their supernatural power. And there they introduced him into the chamber of Anangamanjarī and placed him on the bed on which that princess was lying asleep. Śrīdarśana immediately woke up, and saw Anangamanjarī. She was reclining on a bed covered with a quilt of pure white woven silk, in a splendid chamber in which flashed jewel lamps, and which was illuminated by the numerous priceless gems of the canopy and other furniture, and the floor of which was dark with the *rājāvarta* stone. As she lay there pouring forth rays of beauty like the lovely effluence of a stream of nectar, she seemed like the orb of the autumn moon lapped in a fragment of a white cloud, in a sky adorned with a host of bright twinkling stars, gladdening the eyes. Immediately he was delighted, astonished and bewildered, and he said to himself: "I went to sleep at home and I have woke up in a very different place. What does all this mean? Who is this woman? Surely it is a dream! Very well, let it be so. But I will wake up this lady and find out." After these reflections he gently nudged Anangamanjarī on the shoulder with his hand. And the touch of his hand made her immediately awake and roll her eyes, as the *kumudvatī* opens under the rays of the moon, and the bees begin to circle in its cup. When she saw him, she reflected for a moment: "Who can this being of celestial appearance be? Surely he must be some god that has penetrated into this

well-guarded room?" So she rose up, and asked him earnestly and respectfully who he was, and how and why he had entered there. Then he told his story, and the fair one, when questioned by him, told him in turn her country, name and descent. Then they both fell in love with one another, and each ceased to believe that the other was an object seen in a dream, and, in order to make certain, they exchanged ornaments.

Then they both became eager for the *gāndharva* form of marriage,¹ but the Gaṇas stupefied them, and laid them to sleep. And as soon as Śrīdarśana fell asleep they took him and carried him back to his own palace, cheated by Destiny of his desire. Then Śrīdarśana woke up in his own palace, and seeing himself decked with the ornaments of a lady he thought: "What does this mean? At one moment I am in that heavenly palace with the daughter of the King of Hamsadvīpa, at another moment I am here. It cannot be a dream, for here are these ornaments of hers on my wrist, so it must be some strange freak of Destiny." While he was engaged in these speculations, his wife Padmishṭhā woke up, and questioned him, and the kind woman comforted him, and so he passed the night. And the next morning he told the whole story to Śrīsenā, before whom he appeared wearing the ornaments marked with the name of Anangamanjarī. And the king, wishing to please him, had a proclamation made by beat of drum, to find out where Hamsadvīpa was, but could not find out from anyone the road to that country. Then Śrīdarśana, separated from Anangamanjarī, remained overpowered by the fever of love, averse to all enjoyment. He could not like his food while he gazed on her ornaments, necklace and all, and he abandoned sleep, having ceased to behold within reach the lotus of her face.²

In the meanwhile the Princess Anangamanjarī, in Hamsadvīpa, was awakened in the morning by the sound of music. When she remembered what had taken place in the night, and saw her body adorned with Śrīdarśana's ornaments, longing love made her melancholy. And she reflected: "Alas, I am brought into a state in which my life is in danger,

¹ See Vol. I, pp. 87, 88.

² A series of elaborate puns.

by these ornaments, which prove that I cannot have been deluded by a dream, and fill me with love for an unattainable object."

While she was engaged in these reflections, her father, Anangodaya, suddenly entered, and saw her wearing the ornaments of a man. The king, who was very fond of her, when he saw her covering her body with her clothes, and downcast with shame, took her on his lap and said to her : "My daughter, what is the meaning of these masculine decorations, and why this shame? Tell me. Do not show a want of confidence in me, for my life hangs on you." These and other kind speeches of her father's allayed her feeling of shame, and she told him at last the whole story.

Then her father, thinking that it was a piece of supernatural enchantment, felt great doubt as to what steps he ought to take. So he went and asked an ascetic of the name of Brahmasoma, who possessed superhuman powers, and observed the rule of the Pāsupatas, and who was a great friend of his, for his advice. The ascetic by his powers of contemplation penetrated the mystery, and said to the king : "The truth is that the Gaṇas brought here Prince Śrīdarśana from Mālava, for Gaṇeśa is favourably disposed both to him and your daughter, and by his favour he shall become a universal monarch. So he is a capital match for your daughter." When that gifted seer said this, the king bowed, and said to him : "Holy seer, Mālava is far away from this great land of Hamsadvīpa. The road is a difficult one, and this matter does not admit of delay. So in this matter your ever-propitious self is my only stay."

When the ascetic, who was so kind to his admirers, had been thus entreated by the king, he said, "I myself will accomplish this," and he immediately disappeared. And he reached in a moment the city of King Śrīsenā, in Mālava. There he entered the very temple built by Śrīdarśana, and, after bowing before Gaṇeśa, he sat down and began to praise him, saying : "Hail to thee of auspicious form, whose head is crowned with a garland of stars, so that thou art like the peak of Mount Meru ! I adore thy trunk flung up straight in the joy of the dance, so as to sweep the clouds, like a column

supporting the edifice of the three worlds. Destroyer of Obstacles, I worship thy snake-adorned body, swelling out into a broad pitcher-like belly, the treasure-house of all success."

While the ascetic was engaged in offering these praises to Gaṇeśa in the temple, it happened that the son of the merchant-prince Upendraśakti, who brought his image, entered the temple as he was roaming about. His name was Mahendraśakti, and he had been rendered uncontrollable by long and violent madness, so he rushed forward to seize the ascetic. Then the ascetic struck him with his hand. The merchant's son, as soon as he was struck by the charm-bearing hand of that ascetic, was freed from madness and recovered his reason. And as he was naked he felt shame, and left the temple immediately, and covering himself with his hand, he made for his home. Immediately his father, Upendraśakti, hearing of it from the people, met him, full of joy, and led him to his house. There he had him bathed, and properly clothed and adorned, and then he went with him to the ascetic Brahmasoma. And he offered him much wealth as the restorer of his son, but the ascetic, as he possessed godlike power, would not receive it.

In the meanwhile King Śrīsenā himself, having heard what had taken place, reverently approached the ascetic, accompanied by Śrīdarśana. And the king bowed before him, and praised him, and said: "Owing to your coming, this merchant has received a benefit, by having his son restored to health, so do me a benefit also by ensuring the welfare of this son of mine, Śrīdarśana." When the king craved this boon of the ascetic, he smiled and said: "King, why should I do anything to please this thief, who stole at night the heart and the ornaments of the Princess Anangamanjarī, in Hamsadvīpa, and returned here with them? Nevertheless I must obey your orders." With these words the ascetic seized Śrīdarśana by the forearm, and disappeared with him. He took him to Hamsadvīpa, and introduced him into the palace of King Anangodaya, with his daughter's ornaments on him. When Śrīdarśana arrived, the king welcomed him gladly, but first he threw himself at the feet of the ascetic and blessed him. And on an auspicious day

he gave Śrīdarśana his daughter Anangamanjarī, as if she were the earth garlanded with countless jewels. And then by the power of that ascetic he sent his son-in-law, with his wife, to Mālava. And when Śrīdarśana arrived there, the king welcomed him gladly, and he lived there in happiness with his two wives.

In the course of time King Śrīsenā went to the next world, and that hero took his kingdom and conquered the whole earth. And when he had attained universal dominion he had two sons by his two wives, Padmishthā and Anangamanjarī. And to one of them the king gave the name of Padmasenā, and to the other of Anangasenā, and he reared them up to manhood.

And in course of time King Śrīdarśana, as he was sitting inside the palace with his two queens, heard a Brāhman lamenting outside. So he had the Brāhman brought inside, and asked him why he lamented. Then the Brāhman showed great perturbation and said to him: "The fire that had points of burning flame (*Dīptaśikha*) has been now destroyed by a dark cloud of calamity, discharging a loud laugh (*Aṭṭahāsa*), together with its line of brightness and line of smoke (*Jyotirlekhā* and *Dhūmalekhā*)."¹ The moment the Brāhman had said this he disappeared. And while the king was saying in his astonishment, "What did he say, and where has he gone?" the two queens, weeping copiously, suddenly fell dead.

When the king saw that sudden calamity, terrible as the stroke of a thunderbolt, he exclaimed in his grief, "Alas! alas! what means this?" and fell on the ground wailing. And when he fell, his attendants picked him up and carried him to another place, and Mukharaka took the bodies of the queens and performed the ceremony of burning them. At last the king came to his senses, and after mourning long for the queens, he completed, out of affection, their funeral ceremonies. And after he had spent a day darkened by a storm of tears he divided the empire of the earth between his two sons. Then, having conceived the design of renouncing the world, he left his city, and turning back his

¹ The significance of these names will appear further on.

subjects who followed him, he went to the forest to perform austerities.

There he lived on roots and fruits; and one day, as he was wandering about at will, he came near a banyan-tree. As soon as he came near it, two women of celestial appearance suddenly issued from it with roots and fruits in their hands, and they said to him: "King, take these roots and fruits which we offer." When he heard that, he said: "Tell me now who you are." Then those women of heavenly appearance said to him: "Well, come into our house and we will tell you the truth." When he heard that he consented, and entering with them, he saw inside the tree a splendid golden city. There he rested and ate heavenly fruits, and then those women said to him: "Now, King, hear.

"Long ago there dwelt in Pratiśṭhāna a Brāhman, of the name of Kamalagarbha, and he had two wives: the name of the one was Pathyā, and the name of the other Abalā. Now in course of time all three, the husband and the wives, were worn out with old age, and at last they entered the fire together, being attached to one another. And at that time they put up a petition to Śiva from the fire: 'May we be connected together as husband and wives in all our future lives!' Then Kamalagarbha, owing to the power of his severe penances, was born in the Yaksha race as Dīptaśikha, the son of the Yaksha Pradīptāksha, and the younger brother of Aṭṭahāsa. His wives too, Pathyā and Abalā, were born as Yaksha maidens—that is to say, as the two daughters of the king of the Yakshas named Dhūmaketu—and the name of the one was Jyotirlekhā, and the name of the other Dhūmalekhā.

"Now in course of time those two sisters grew up, and they went to the forest to perform asceticism, and they propitiated Śiva with the view of obtaining husbands. The god was pleased, and he appeared to them and said to them: 'That man with whom you entered the fire in a former birth, and who you asked might be your husband in all subsequent births, was born again as a Yaksha named Dīptaśikha, the brother of Aṭṭahāsa; but he has become a mortal owing to the curse of his master, and has been born as a man named

Śrīdarśana, so you too must go to the world of men and be his wives there; but as soon as the curse terminates, you shall all become Yakshas, husband and wives together.' When Śiva said this, those two Yaksha maidens were born on the earth as Padmishṭhā and Anangamanjarī. They became the wives of Śrīdarśana, and after they had been his wives for some time, that Aṭṭahāsa, as fate would have it, came there in the form of a Brāhman, and by the device of employing an ambiguous speech he managed to utter their names and remind them of their former existence, and this made them abandon that body and become Yakshiṇīs. Know that we are those wives of yours, and you are that Dīptaśikha." When Śrīdarśana had been thus addressed by them, he remembered his former birth, and immediately became the Yaksha Dīptaśikha, and was again duly united to those two wives of his.

"Know therefore, Vichitrakatha, that I am that Yaksha, and that these wives of mine are Jyotirlekhā and Dhūmalekhā. So if creatures of godlike descent, like myself, have to endure such alterations of joy and sorrow, much more then must mortals. But do not be despondent, my son, for in a short time you shall be reunited to your master Mrigānkadatta. And I remained here to entertain you, for this is my earthly dwelling. So stay here; I will accomplish your desire, then I will go to my own home in Kailāsa.'

163. *Story of Mrigānkadatta*

"When the Yaksha had in these words told me his story, he entertained me for some time. And the kind being, knowing that you had arrived here at night, brought me and laid me asleep in the midst of you who were asleep. So I was seen by you, and you have been found by me. This, King, is the history of my adventures during my separation from you."

When Prince Mrigānkadatta had heard at night this tale from his minister Vichitrakatha, who was rightly named,¹ he was much delighted, and so were his other ministers.

¹ The word may mean "man of romantic anecdote."

So, after he had spent that night on the turf of the forest, he went on with those companions of his towards Ujjayinī, having his mind fixed on obtaining Śaśāṅkavatī; and he kept searching for those other companions of his, who were separated by the curse of the Nāga, and whom he had not yet found.

NOTE I.—FOOD-TABOO IN THE UNDERWORLD

The belief that it is dangerous for mortals to eat and drink when in the underworld is widespread, and can in all probability be traced to primitive ideas connected with food-taboos. Among many savage races there exists a highly developed ritual connected with eating, the most common idea being that the taking of food with a stranger is a form of covenant and establishes kinship. The basis of the idea is sympathetic magic. Frazer explains this clearly (*Golden Bough (Taboo and the Perils of the Soul)*, p. 130): "By participation in the same food two men give, as it were, hostages for their good behaviour; each guarantees the other that he will devise no mischief against him, since, being physically united with him by the common food in their stomachs, any harm he might do to his fellow would recoil on his own head with precisely the same force with which it fell on the head of his victim." See further W. Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, London, 1894, p. 269 *et seq.*, and J. A. Macculloch, "Covenant," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. iv, p. 207 *et seq.*

The same rules which hold good in the land of the living also apply to the underworld. Hence when a mortal visits the Shades for one reason or another (usually either to visit or rescue a relation, to get some precious object, to obtain some boon, or merely out of curiosity) he should take great care to touch no food or drink offered him by the dwellers in that dreary land, or he will, *ipso facto*, become one of their countrymen and unable to return to the world above.

The most famous classical example of a person doomed to remain in Hades is undoubtedly that of Proserpine (Gr. Persephone), who was carried off by Pluto to be his queen. Demeter, her sorrowing mother, sought her in vain, and in her despair forbade the earth to yield its increase. For fear of a universal famine Zeus forced Pluto to give up Proserpine. Before doing so, however, he gave her a pomegranate to eat, and by merely tasting of its seeds (some accounts mention a certain number—three or seven) she was bound to return to him periodically.

Thus the introduction of a recognised mythological law—the food-taboo in the underworld—served as an excellent peg on which to hang the poetical description of the gradual decay of vegetation in the autumn, and of its subsequent return to life in the spring. For the story of Proserpine see *Homeric Hymn to Demeter*, p. 371 *et seq.*, p. 411 *et seq.*; and Apollodorus, *Library*, i, v. In his translation of the latter (vol. i, pp. 39-41) Frazer gives other references, and also several analogues to tales about eating in the underworld. Some of them will be referred to later in this note. For the significance of the pomegranate see Frazer, *Pausanias' Description of Greece*, vol. iii, pp. 184, 185.

That the knowledge of the danger of eating in another world was fully recognised in the earliest times known to us is clear from a curious use made of it in a Babylonian myth. The *motif* occurs in the Adapa Legend, as described and translated by M. Jastrow, *Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*,

Boston, 1898, pp. 544-555. The beginning of the story is missing, but when the tablet becomes intelligible we find Adapa, a fisherman, engaged in a contest with the South wind, which is represented in the form of a bird. In anger Adapa breaks the wings of the South wind, and for seven days [i.e. an indefinite period] the wind does not blow. Anu, the God of Heaven, inquires into this strange phenomenon, and on hearing the reason, summons the fisherman into his presence. The god Ea is told to yield him up. Before doing so, however, Ea gives him advice as to how he should behave before Anu. Among other injunctions he says:

"When thou comest before Anu they will offer thee food of death. Do not eat. They will offer thee waters of death. Do not drink. They will offer thee a garment. Put it on. They will offer thee oil. Anoint thyself. The order that I give thee do not neglect. . . ."

Adapa follows his instructions carefully, but as he has now viewed the secrets of heaven, there is nothing left for the gods to do but to admit him to their circle. Accordingly they must make him immortal, and the story continues:

"Now what shall we grant him? Offer him food of life, that he may eat of it. They brought it to him, but he did not eat. Waters of life they brought him, but he did not drink. A garment they brought him. He put it on. Oil they brought him. He anointed himself."

Adapa has followed his instructions *too* carefully, and has failed to notice the trick that Ea has played on him. It was food and waters of *death* he was not to touch, but Adapa was following the principle of taboo for personal safety. Ea, as the god of humanity, would not want his creatures to gain immortality, and so adopted a plan he knew would work.

It is interesting to compare the tree of life in Genesis iii and the precautions taken by God that mortals should not eat of it.

We also find our *motif* in Ancient Egypt, although in this case we are dealing with the dead. On his way to the spirit-land the soul of a dead person was met by a goddess who would offer him food, the taking of which would make his return difficult (not *entirely impossible*, as Frazer implies in *Apollodorus*, vol. i, p. 40). The words of Maspero, which Frazer quotes from *Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient Classiques. Les Origines*, Paris, 1895, p. 184 (see also note 4) are:

"Une déesse, Nouït, Hâthor or Nît, sortait du feuillage à mi-corps, lui tendant un plat couvert de fruits et de pains, un vase rempli d'eau: dès qu'il avait accepté ces dons, il devenait l'hôte de la déesse et ne pouvait plus revenir sur ses pas, à moins de permission spéciale."

See also G. Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, Paris, 1879, etc., vol. ii, pp. 224-227.

Similar beliefs are found among primitive races. For instance the New Caledonians say that when a man dies, messengers come from the other world to guide his soul through the air and over the sea to the spirit-land. There he is welcomed by the other souls and bidden to a banquet, where he is offered food, especially bananas. If he tastes them, his doom is sealed and he can never return to earth. (See Gagnière, *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*,

xxxii, Lyons, 1860, p. 439 *et seq.*) In Melanesia such stories are common. In one tale (given by R. H. Codrington, *The Melanesians*, Oxford, 1891, p. 277 *et seq.*) a woman descended to Panoi, or the underworld, to see her dead brother, after giving herself a death-like smell by using water in which a dead rat had been soaked. She pretended to be a ghost, and thus managed to converse with her brother, who warned her to touch no food, or else she would be permanently retained. (See further on p. 286 of Codrington.)

In New Zealand there is a beautiful story which tells of how Pané died for the love of Hutu. Hutu prayed to the gods for permission to visit her in Reinga. This was granted, but they warned him not to touch any food he might be offered there. See Clarke, *Maori Tales*, 1896, p. 1 *et seq.*; cf. also p. 126. For other similar New Zealand tales see E. Shortland, *Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*, London, 1856, pp. 150-152; and R. Taylor, *Te Ika A Maui, or New Zealand and its Inhabitants*, 2nd edition, London, 1870, p. 271.

Without aggregating further examples it will be seen that the *motif* under consideration was well known in antiquity and is widespread among savage races. It is then only natural that it is also found largely disseminated through epic romances and fairy tales of Europe. In some cases the taboo is put on drink. For instance, in the sixteenth rune of the great Finnish epic, *Kalevala*, we read:

“Wäinämöinen, old and trusty,
Gaz’d awhile upon the tankard;
Lo! within it frogs were spawning,
Worms about its sides were lying.
Words in this wise then he utter’d:
‘Not to drink have I come hither
From the tankard of Manala,
Not to empty Tuoni’s beaker;
They who drink of beer are drowned,
Those who drain the can are ruin’d.’”

See E. S. Hartland, *Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 45, and A. Lang, *Custom and Myth*, p. 171.

In the Danish *Saxo Grammaticus* we read of King Gorm who went with several companions to seek a treasure-land in the north ruled by King Geirröd in the underworld. After many adventures they reached the hall of Gudmund, Geirröd’s brother, where Thorkill, the guide and adviser to the expedition, warned them not to touch food or drink. In spite of the warning some were tempted and were unable to return. In chapter iii of his *Science of Fairy Tales*, Hartland gives Swabian, Lapp, Swedish, Manx, Scottish and Jewish versions. The chief Scottish analogue appears in connection with Thomas of Erceldoune, the Rhymer. See also J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, Glasgow, 1900, p. 17.

The Jewish version is apparently found in several forms, one of which is

given by Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, pp. 506-510. Another version, probably originating in Prague, was told me by Dr Gaster, as follows :—

“There lived in a town a pious man, famed as an expert Mohel (*i.e.* a man who performed the religious ceremony of circumcision). One night someone knocked at his window and asked him to come urgently to perform such a ceremony. Being dark, he did not see the face of the man who called him, but he followed him, and did not notice the way he went. Suddenly he found himself in a house, richly appointed, and in a room there lay a young woman with a new-born babe. He took the child and performed the ceremony, and brought the child back to the mother. She then whispered to him: ‘Take heed, you are here among demons. I am a young Jewess. They have stolen me away, and I am now living here with them. Beware now lest you eat or drink of anything they offer you, for then you will have to remain here. Find some excuse, and do not touch anything.’ He got very frightened, and when they pressed food and drink upon him, as is customary on such occasions, he steadfastly refused, and excused himself by saying that he always fasted whenever he had to perform such a ceremony. When he was on the point of leaving they said to him: ‘Take at least some of the coals that are lying about.’ These, not being food, he wrapped into his coat-tails, and was quickly deposited at the gate of the city, and running home, he dropped some of the coal on the road. In the morning, to his great astonishment, the coal had turned into lumps of gold. The same happened to the pieces he had dropped on the road. They also turned into gold, and hence the street in which they were found was named ‘the Golden Street.’”

The part about the coals turning to gold also occurs in the Swabian version.—N.M.P.

NOTE II.—VAMPIRES

Cf. the vampire stories in Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, especially that of “The Soldier and the Vampire,” p. 314. It seems to me that these stories of Vetālas disprove the assertion of Hertz quoted by Ralston (p. 318), that among races which burn their dead, little is known of regular corpse-spectres, and of Ralston, that vampirism has made those lands peculiarly its own which have been tenanted or greatly influenced by Slavonians. Vetālas seem to be as troublesome in China as in Russia (see Giles' *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, vol. ii, p. 195). In Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, p. 139, there is an interesting story of a vampire who begins by swallowing fowls, goats and sheep, and threatens to swallow men, but his career is promptly arrested by a man born on a Saturday. A great number of vampire stories will be found in the notes to Southey's *Thalaba the Destroyer*, Book VIII, p. 10. See also his poem of *Roprecht the Robber*, Part III. For the lamps or candles fed with human oil see Vol. III, pp. 150-154, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i, p. 312, Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 360, and Kuhn's *Westfälische Märchen*, p. 146.—Tawney is, of course, correct in not accepting the assertions

of Hertz and Ralston with regard to vampires. They exist, in one form or another, in nearly every part of the world, although their nature varies considerably. The method of disposing of the dead must not be regarded as a factor in determining whether a particular race believes in the existence of vampires or not. All races at all times have naturally shown the utmost interest in the condition of the dead and their behaviour in the unknown land. The manner of the person's death, the mode of his life, or any unusual phenomena noticed immediately after his death are all important factors which have helped to foster the belief that the spirit of the dead man, being unable to rest in peace, comes to visit the scenes of his former life, perhaps with the intent of revenge, or through dissatisfaction with his present abode. Hence ghosts, spirits and vampires play a very important part in the beliefs and superstitions throughout the world, and we find it hard to classify either the spirits or the beliefs.

One definite and widespread belief is that the dead, who for one reason or another are discontented, wish to return to the world of the living. Blood being the vehicle, or sign, of life, it is only reasonable that the first thing the pallid ghost wants is a fresh supply of blood. Naturally he can only get this by taking it from the living; hence he returns to the scenes of his former life and sucks blood from people in their sleep. This is the generally recognised idea of a vampire. Thus when the lack of medical knowledge among certain peoples failed to account for the gradual weakening and wasting away of a person, they imagined that a demon must be stealing his blood.

The thirst of the dead for human blood is well known from the classical example of Odysseus in Hades (*Od.*, xi, 34 *et seq.*) and the trouble he had in keeping the shades from reviving their strength by drinking his blood. In order to prevent the dead from robbing the living in this way, the custom has arisen of pouring blood over graves. (See Frazer, *Golden Bough* (*The Magic Art*), vol. i, p. 98; ditto (*Belief in Immortality*), vol. i, p. 159 *et seq.*)

In order to understand to what extent the Vetāla of Hindu folk-tales is a vampire, we must try to define the term rather more closely. In his article "Vampire," in *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. xii, pp. 589-591, J. A. Macculloch says that a vampire may be defined as (1) the spirit of a dead man, or (2) his corpse, reanimated by his own spirit or by a demon, returning to sap the life of the living, by depriving them of blood or of some essential organ, in order to augment its own vitality. It will consequently be realised how widely the term vampire can be applied and how impossible it would be to differentiate, with any degree of exactness, between a demon, evil spirit, ghost and vampire. The vampire, as a demon that revitalises the corpses of perfectly innocent people, is found throughout Greece, Russia, India and China, and also in Polynesia, Melanesia and Indonesia. The more usual form of vampire, however, is a corpse reanimated by *his own* spirit and dealing out death and destruction in whatever unlucky household he chooses to pay his nocturnal visits.

Numerous hair-raising tales are to be found throughout Europe, especially in the Balkans and Russia. A number of these tales will be found in a popular little work by Dudley Wright, *Vampires and Vampirism*, 2nd edition, 1924.

Consequent on the belief of the terrible results brought about by vampires is the assurance of the power to put a stop to their evil deeds if the necessary rites of riddance are carried out. These again differ largely with the locality. The usual method, however, is to pierce the body of the supposed vampire with a sharpened stake, and to reduce it to ashes.

The body must be transfixcd by a single blow, for two blows would restore it to life. (For this curious idea *cf.* *Ocean*, Vol. III, p. 268. To the notes given on that page I would add: Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. iii, p. 23; Dawkins, *Modern Greek in Asia Minor*, pp. 226, 373.) Great care had to be taken to push back into the flames any creature, however small, that was seen to issue from them while the body was being reduced to ashes, for the vampire might have easily embodied itself in one of them. It was easy to recognise a vampire once suspicions had been aroused, because the corpse would be found in a state of perfect preservation, with blood freely flowing through the body, and often with a bloody mouth, fresh from its last feast of human flesh. In many cases the skin and nails of the body would be found loose, and would fall away when touched, but underneath a perfectly new skin and new nails would appear.

The reasons given to account for vampires in European countries are numerous. People who had been excommunicated, who had committed suicide, who had died under peculiar conditions, or in a state of "uncleanliness," who were thought to have been witches or magicians—all these were likely to become vampires. Furthermore, they were always anxious to swell their ranks, and a perfectly innocent corpse might *nolens volens* become a vampire through some animal, especially a cat, jumping over its grave.

Whether the blood-sucking vampire had its origin in Europe is, of course, impossible to say; but such evidence as exists seems to favour some ancient Balkan people, rather than the Slavs, as the creators of the belief—the very word *vampire* is of Serbian origin. It is found among all Balkan nations and in Rumania, where it is known as *strigoiu*, which stands in close connection with similar words like *strega* in the Romance, Slavonic, Albanian and Greek languages. Dr Gaster refers me to Buerger's *Leonora*, the famous ballad, round which so many vampire tales have arisen. See L. Şăinănu, *Basmele Române*, Bucuresti, 1895, p. 874 *et seq.* It is interesting to note that there is no trace of vampires in Jewish literature.

The vampires found in the East and among primitive races do not possess such clearly defined attributes as attach themselves to those of Eastern Europe. They can better be classified under the general heading of "demons" or "spirits of the departed," though in some cases, as with the Langsuir and Pontianak of the Malay Archipelago, the vampire element shows itself strongly.

The earliest references to unmistakable vampires are those in the Assyrian tablets translated by Campbell Thompson in his *Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia* (see vol. i, p. 71). Here we hear of the "Seven Spirits" who are described in a charm as saying: "We go on our hands, so that we may eat flesh, and we crawl upon our hands, so that we may drink blood." Their vampire nature is still better shown in the Assyrian incantation:

“Knowing no mercy, they rage against mankind,
 They spill their blood like rain,
 Devouring their flesh and sucking their veins . . .
 They are demons full of violence,
 Ceaselessly devouring blood.
 Invoke the ban against them,
 That they no more return to this neighbourhood.
 By Heaven be ye exorcised!
 By Earth be ye exorcised!”

For an actual representation of an Assyrian vampire, Mr Campbell Thompson refers me to the reproduction of a seal in *Revue d'Assyriologie*, vol. vii, 1910, p. 61.

Space will not permit even the mention of the vampire-type of spirit in other countries, but in every case their deeds are of the bloodiest, and they are altogether most objectionable creatures.

Now when we come to compare the extra-Indic vampire with the Hindu variety, we notice certain marked differences. As far as the *Ocean of Story* is concerned, the “Demons” which appear are Rākshasa, Piśācha, Vetāla, Bhūta, Dasyus, Kumbhāṇḍa and Kushmāṇḍa (see Vol. I, p. 197 *et seq.*). Of these that most resembling the European vampire is probably the Rākshasa, and readers will remember the horrible description in Vol. II, pp. 197, 198, and the way in which Vijayadatta became a Rākshasa.

In real Indian life, however, these form but a very insignificant part of the huge array of demons and spirits known and feared throughout the country, particularly by forest tribes and lower castes. It would be impossible to enumerate them all. In South India they are known by the collective term Bhūta, which includes three classes—Bhūta, Preta and Piśācha. For the description of them see M. J. Walhouse, *Journ. Anth. Inst.*, vol. v, 1876, p. 408 *et seq.* In Gujarat both the Bhūta and Preta reanimate corpses and cause no end of trouble.

Now the Vetāla, which is seen in all its glory in the present work, is a curious individual. He is the Deccan Guardian, in which capacity he sits on a stone smeared with red paint, or is found in the prehistoric stone circles scattered over the hills. In fiction, however, he appears as a mischievous goblin, and that is how we find him in the *Ocean*. A study of his actions will show him to be quite above the ordinary run of such demons. He is always ready to play some rather grim, practical joke on any unwary person who chances to wander near burning-ghats at night, for here are corpses lying about or hanging from stakes, and what more effective means could be formed to frighten the life out of humans than by tenanting a corpse!

I would describe the Vetāla as “sporting,” in that he has an innate admiration for bravery and is perfectly ready to own himself beaten, and even to help and advise. In the Vetāla tales, which begin on p. 165 of this volume, we shall see that as soon as the Vetāla discovers the persistence and bravery of Trivikramasena, he at once warns him of the foul intents of the mendicant. We have also seen that even the Rākshasa can become quite tame, and act the part of a kind of Arabian *jinn* who appears on thought (Vol. I, p. 50). Thus

we see that the Vetāla of Hindu fiction is by no means an exact counterpart of the blood-sucking vampire of Eastern Europe who never had a good intention or decent thought in his whole career.

Apart from the references already given, much information will be found in the numerous articles on "Demons and Spirits" in *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. iv, pp. 565-636. See also R. Andree, *Ethnographische Parallelen und Vergleiche*, Stuttgart, 1878-1889; A. Calmet, *Traité sur les apparitions des esprits et sur les vampires*, Paris, 1751 (Engl. trans., *The Phantom World*, London, 1850); S. Hock, *Die Vampyrsgagen und ihre Verwertung in der deutschen Litteratur*, Berlin, 1900; Hovorka and Kronfeld, *Vergleichende Volksmedizin*, Berlin, 1908-1909; and Ranft, *Tractat von dem Kauen und Schmatzen der Todten in Gräbern*, Leipzig, 1734.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXIV

163. *Story of Mrigānkadatta*

THEN Mrigānkadatta, as he gradually travelled along in the Vindhya forest, accompanied by those ministers, Śrutadhi and the four others, reached a wood, which was refreshing with the shade of its goodly fruit-laden trees, and in which there was a tank of very pure sweet cold water. He bathed in it with his ministers and ate many fruits, and lo ! he suddenly thought that he heard conversation in a place shut in with creepers. So he went and looked into that bower of creepers, and he saw inside it a great elephant, which was refreshing a blind way-worn man by throwing over him showers of water from his trunk, by giving him fruits, and fanning him with his ears. And like a kind man, the elephant said to him lovingly, over and over again, with articulate voice : “ Do you feel at all better ? ” When the prince saw that he was astonished, and he said to his companions : “ Look ! how comes it that a wild elephant conducts itself like a man ? So you may be sure that this is some higher being translated into this form for some reason. And this man is very like my friend Prachāṇḍasakti. But he is blind. So let us keep a sharp look-out.”

When Mrigānkadatta had said this to his friends, he remained there concealed, and listened attentively. In the meanwhile the blind man recovered a little, and the elephant said to him : “ Tell me, who are you, and how did you come here, being blind ? ” Then the blind man said to that mighty elephant : “ There is in this land a king of the name of Amara-datta, lord of the city of Ayodhyā ; he has a son of excellent qualities, named Mrigānkadatta, of auspicious birth, and I am that prince’s servant. For some reason or other his father banished him from his native land, with us his ten companions. We had set out for Ujjayinī to obtain Śaśān-kavatī, when we were separated in the forest by the curse

of a Nāga. And I was blinded by his curse, and wandering about I have arrived here, living on the fruits, and roots, and water I could get on the way. And to me death by falling into a chasm, or in some other way, would be most desirable, but alas ! Providence has not bestowed it on me, but makes me endure calamity. However I feel convinced that, as my pangs of hunger have been to-day assuaged by your favour, so my blindness also will be somewhat alleviated, for you are a divinity." When he said this, Mṛigāṅkadatta felt certain who he was, and with a mind wavering between joy and grief he said to those ministers : "It is our friend Prachāṇḍasakti that is reduced to this melancholy state, but it will not do for us to be in a hurry to greet him immediately. Perhaps this elephant will cure his blindness. But if he were to see us, he would flee away ; so we must stop here and look at him." When the prince had said this, he remained listening with his followers. Then Prachāṇḍasakti said to that elephant : "Now, great-souled one, tell me your history : who are you ? How comes it that, though you are an elephant, and are subject to the fury of elephants, you speak in this gentle way ?" When the great elephant heard this he sighed, and said to him : "Listen ! I will tell you my story from the beginning.

"Long ago, in the city of Ekalavyā, there was a king named Śrutadhara, and he had two sons by two wives. When the king went to heaven, his younger son, named Satyadhara, *Bhīmabhaṭa* expelled the elder son, named Śiladhara, from the *and* throne. Śiladhara was angry on that account, *Samarabhaṭa* so he went and propitiated Śiva, and craved the following boon from the god, who was pleased with his asceticism : 'May I become a Gandharva, in order that I may be able to move through the air, and so slay with ease that kinsman of mine, Satyadhara !' When the holy god Śiva heard this, he said to him : 'This boon shall be granted to thee, but that enemy of thine has to-day died a natural death. And he shall be again born in the city of Rāḍhā, as Samarabhaṭa, the favourite son of King Ugrabhaṭa. But thou shalt be born as Bhīmabhaṭa, his elder brother by a different mother, and thou shalt kill him and rule the kingdom.

But because thou didst perform these ascetic penances under the influence of anger, thou shalt be hurled from thy rank by the curse of a hermit and become a wild elephant that remembers its birth and possesses articulate speech, and when thou shalt comfort a guest in distress and tell him thy history, then thou shalt be freed from thy elephant-nature and become a Gandharva, and at the same time a great benefit will be conferred upon that guest.' When Śiva had said this he disappeared, and Śiladhara, seeing that his body was emaciated by long penance, flung himself into the Ganges.

"At this point of my tale it happened that, while that king named Ugrabhaṭa, whom I have before mentioned, was living happily in the city of Rāḍhā with his wife Manoramā, who was equal to him in birth, there came to his court from a foreign country an actor named Lāsaka. And he exhibited before the king that dramatic piece in which Viṣṇu, in the form of a woman, carries off the *amṛita* from the Daityas. And in that piece the king saw the actor's daughter Lāsavatī dancing in the character of Amṛitikā. When he saw her beauty, that was like that of the real *Amṛita*, with which Viṣṇu bewildered the Dānavas, he fell in love with her. And at the end of the dance he gave her father much wealth, and immediately introduced her into his harem. And then he married that dancer Lāsavatī, and lived with her, having his eyes riveted upon her face. One day he said to his chaplain named Yajuḥsvāmin: "I have no son, so perform a sacrifice in order to procure me a son." The chaplain obeyed, and performed duly, with the help of learned Brāhmins, a sacrifice for that king's benefit. And, as he had been previously gained over by Manoramā, he gave her to eat, as being the elder queen, the first half of the oblation purified with holy texts.¹ And he gave the rest to the second queen, Lāsavatī. Then those two, Śiladhara and Satyadhara, whom I have before mentioned, were conceived in those two queens. And when the time came, Manoramā, the consort of that king, brought forth a son with auspicious marks. And at that moment a distinct utterance was heard from heaven: 'This child who is born shall be a famous king under the name of

¹ Cf. Vol. III, pp. 218, 218n¹, 219.

Bhīmabhāṭa.' On the next day Lāsavatī also brought forth a son, and the king, his father, gave him the name of Samarabhāṭa. And the usual sacraments were performed for them, and the two boys gradually grew up. But the elder, Bhīmabhāṭa, surpassed the younger in all accomplishments, and rivalry in these increased the natural ill-feeling between them.

"One day, as they were engaged in wrestling, Samarabhāṭa, being jealous, struck Bhīmabhāṭa with his arm with great force on the neck. Then Bhīmabhāṭa was enraged, and immediately throwing his arms round Samarabhāṭa, he lifted him up and flung him on the ground. The fall gave him a severe shock, and his servants took him up, and carried him to his

*Bhīmabhāṭa
banished from
his Father's
Court*

mother, discharging blood from all the apertures in his body. When she saw him, and found out what had taken place, she was alarmed on account of her love for him, and she laid her face close to his and wept bitterly. At that moment the king entered, and when he saw this sight he was much troubled in mind, and asked Lāsavatī what it meant, and she gave the following answer: 'This son of mine has been reduced to this state by Bhīmabhāṭa. And he is always ill-treating him, but I have never told you, King; however, now that I have seen this, I must say I cannot¹ understand how your Majesty can be safe with such a son as this: but let your Majesty decide.' When King Ugrabhāṭa was thus appealed to by his favourite wife, he was angry, and banished Bhīmabhāṭa from his court. And he took away from him his allowance, and appointed a hundred Rajputs with their retainers to guard that Samarabhāṭa. And he put his treasury at the disposal of the younger son, but he drove the elder son from his presence, and took away all that he possessed.

"Then his mother, Manoramā, sent for him and said: 'Your father has thrown you over, because he is in love with a dancer. So go to the palace of my father in Pāṭaliputra, and when you arrive there, your grandfather will give you his kingdom, for he has no son. But if you remain here, your enemy, this Samarabhāṭa, will kill you, for he is powerful.' When Bhīmabhāṭa heard this speech of his mother's, he said:

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *na* for *tu*.

‘I am a Kshatriya, and I will not sneak away from my native land, like a coward. Be of good cheer, mother! what wretch is able to injure me?’ When he said this, his mother answered him: ‘Then procure a numerous body of companions to guard you, by means of my wealth.’ When Bhīmabhāṭa heard this proposal, he said: ‘Mother, this is not becoming; for if I did this I should be really opposing my father. You may be quite at your ease, for your blessing alone will procure me good fortune.’ When Bhīmabhāṭa had encouraged her with these words he left her. In the meanwhile all the citizens came to hear of it, and they thought, ‘Alas! a great injustice has been done to Bhīmabhāṭa by the king. Surely Samarabhāṭa does not think he is going to rob him of the kingdom. Well, it is an opportunity for us to do him a service before he comes to the throne.’ Having formed this resolution, the citizens secretly supplied Bhīmabhāṭa with such abundance of wealth that he lived in great comfort with his servants. But the younger brother was ever on the look-out to kill his elder brother, supposing that this was his father’s object in furnishing him with a guard.

“In the meanwhile a heroic and wealthy young Brāhman, of the name of Sankhadatta, who was a friend of both brothers, came and said to Samarabhāṭa: ‘You ought not to carry on hostility with your elder brother; it is not right, and you cannot do him an injury: on the contrary the result of a quarrel would be disgraceful to you.’ When he said this, Samarabhāṭa abused and threatened him; good advice given to a fool does not calm but rather enrages him. Then the resolute Sankhadatta went away indignant at this treatment, and made a strict friendship with Bhīmabhāṭa, in order to have the opportunity of conquering Samarabhāṭa.

“Then a merchant, of the name of Maṇidatta, came there from a foreign country, bringing with him an excellent horse: it was as white as the moon; the sound of its neighing was as musical as that of a clear conch or other sweet-sounding instrument; it looked like the waves of the sea of milk surging on high; it was marked with curls on the neck; and adorned with the crest-jewel, the bracelet, and other

signs, which it seemed as if it had acquired by being born in the race of the Gandharvas.

“When Bhīmabhāṭa heard of that splendid horse, which was mentioned to him by Sankhadatta, he went and bought it for a high price from that merchant-prince. At that moment Samarabhāṭa, hearing of it, came and tried to buy the horse from the merchant for double the price. But he refused to give it him, as it had already been sold to another. Then Samarabhāṭa, out of envy, proceeded to carry it off by force. Then there took place a fierce combat between those two princes, as the adherents of both came running up with weapons in their hands. Then the mighty arm of Bhīmabhāṭa laid low the attendants of Samarabhāṭa, and he himself abandoned the horse, and began to retire through fear of his brother. But as he was retiring, Sankhadatta, full of overpowering anger, pursued him, and laying hold of his hair behind, was on the point of killing him, when Bhīmabhāṭa rushed up and prevented him, saying: ‘Let be for the present; it would be a grief to my father.’ Then Sankhadatta let Samarabhāṭa go, and he fled in fear, discharging blood from his wounds, and repaired to his father.

“Then the brave Bhīmabhāṭa took possession of the horse, and immediately a Brāhman came up to him and, taking him aside, said to him: ‘Your mother the queen Manoramā, and the chaplain Yajñsvāmin, and Sumati, the minister of your father, send you the following advice at this juncture: “You know,¹ dear boy, how the king is always affected towards you, and he is especially angry with you at present, now this misfortune has happened. So if you feel disposed to save your own life, and to preserve glory, and justice inviolate, if you have any regard for the future, if you consider us well disposed towards you, leave this place unobserved this very evening, as soon as the sun has set, and make for the palace of your maternal grandfather, and may good fortune attend you.” This is the message they gave me for you, and they sent you this casket full of precious jewels and gold: receive it from my hand.’ When the wise Bhīma-

¹ I read *jānāsi* with the Sanskrit College MS. instead of *jānāmi* which Dr Brockhaus gives in his text.

bhata heard this message, he accepted it, saying : ' I consent to act thus ' ; and he took that casket of gold and valuable jewels. And he gave him an appropriate message to take back, and then dismissed him, and mounted that horse, sword in hand. And Sankhadatta took some gold and jewels, and mounted another horse. And then Prince Bhimabhata set out with him, and after he had gone a long distance he reached at dead of night a great thicket of reeds that lay in his way. As he and his companion pursued their course through it without stopping, a couple of lions, roused by the noise which the reeds made when trampled by the horses' hoofs, rushed out roaring, with their cubs, and began to rip up the bellies of the horses with their claws. And immediately the hero and his companion cut off the limbs of the lions with their swords, and killed them.

"Then he got down with his friend to look at the state of the two horses, but as their entrails were torn out, they immediately fell down dead. When Bhimabhata saw that he felt despondent, and he said to Sankhadatta : ' Friend, by a great effort we have escaped from our hostile relatives. Tell me where, though by a hundred efforts, shall we find an escape from Fate, who has now smitten us even here, not so much as allowing us to retain our horses. The very horse for which I abandoned my native land is dead ; so how can we travel on foot through this forest at night ? ' When he said this, his friend Sankhadatta answered him : ' It is no new thing for hostile Fate to conquer courage. This is its nature, but it is conquered by firm endurance. What can Fate do against a firm unshaken man, any more than the wind against a mountain ? So come, let us mount upon the horse of endurance and so plod on here.' When Sankhadatta said this, Bhimabhata set out with him. Then they slowly crossed that thicket, wounding their feet with the canes, and at last the night came to an end. And the sun, the lamp of the world,¹ arose, dispelling the darkness of night, and the lotus-flowers in the

¹ See Vol. V, p. 190. With us it is the moon that is the "lamp of Heaven," while Milton (*Comus*, 200-204) calls the stars "lamps." But Shakespeare refers to the setting sun as a "sleepy lamp" (*All's Well*, ii, 1, 167), and in Greek mythology we have the "Lamp of Phœbus."—N.M.P.

lotus-clumps, by the side of their path, with their expanding cups and the sweet murmur of their bees, seemed to be looking at one another and saying : 'It is a happy thing that this Bhīrabhāṭa has crossed this thicket full of lions and other dangerous animals.'

"So travelling on, he at last reached with his friend the sandy shore of the Ganges, dotted with the huts of hermits. There he drank its sweet waters, which seemed to be impregnated with the nectar of the moon, from dwelling on the head of Śiva, and he bathed in them, and felt refreshed. And he ate, by way of sustenance, some venison, which they had bought from a hunter whom they happened to meet, and which Śankhadatta brought to him roasted. And seeing that the Ganges was full and difficult to cross, for with its waves uplifted like hands it seemed again and again to warn him back, he proceeded to roam along the bank of the river. And there he saw a young Brāhman in the court of an out-of-the-way hut, engaged in the study of the Vedas. So he went up to him and said : 'Who are you, and what are you doing in this solitary place ?' Then the young Brāhman answered him :

"I am Nīlakaṇṭha, the son of a Brāhman named Śrīkaṇṭha, who lived at Vārāṇasī; and after all the ceremonies had been performed for me, and I had learnt knowledge in the *The Reward of Virtue* family of my spiritual preceptor, I returned home and found all my relations dead. That left me helpless and poor; and as I was not in a position to carry on the duties of a householder I became despondent, and repaired to this place, and had recourse to severe asceticism. Then the goddess Gangā gave me some fruits in a dream, and said to me : "Remain here, living on these fruits, until you obtain your desire." Then I woke up and went and bathed, and when the morning came, I found in the water some fruits, that had been washed here by the stream of the Ganges. I brought those fruits, delicious as nectar, into my hut, and ate them there, and so I remain here engaged in asceticism, receiving these fruits day by day.'

"When he said this, Bhīrabhāṭa said to Śankhadatta : 'I will give this virtuous youth enough wealth to enable him to enter the householder-state.' Śankhadatta approved his

speech. Whereupon the prince gave the Brāhman the wealth that his mother gave him. For what is the use of the greatness of great ones, who have abundant courage and wealth, if they do not put a stop to the sufferings of their neighbour as soon as they hear of them ?

“And after he had made the fortune of the Brāhman, Bhimabhata searched in every direction for some means of crossing the Ganges, but could not find any. Then he tied his ornaments and sword on his head, and plunged in with Sankhadatta to swim across it.

“And in the middle of the river the current carried his friend to a distance from him, and he himself was swept away by the waves, and reached the bank with difficulty. When he reached the other side he could not see his friend Sankhadatta, and while he was looking for him the sun set. Then he began to despair, and exclaimed in bitter grief : ‘Alas my friend !’ And it being now the beginning of the night, he prepared to drown himself in the waters of the Ganges. He said : ‘Goddess Jāhnavī, you have taken from me my life in the form of my friend, so now receive also this empty vessel of my body’ ; and he was on the point of plunging in, when Gangā appeared to him from the middle of the flood. And pleased with his violent agitation, she said to him then and there : ‘Do not act rashly, my son ! your friend is alive, and in a short time you shall be united with him. Now receive from me this charm, called “Forwards and Backwards.” If a man repeats it forwards, he will become invisible to his neighbour, but if he repeats it backwards, he will assume whatever shape he desires.¹ Such is the force of this charm

¹ For European methods of attaining invisibility see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i, p. 315 ; Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. ii, pp. 29, 31 ; Kuhn, *Westfälische Märchen*, vol. i, p. 276 ; ii, p. 177. The virtues of the Tarnkappe are well known. In Europe great results are expected from reciting certain sacred formulæ backwards. A somewhat similar belief appears to exist among the Buddhists. Milton's “backward muttering of disserving charms” is perhaps hardly a case in point.—This principle was well known in Ancient India from the *Rigvidhāna*, i, 15, 4-6. See also Caland, *Altindisches Zauberritual*, Amsterdam, 1900, p. 184. Crooke (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 278-279) describes an interesting form of black magic among Mohammedans of Northern India. When the death of an enemy is

only seven syllables long, and by its help you shall become a king on this earth.' When the goddess Gangā had said this, and given him the charm, she disappeared from his eyes, and he gave up the idea of suicide, now that he had got a hope of regaining his friend and of other successes. And being anxious to regain his friend, he passed the night in impatience, like the lotus-flower, and the next morning he set out in search of him.

"Then, as he was travelling about in search of Śankhadatta, he one day reached alone the district of Lāṭa,¹ where, though the colours of the castes are not mixed, the people lead a diversified and richly coloured life, which, though a seat of fine arts, is not reputed a home of crimes.² In this city he wandered about, looking at the temples and the dwelling-houses, and at last he reached a hall of gamblers. He entered it and saw a number of fraudulent dice-players, who, though

desired, a doll is made from earth taken from a grave, and various sentences of the Qurān are read backwards over twenty-one small wooden pegs. The officiant is to repeat the spell three times over each peg, and is then to strike them so as to pierce various parts of the body of the image. See, further, Herklots' *Qānūn-i-Islām*, p. 222 *et seq.* The custom of repeating prayers or verses backwards has been noticed in English folk-lore. See, e.g., Henderson, *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 32, and Gregor, *Folk-Lore of North-east Scotland*, p. 183. J. F. Bladé, *Quatorze superstitions populaires de la Gascogne*, Agen, 1883, p. 16 *et seq.*, quotes a curious means of taking revenge among unscrupulous Gascon peasants. They find a wicked priest who will say the Mass of St Sécaire, which has to take place at midnight in an old and deserted church. One of the chief features of the ritual is that the mass has to be said backwards, and after all the rites are duly performed the victim will die gradually of an unexplained and puzzling malady.—N.M.P.

¹ This corresponds to Southern Gujarat, including Khandesh, situated between the River Mahi and the Lower Tapti. It is the *Λαρικη* of Ptolemy, the Lāṭhikā of the Dhauli inscription, and the Rāshṭikā (Risṭhika) of the Gīrnār inscription of Aśoka. Marco Polo speaks of the Province of Lar, and Yule (*Marco Polo*, vol. ii, p. 367n¹) says Lāt-desā "was an early name for the territory of Guzerat and the northern Konkan, embracing Saimur, Tana and Baroch." He adds: "The sea to the west of that coast was in early Mahomedan times called the Sea of Lār, and the language spoken on its shores is called by Mas'udi Lār." For further references see Nundolal Dey, *op. cit.*; *Ind. Ant.*, vol. li, 1922, p. 114.—N.M.P.

² An elaborate pun! *varṇa* = caste and also colour: *kalā* = digit of the moon and accomplishment, or fine art: *doshākara* = mine of crimes and also the moon.

they were clothed in a loin-rag only, showed by their handsome, well-shaped, stout limbs, which indicated good living and plenty of exercise, that they were men of rank though they concealed it, and that they had resorted to that occupation for the sake of making money. They began to talk to him, so he sat down to play with them, and they fancied that they would make a fine thing out of him and his ornaments. Then he beat them at the dice-play, and won from the rogues all the wealth which they had acquired by cheating others.

“Then those gamblers, having lost their wealth, were preparing to go home, when Bhīmabhāṭa set his arms against the door and stopped them, and said to them : ‘Where are you going ? Take back this wealth ; I do not want it. I must give it away to my friends, and are not you my friends ? Where can I find ¹ such dear friends as you ?’ When he said this, and they declined to take the money out of shame, a gambler there, of the name of Akshakshapaṇaka, said : ‘Undoubtedly it is the definition of gambling that what is won is not returned ; but if this gentleman becomes our friend, and gives us of his own accord wealth which he has fairly won, why should we not take it ?’ The others, when they heard this, exclaimed : ‘It is fitting, if he makes such an eternal friendship with us.’ When they said this he came to the conclusion that they were men of spirit, and he at once consented to swear eternal friendship to them, and gave them back their wealth. And at their request he went into a garden with them and their families, and refreshed himself with food, and wine, and other luxuries, supplied by them. Then, at the request of Akshakshapaṇaka and the others, he told his name, race and history, and asked them also for theirs. Then Akshakshapaṇaka told him the story of his life.

163F. *Akshakshapaṇaka and the Wooden Doll*

There lived in Hastināpura a Brāhman named Sivadatta, a very rich man, and I am his son, and my real name is Vasudatta. And in my youth I learnt skill in arms as well as in the Vedas. Then my father made me marry a

¹ I read *prāpnomyaham*, the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

wife from a family equal in rank to my own. But my mother was a great scold, implacable, and very passionate. And she worried my father so intolerably that as soon as I was married he left his home and went away to some place where he could not be traced. When I saw that, I was afraid, and I earnestly enjoined on my wife to study carefully my mother's disposition, and she, being terrified, did so. But my mother was bent on quarrelling, and it was impossible for my wife to please her in any way. The ill-natured woman interpreted her silence as contempt, her plaintive lamentation as hypocrisy, and her attempts at explanation as wrangling. For who can deprive the fire of its tendency to burn? Then her disagreeable behaviour in a short time worried my wife also so much, that she left the house and fled I know not where.

Then I was so despondent that I made up my mind to abandon family life; but my wretched relations assembled together and forced me to take another wife. That second wife of mine also was so worried by my mother, that she committed suicide by hanging herself. Then I was exceedingly vexed, and I determined to go to another country. And when my relations tried to prevent me, I told them of the wickedness of my mother. They assigned another reason for my father's leaving the country, and would not believe my story; so I adopted the following artifice. I had a wooden doll made, and pretended to marry it privately as a third wife, and I brought it and placed it in another secluded house which I locked up. And I made another female puppet to guard her, dressed like a servant. And I said to my mother: "I have put this wife of mine in a separate house; so you and I must for the present remain apart from her in our own house: you must not go there and she must not come here. For she is timid as yet, and does not know how to win your affection." To this arrangement my mother gave her consent.

After some days had elapsed, my mother, finding that she could not manage anyhow to get at that supposed daughter-in-law of hers, who was in a private house kept always locked, took a stone one day and struck herself on the head, and remained in the courtyard in front of her own house, streaming

with blood, and lamenting with loud cries. Then I and all my relations came in, hearing the cries, and when we saw her we said : " Tell us, what is the matter ? " When we asked her this question, she said spitefully : " My daughter-in-law came without any reason and reduced me to this state ; so now my only remedy is death." When my relations heard this, they were furious, and they took her and me with them to the house where I kept the wooden doll. They removed the fastening, and opened the door, and went in, and lo ! they saw nothing there but a wooden doll. Then they laughed at my mother, who was covered with shame, having imposed on no one but herself, and they began to repose confidence in what I had said, and so they went away again.

And I left that country and travelled about till I came to this region, and here I happened to enter a gambling-hall. And there I saw these five men playing—this man named Chaṇḍabhujanga, and that Pāśupaṭa, and this Śmaśānavetāla, and that Kālavarāṭaka, and this Śāriprastara—heroes equal in valour. And I gambled with them on this mutual understanding, that whoever was conquered should be the slave of the conqueror. Then they became my slaves by being beaten by me in gambling, but I have become their slave by being won over by their good qualities. And dwelling with them I have forgotten my woes.

So know that here I bear the name of Akshakshapaṇaka,¹ a name suited to my condition. Here I have lived with these excellent men of good family, who conceal their real position, and now you have joined us. So now you are our chief ; and it was with this view that we took that money of yours originally, being charmed with your virtues.

163. *Story of Mṛigāṅkadatta*

" When Akshakshapaṇaka had told his story in these words, all the others in succession also told their adventures. And Prince Bhīmabhaṭa perceived that his friends were heroes, who had disguised their real character by taking up gambling practices for the sake of gaining wealth, so he had much more

¹ *I.e.* dice-mendicant.

pleasant chat with them, and spent the day in amusement; and then seeing that the eastern quarter had adorned its face with the rising moon, as with an ornamental patch,¹ he went from that garden with Akshakshapaṇaka and the other six to their dwelling. And while he was there with them the rainy season arrived, seeming to announce with the roarings of its joyous clouds his recovery of his friend. And then the impetuous river there, named Vipāśā, that flowed into the sea, was filled with an influx of sea-water and began to flow backwards, and it deluged that shore with a great inundation, and then, owing to the cessation of that influx,² it seemed to flow on again to the sea. Now at that time the sudden influx of sea-water brought in a great fish, and on account of its unwieldy size it was stranded on the bank of the river. And the inhabitants, when they saw the fish stranded, ran forward with all kinds of weapons to kill it, and ripped open its stomach. And when its stomach was cut open, there came out of it alive a young Brāhman; and the people, astonished at that strange sight, raised a shout.³ When Bhīmabhāṭa heard that, he went there with his friends, and saw his friend Śankhadatta, who had just issued from the inside of the fish. So he ran and embraced him, and bedewed him with copious tears, as if he wished to wash off the evil smell he had contracted by living in the gulf of the fish's maw.⁴ Śankhadatta, for his part, having escaped that calamity, and having found and embraced his friend, went from joy to joy. Then being questioned out of curiosity by Bhīmabhāṭa, he gave this brief account of his adventures.

“ ‘On that occasion, when I was swept out of your sight by the force of the waves of the Ganges, I was suddenly swallowed by a very large fish. Then I remained for a long time inside the capacious habitation of his stomach, eating

¹ I.e. *ṭikā*, or more possibly *tilaka*. For details see Vol. II, pp. 22n³, 23n. —N.M.P.

² I conjecture *oghaprasāntyaiva*.

³ Cf. No. lxvi in the English *Gesta*, p. 298 of Herrtage's edition, and the end of No. xii of Miss Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*. See also Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, pp. 83, 84. —See Vol. II, pp. 192, 193, 193n¹. —N.M.P.

⁴ Cf. *Odyssey*, Book IV, pp. 441-442.

in my hunger his flesh, which I cut off with a knife. To-day Providence somehow or other brought this fish here, and threw it up upon the bank, so that it was killed by these men and I was taken out of its stomach. *Sankhadatta is swallowed by a Fish* I have seen again you and the light of the sun; the horizon has been once more illuminated for me. This, my friend, is the story of my adventures; I know no more than this.'

"When Sankhadatta said this, Bhīmabhāṭa and all that were present exclaimed in astonishment: 'To think that he should have been swallowed in the Ganges by a fish, and that that fish should have got into the sea, and then that from the sea it should have been brought into the Vipāśā, and that it should have been killed, and then that Sankhadatta should have come out of it alive! Ah! the way of fate is inscrutable, and wonderful are its works!' While uttering such remarks with Akshakshapanaka and the others, Bhīmabhāṭa took Sankhadatta to his own dwelling. And there in the high delight he entertained, with a bath, clothes and other needful things, his friend, who had, as it were, been born a second time with the same body from the belly of a fish.

"And while Bhīmabhāṭa was living with him in that country, there came on there a festive procession in honour of Vāsuki, the King of the Snakes. In order to see it, the prince went, surrounded with his friends, to the temple of that chief of the snakes, where great crowds were assembling. He worshipped there in the temple, where his idol was, which was full of long wreaths¹ of flowers in form like serpents, and which therefore resembled the abyss of Pātāla; and then going in a southerly direction, he beheld a great lake sacred to Vāsuki, studded with red lotuses, resembling the concentrated gleams of the brilliance of the jewels on snakes' crests,² and encircled with blue lotuses, which seemed like clouds of smoke from the fire of snake-poison, overhung with trees, that seemed to be worshipping with their flowers blown down by the wind. When he saw it, he said to himself in

¹ I read *dāmabhiḥ* for *dhāmabhiḥ*.

² Benfey (*Pantschatantra*, vol. i, p. 214*n*) traces this superstition through all countries.—See Vol. IV, p. 245, 245*n*¹.—N.M.P.

astonishment : ‘ Compared with this expanded lake, that sea from which Viṣṇu carried off the Goddess of Fortune seems to me to be only worthy of neglect, for its fortune of beauty is not to be taken from it by anything else.’¹ In the meanwhile he saw a maiden, who had come there to bathe, by name Hamsāvalī, the beautiful daughter of Chandrāditya, King of Lāṭa, by Kuvalayavatī; her mortal nature, which was concealed by all her other members moulded like those of gods, was revealed by the winking of her rolling eye. She had ten million perfections darting forth from her flower-soft body, she was with her waist, that might be spanned with the hand, a very bow of Kāma, and the moment she looked at Bhīmabhaṭa she pierced him in the heart with the sidelong arrows of her eyes, and bewildered him.² He too, who was a thief of the world’s beauty, entered by the oblique path of her eyes the treasure-chamber of her heart, and robbed her of her self-control. Then she sent secretly a trustworthy and discreet maid, and inquired from his friends his name and residence. And after she had bathed she was taken back to her palace by her attendants, frequently turning round her face to fix her eyes on him. And then Bhīmabhaṭa, accompanied by his friends, went to his dwelling, with faltering steps, for he was entangled with the net which his beloved had cast over him.

“ And immediately the Princess Hamsāvalī sent that maid to him as an ambassadress of love, with the message for which he longed. The maid came up to him and said to him in secret : ‘ Prince, the Princess Hamsāvalī solicits you thus : “ When you see me, who love you, being carried away by the stream of love, you should rescue me quickly ; you should not remain indifferent upon the bank.” ’ ”³

“ When Bhīmabhaṭa heard from the messenger the nectar of his beloved’s message, he was delighted at having his life saved, and said to her : ‘ I am in the current, I am not upon

¹ This passage is a concatenation of puns.

² The whole passage is an elaborate pun. The lady is compared to a bow, the string of which vibrates in the notches, and the middle of which is held in the hand.

³ I read, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College, *drutam anuddhṛitya* for *drutam anugatya*.

the bank : does not my beloved know that ? But, now that I have obtained some hope to cling to,¹ I will gladly do her bidding. I will this night come and wait upon her in her private apartments, and no one shall see me, for I will enter concealed by a charm.' When he said this to the maid she was pleased, and went and told it to Hamsāvalī, and then she remained anxiously expecting an interview with him.

"And he, in the early part of the night, went adorned with heavenly ornaments, and making himself invisible, by repeating forwards the charm bestowed on him by Gangā, entered her splendid chamber, which suggested thoughts of love, which was perfumed with aloes and adorned with nosegays of flowers of five hues arranged there, and which therefore resembled the garden of the God of Love, where he beheld that lovely one exhaling heavenly fragrance, like a blossom put forth by the creeper of the wonderful charm bestowed by Gangā. And then the handsome prince recited the charm backwards, and immediately became visible to that princess.

"When he beheld her timidly trembling with a joyful agitation that made her hair stand on end,² his ornaments immediately tinkled like musical instruments, and he seemed to be dancing with joy to their music. And the maiden hid her face with the shame of love, and seemed to be asking her heart, that caused all that display of emotion, what she was to do now. Then Bhīmabhaṭa said to her : 'Fair one, why do you allow your heart to exhibit shame, though its feelings have been already revealed ? It does not deny the state of affairs ; besides, how is it possible to conceal this trembling of the limbs and this bursting bodice ?' Then Bhīmabhaṭa with such words, and other loving persuasions, made the fair one forget her modesty, and married her by the *gāndharva* form of marriage. And after he had spent that night with her, in sporting like a bee round the lotus of her mouth, he at last tore himself away, and saying, 'I will come again at night,' returned to his house.

"And when the chamberlains belonging to Hamsāvalī

¹ As a life-buoy to prevent him from drowning.

² See Vol. I, pp. 120, 120n¹, 184.—N.M.P.

entered her chamber the next morning, they saw that her lover had been with her. The ends of her curls were disordered, she had marks of moist teeth and nails,¹ and she seemed as if the God of Love had appeared in person and afflicted her with the wounds of all his arrows. They immediately went and reported the matter to the king, and he secretly appointed spies to watch at night. And Bhīmabhāṭa spent the day with his friends in their usual employments, and in the beginning of the night again repaired to the bower of his beloved. When the spies saw that he had entered without being seen, by virtue of his charm, and discovered that he had supernatural powers, they went out and told the king, and he gave them this order : ‘The being who has entered a well-guarded room without being seen cannot be a mere man ; so bring him here, that I may see what this means. And say to him politely from me : “Why did you not openly ask me for my daughter ? Why did you make a secret of it ? For it is difficult to obtain a bridegroom for my daughter as accomplished as yourself.” ’

“When the king had sent off the spies with this message, they went as he commanded, and stood at the door and delivered this message to Bhīmabhāṭa. And the resolute prince, perceiving that the king had discovered him, answered them boldly from inside : ‘Tell the king from me that tomorrow I will enter his hall of audience and tell him the truth, for now it is the dead of night.’ They then went and gave this message to the king, and he remained silent. And in the morning Bhīmabhāṭa went to rejoin his friends. And putting on a magnificent costume, he went with those seven heroes to the hall of King Chandrāditya. When the king saw his splendour, his resolute bearing and handsome appearance, he received him kindly, and made him sit on a throne equal to his own ; and then his friend, the Brāhman Sankhadatta, said to the king : ‘King, this is the son of Ugrabhāṭa, the King of Rāḍhā, Bhīmabhāṭa by name ; his might is irresistible on account of the wonderful power of the charm which he possesses. And he has come here to sue for the hand of your daughter.’

¹ See Vol. V, pp. 193-195.—N.M.P.

“When the king heard that, he remembered the occurrence of the night; and seeing that he was a suitable match for his daughter, he exclaimed, ‘I am fortunate indeed!’ and accepted the proposal. And after he had made splendid preparations for the marriage, he bestowed his daughter Hamsāvalī on Bhīmabhāṭa with much wealth. Then Bhīmabhāṭa, having obtained many elephants, horses and villages, remained there in great comfort, possessed of Hamsāvalī and the Goddess of Fortune. And in a few days his father-in-law gave him that kingdom of Lāṭa, and, being childless and old, retired to the forest. Then the successful Bhīmabhāṭa, having obtained that kingdom, ruled it admirably with the help of those seven heroes, Śankhadatta and the others.

“Then, in the course of some days, he heard from his spies that his father, King Ugrabhāṭa, had gone to Prayāga and died there; and that when he was intent on death he had anointed his younger son, Samarabhāṭa, the son of the dancing-girl, king of Rāḍhā. Then he mourned his father, and performed his funeral ceremonies, and sent a messenger to that Samarabhāṭa with a letter. And in the letter he sent the following message to the pretender who was treating him unjustly: ‘Foolish son of a dancing-girl, what business have you to sit on my father’s throne? for it belongs to me, though I have this kingdom of Lāṭa; so you must not ascend it.’ And the messenger went, and, after announcing himself, delivered the letter to that Samarabhāṭa, when he was in the hall of assembly. And when Samarabhāṭa read this letter of such an import, under his brother’s sign manual, he was angry, and answered: ‘This baseless presumption is becoming in this ill-conducted man, who was long ago banished by my father from the country because he was not fit to remain in it. Even the jackal apes the lion, when he is comfortably ensconced in his native cavern; but when he comes within view of the lion, he is discovered to be only a jackal.’ Such was the answer he roared forth, and he wrote to the same effect in a letter, and sent his return-messenger to carry it to Bhīmabhāṭa.

“So the return-messenger went and gave, when introduced

by the warder, that letter to the King of Lāṭa. And when Bhīmabhaṭa had read that letter, he laughed loudly, and said to the return-messenger of his brother : ‘ Go, messenger, and tell that dancing-girl’s son from me : “ On *Bhīmabhaṭa sets out to conquer his Brother Samarabhaṭa* that former occasion when you tried to seize the horse, I saved you from Śankhadatta, because you were a child and dear to my father, but I will no longer endure your insolence. I will certainly send you to my father who is so fond of you. Make ready, and know that in a few days I shall have arrived.” ’ With these words he dismissed the messenger, and then he began his expedition.

“ When that moon of kings, glorious in his magnificence,¹ mounted his elephant, which resembled a hill, the great sea of his army was agitated, and surged up with a roar, and the horizon was filled with innumerable feudal chiefs and princes arrived for war,² and setting out with their forces ; and the earth, swiftly trampled by the elephants and horses trooping along in great numbers, groaned and trembled under the weight, as if afraid of being cleft open. In this fashion Bhīmabhaṭa marched, and came near Rāḍhā, eclipsing the light of the sun in the heavens with the clouds of dust raised by his army.

“ In the meanwhile King Samarabhaṭa heard of it, and became indignant ; and armed himself, and went out with his army to meet him in battle. And those two armies met, like the eastern and western seas, and a great battle took place between the heroes on both sides, awful as the destruction of the world. Then the fire, produced by the loud clashing of swords, which seemed as if it had been kindled by the gnashing of the teeth of the angry God of Death, hid the sky ; and javelins flew with their long points resembling eyelashes, and seemed like the glances of the nymphs of heaven, as they gazed on the warriors. Then the field of battle appeared like a stage ; its canopy was dust, its music was the shouting of the army, and its dancers palpitating trunks. And a furious³ torrent of blood, sweeping along heads, and

¹ When applied to the moon, it means “ glorious in its rising.”

² Böhlingk and Roth give *upasankhya* as *überzählig* (?).

³ I adopt *pramattā*, the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

garlanded with trunks, carried off all living creatures, like the night of destruction at the end of the world.

“But the archer Bhīmabhāṭa soon routed the army of his enemies, by means of a combined attack of the mighty warriors Sankhadatta and Akshakshapaṇaka and Chāṇḍabhujaṅga and his fellows skilled in wrestling, resembling impetuous elephants. And Samarabhāṭa was furious when his army was routed, and he dashed forward on his chariot and began to churn the sea of battle, as Mount Mandara churned the ocean.¹ Then Bhīmabhāṭa, who was mounted on an elephant, attacked him, and cut his bow in two with his arrows, and also killed all the four horses of his chariot. Then Samarabhāṭa, being prevented from using his chariot, ran and struck with a javelin on the forehead the splendid elephant of Bhīmabhāṭa, and the elephant, as soon as it was struck, fell dead on the ground. Then both of them, being deprived of their means of conveyance, had to fight on foot. And the two angry kings, armed with sword and shield, engaged in single combat. But Bhīmabhāṭa, though he might have made himself invisible by means of his charm, and so have killed him, out of regard for fairness would not kill his enemy in that way. But being a skilful swordsman, he contended against him in open fight, and cut off with his sword the head of that son of the dancing-girl.

“And when that Samarabhāṭa was slain with his soldiers, and the bands of the Siddhas had applauded from the heavens, and the fight had come to an end, Bhīmabhāṭa with his friends entered the city of Rāḍhā, being praised by heralds and minstrels. Then returning from a long absence, after slaying his enemy, he delighted his mother, who was eager to behold him, as Rāma did Kauśalyā. And the citizens welcomed him; and then he adorned the throne of his father, and took his seat on it, honoured by his father’s ministers, who loved his good qualities. And then he honoured all his subjects, who made high festival. And on a lucky day he gave to Sankhadatta the kingdom of Lāṭa. And he sent him to

¹ The gods and Asuras used it as a churning-stick at the Churning of the Ocean for the recovery of the Amṛita and other precious things lost during the Deluge.

the territory of Lāṭa, escorted by a force composed of natives of that country; and he gave villages and wealth to Akshakshapaṇaka and his fellows, and he remained surrounded by them, ruling his ancestral realm, with that Queen Hamsāvalī, the daughter of the King of Lāṭa. And, in course of time, he conquered the earth, and carried off the daughters of kings, and became exclusively addicted to the enjoyment of their society. And he devolved his duties on his ministers, and amused himself with the women of his harem, and never left his precincts, being engrossed with drinking and other vices.

“Then one day the hermit Uttanka came of his own accord to visit him, as if he were the time of accomplishment of the previous decree of Śiva. And when the hermit came to the door, the king, being blinded with passion, intoxication and pride of sovereignty, would not listen, though the warders announced his arrival. Then the hermit was angry, and denounced this curse on the king: ‘O man blinded with intoxication, you shall fall from your throne and become a wild elephant.’ When the king heard that, fear dispelled his intoxication, and he went out and, prostrating himself at the feet of the hermit, began to appease him with humble words. Then the anger of the great sage was calmed, and he said to him: ‘King, you must become an elephant: that decree cannot be altered.¹ But when you shall have relieved a minister of Mṛigāṅkadatta’s, named Prachāṇḍasakti, afflicted with the curse of a Nāga and blinded, who shall become your guest, and shall tell him your story, you shall be delivered from this curse; and you shall return to the state of a Gandharva, as Śiva foretold you, and then that guest of yours shall recover the use of his eyes.’ When the hermit Uttanka had said this, he returned as he came, and Bhīmabhāṭa was hurled from his throne, and became an elephant.

“So know, my friend, that I am that very Bhīmabhāṭa become an elephant, and you are Prachāṇḍasakti. I know that my curse is now at an end.” When Bhīmabhāṭa had said this, he abandoned the form of an elephant, and at once

¹ See p. 103n¹.—N.M.P.

became a Gandharva of heavenly might. And immediately Prachāṇḍasakti recovered, to his intense delight, the use of his eyes, and looked upon that Gandharva there. And in the meanwhile the discreet Mrigāṅkadatta, who had heard their conversation from the bower of creepers, with his other ministers, having discovered that it was indeed his friend, rushed quickly and impetuously forth, and threw his arms round the neck of his minister Prachāṇḍasakti. And Prachāṇḍasakti looked at him, and feeling as if his body had been irrigated with a sudden flood of nectar, immediately embraced the feet of his lord.

Then the Gandharva Bhīmabhaṭa comforted those two, who were weeping, both deeply moved at being reunited after so long a separation. And Mrigāṅkadatta, bowing, said to that Gandharva: "That I have recovered this friend of mine, and that he has recovered his eyesight, is all due to your wondrous might. Honour to you!" When the Gandharva heard that, he said to that prince: "You shall soon recover all your other ministers, and obtain Śaśāṅkavatī as a wife, and become king of the whole earth. So you must not lose heart. Now, auspicious one, I depart; but I will appear to you when you think of me."

When the matchless chief of the Gandharvas had said this to the prince, and so testified his friendship for him, as his curse was at an end, and he had obtained prosperous felicity, he flew swiftly up into the sky, making the whole air resound with the tinkling of his beautiful bracelet and necklace.

And Mrigāṅkadatta, having recovered Prachāṇḍasakti, and so regained his spirits, spent that day in the wood, accompanied by his ministers.

CHAPTER LXXV

INVOCATION

VICTORY to Gaṇeśa, who, when dancing, makes a shower of stars, resembling a rain of flowers, fall from the sky, by a blow of his trunk !

163. *Story of Mrigānkadatta*

Then Mrigānkadatta, having passed that night, set out in the morning from that wood, together with Prachāṇḍasakti and his other affectionate ministers, making for Ujjayinī in order to gain Śasāṅkavatī, and looking out for the rest of his ministers.

And as he was going along on his way, he saw his minister Vikramakeśarin being carried through the air by a hideously deformed man. And while he was eagerly pointing him out to his other ministers, that minister alighted from the air near him. And quickly dismounting from the shoulder of that man, he came up and embraced the feet of Mrigānkadatta, with his eyes full of tears. And the delighted Mrigānkadatta embraced him in return, and so did his ministers, one after another, and then Vikramakeśarin dismissed that man, saying: "Come to me, when I think of you."

Then Mrigānkadatta out of curiosity asked Vikramakeśarin for the story of his adventures, and he sat down in the forest and related them.

"When I had been separated from you on that occasion by the curse of the Nāga, and had wandered about for many days in search of you, I said to myself, 'I will make for Ujjayinī, for they will go there quickly,' and having formed this intention, I set out for that city. And in course of time I reached a village near it, named Brahmasthala, and there I sat down on the bank of a lake at the foot of a tree. There an old Brāhman, afflicted with the bite of a serpent, came up to me and said :

‘Rise up from this place, my son, lest you incur my fate. For there is a great serpent here, and I am so tortured by the bite which he has given me that I am now about to drown myself in this lake.’ When he said this, I dissuaded him, out of compassion, from committing suicide, and I then and there counteracted the effect of the poison by my knowledge of antidotes.

“Then the Brāhman eagerly, but with due politeness, asked me the whole story of my life, and when he knew the facts, said to me kindly: ‘You have to-day saved my life, so receive, hero, this charm for mastering Vetālas, which I inherited from my father. For it is suitable to you who possess all powers, but what, I pray, could a feeble creature like me do with it?’ When I heard that, I answered that noble Brāhman: ‘What use can I make of Vetālas, now that I am separated from Mṛigānkadatta?’ When the Brāhman heard that, he laughed, and went on to say to me: ‘Do you not know that you can obtain from a Vetāla all that you desire? Did not King Trivikramasena obtain of old time the sovereignty of the Vidyādharas by the favour of a Vetāla? Listen now, I will tell you his story in proof of it.

163G.¹ *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

On the banks of the Godāvārī there is a place named Pratiśṭhāna. In it there lived of old time a famous king, named Trivikramasena, the son of Vikramasena, equal to Indra in might. Every day, when he was in his hall of audience, a mendicant named Kshāntiśīla came to him, to pay him his respects, and presented him with a fruit. And every day the king, as soon as he received the fruit, gave it

¹ Here begins the *Vetālapañcaviṃśati*, or *Twenty-five Tales of a Vetāla*. The collection occupies the rest of this volume and three-quarters of Vol. VII, finishing in Chap. CXIX. As notes are to be given not only on the collection itself, but on its “frame-story” and on each individual tale, it has been considered advisable to print them all together as an appendix. Thus the Appendix in the present volume contains a general account of the *Vetālapañcaviṃśati*, its various recensions and editions, followed by notes on the “frame-story” and on the first eight tales. The remaining seventeen tales will be discussed in the Appendix to Vol. VII.—N.M.P.

into the hand of the superintendent of his treasury who was near him. In this way ten years passed. But one day, when the mendicant had left the hall of audience, after giving the fruit to the king, the king gave it to a young pet monkey, that had escaped from the hands of its keepers, and happened to enter there. While the monkey was eating that fruit it burst open, and there came out of it a splendid priceless jewel.

When the king saw that, he took up the jewel, and asked the treasurer the following question: "Where have you put all these fruits which I have been in the habit of handing over to you, after they were given to me by the mendicant?" When the superintendent heard that, he was full of fear, and he said to the king: "I used to throw them into the treasury from the window without opening the door. If your Majesty orders me, I will open it and look for them." When the treasurer said this, the king gave him leave to do so, and he went away, and soon returned, and said to the king: "I see that those fruits have all rotted away in the treasury, and I also see that there is a heap of jewels there resplendent with radiant gleams."

When the king heard it, he was pleased, and gave those jewels to the treasurer; and the next day he said to the mendicant, who came as before: "Mendicant, why do you court me every day with great expenditure of wealth? I will not take your fruit to-day until you tell me." When the king said this, the mendicant said to him in private: "I have an incantation to perform which requires the aid of a brave man. I request, hero, that you will assist me in it." When the king heard that, he consented, and promised him that he would do so. Then the mendicant was pleased, and he went on to say to that king: "Then I shall be waiting for you at nightfall in the approaching black fortnight, in the great cemetery here, under the shade of a banyan-tree, and you must come to me there." The king said: "Well, I will do so." And the mendicant Kshāntisīla returned delighted to his own dwelling.

Then the heroic monarch, as soon as he had got into the black fortnight, remembered the request of the mendicant

which he had promised to accomplish for him, and as soon as night came, he enveloped¹ his head in a black cloth, and left the palace unperceived, sword in hand, and went fearlessly to the cemetery. It was obscured by a dense and terrible pall of darkness, and its aspect was rendered awful by the ghastly flames from the burning of the funeral pyres, and it produced horror by the bones, skeletons and skulls of men that appeared in it. In it were present formidable Bhūtas and Vetālas, joyfully engaged in their horrible activity, and it was alive with the loud yells of jackals,² so that it seemed like a second mysterious tremendous form of Bhairava. And after he had searched about in it, he found that mendicant under a banyan-tree, engaged in making a circle,³ and he went up to him and said: "Here I am arrived, mendicant; tell me, what can I do for you?"

When the mendicant heard that, and saw the king, he was delighted, and said to him: "King, if I have found favour in your eyes, go alone a long way from here towards the south, and you will find a *śimśapā* tree. On it there is a dead man hanging up; go and bring him here: assist me in this matter, hero."

As soon as the brave king, who was faithful to his promise, heard this, he said, "I will do so," and went towards the south. And after he had gone some way in that direction, along a path revealed by the light of the flaming pyres, he reached with difficulty in the darkness that *śimśapā* tree. The tree was scorched with the smoke of funeral pyres, and smelt of raw flesh, and looked like a Bhūta, and he saw the corpse hanging on its trunk, as it were on the shoulder of a demon. So he climbed up, and cutting the string which held it, flung it to the ground. And the moment it was flung down it cried out, as if in pain. Then the king, supposing it was alive, came down and rubbed its body out of compassion; that made the corpse utter a loud demoniac laugh. Then the king knew that it was possessed by a Vetāla,

¹ Here the reading is doubtful. According to D. the king *dressed* himself in black. See further, Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 133.—N.M.P.

² Here there is probably a pun. The word translated "jackal" also means the god Śiva. Bhairava is a form of Śiva.

³ See Vol. I, pp. 190-193; Vol. II, pp. 98-100n; and Vol. III, pp. 201-203.

and said, without flinching : “ Why do you laugh ? Come, let us go off.” And immediately he missed from the ground the corpse possessed by the Vetāla, and perceived that it was once more suspended on that very tree. Then he climbed up again and brought it down, for the heart of heroes is a gem more impenetrable than adamant. Then King Trivikramasena threw the corpse possessed by a Vetāla over his shoulder, and proceeded to go off with it, in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla in the corpse that was on his shoulder said to him : “ King, I will tell you a story to beguile the way. Listen.

163G (1). *How the Prince obtained a Wife by the Help of his Father's Minister*

There is a city named Vārāṇasī, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva, inhabited by holy beings, and thus resembles the plateau of Mount Kailāsa. The River Ganges, ever full of water, flows near it, and appears as if it were the necklace ever resting on its neck. In that city there lived of old time a king named Pratāpamukuta, who consumed the families of his enemies with his valour as the fire consumes the forest. He had a son named Vajramukuta, who dashed the God of Love's pride in his beauty, and his enemies' confidence in their valour. And that prince had a friend, named Buddhiśarīra, whom he valued more than his life, the sagacious son of a minister.

Once on a time that prince was amusing himself with that friend, and his excessive devotion to the chase made him travel a long distance. As he was cutting off the long-maned¹ heads of lions with his arrows, as it were the chowries that represented the glory of their valour, he entered a great forest. It seemed like the chosen home of love, with singing cuckoos for bards, fanned by trees with their clusters of blossoms waving like chowries. In it he and the minister's son saw a great lake, looking like a second sea, the birthplace

¹ I read *saṭālāni*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS., instead of *saṭālāni*. The mistake may have arisen from the blending of two readings, *saṭālāni* and *jaṭālāni*.

of lotuses ¹ of various colours ; and in that pool of gods there was seen by him a maiden of heavenly appearance, who had come there with her attendants to bathe. She seemed to fill the splendid tank with the flood of her beauty, and with her glances to create in it a new forest of blue lotuses. With her face, that surpassed the moon in beauty, she seemed to put to shame the white lotuses, and she at once captivated with it the heart of that prince. The youth too, in the same way, took with a glance such complete possession of her eyes, that she did not regard her own modesty, or even her ornaments.

And as he was looking at her with his attendants, and wondering who she was, she made, under pretence of pastime, a sign ² to tell him her country and other particulars about her. She took a lotus from her garland of flowers and put it in her ear, and she remained for a long time twisting it into the form of an ornament called *dantapatra*, or tooth-leaf, and then she took another lotus and placed it on her head, and she laid her hand significantly upon her heart. The prince did not at that time understand those signs, but his sagacious friend the minister's son did understand them.

The maiden soon departed, being led away from that place by her attendants, and when she had reached her own house she flung herself down on a sofa, but her heart remained with that prince, to justify the sign she had made.

The prince, for his part, when without her, was like a Vidyādhara who has lost his magic knowledge, and, returning to his own city, he fell into a miserable condition. And one day the minister's son questioned him in private, speaking of that beauty as easy to obtain, whereupon he lost his self-command and exclaimed : " How is she to be obtained, when neither her name, nor her village, nor her origin is known ? So why do you offer me false comfort ? " When the prince said this to the minister's son, he answered : " What ! did you not see what she told you by her signs ? ³

¹ In this there is a pun ; the word translated " lotus " may also refer to Lakshmī, the wife of Vishṇu.

² See the note on this story in the Appendix, p. 247 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

³ The B. text seems corrupt, though Tawney has expressed the exact meaning of the Sanskrit. The D. text restores the genuine wording : . . . *tvayā tad yat* . . . etc.—N.M.P.

By placing the lotus in her ear she meant to say this: 'I live in the realm of King Karṇotpala.' By making it into the tooth-leaf ornament she meant to say: 'Know that I am the daughter of an ivory-carver¹ there.' By lifting up the lotus she let you know her name was Padmāvati; and by placing her hand on her heart she told you that it was yours. Now there is a king named Karṇotpala in the country of Kalinga; he has a favourite courtier, a great ivory-carver named Sangrāmavardhana, and he has a daughter named Padmāvati, the pearl of the three worlds, whom he values more than his life. All this I knew from the talk of the people, and so I understood her signs, which were meant to tell her country and the other particulars about her."²

When that prince had been told all this by the minister's son, he was pleased with that intelligent man, and rejoiced, as he had now got an opportunity of attaining his object; and, after he had deliberated with him, he set out with him from his palace on the pretence of hunting, but really in search of his beloved, and went again in that direction. And on the way he managed to give his retinue the slip by the speed of his swift horse, and he went to the country of Kalinga accompanied by the minister's son only. There they reached the city of King Karṇotpala, and searched for and found the palace of that ivory-carver. And the prince and the minister's son entered the house of an old woman, who lived near there, to lodge.

The minister's son gave the horses water and fodder, and placed them there in concealment, and then said to that old woman in the presence of the prince: "Do you know, mother, an ivory-carver named Sangrāmavardhana?" When the old

¹ Tawney was persuaded to translate *dantaghṛhāṇaka* as dentist, but no dictionary supports this. The "tooth-leaf" ornament was probably a special kind of carved ear-ring. Besides, the dentists in Somadeva's time, as in many parts of India to-day, were low-caste men, usually barbers.—N.M.P.

² Cf. the way in which Pushpadanta's preceptor guesses the riddle on pp. 81-82 in Vol. I of this work; so Prince Ivan is assisted by his tutor Katoma in the story of "The Blind Man and the Cripple," Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 240. The rapid manner in which the hero and heroine fall in love in these stories is quite in the style of Greek romances. See Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 148.

woman heard that, she said to him courteously : " I know him well ; I was his nurse, and he has now made me attend upon his daughter as a duenna. But I never go there at present, as I have been deprived of my clothes ; for my wicked son, who is a gambler, takes away my clothes as soon as he sees them."

When the minister's son heard this, he was delighted, and he gratified the old woman with the gift of his upper garment and other presents, and went on to say to her : " You are a mother to us, so do what we request you to do in secret. Go to that Padmāvati, the daughter of the ivory-carver, and say to her : ' The prince, whom you saw at the lake, has come here, and out of love he has sent me to tell you.' " When the old woman heard this, she consented, being won over by the presents, and went to Padmāvati, and came back in a moment. And when the prince and the minister's son questioned her, she said to them : " I went and told her secretly that you had come. When she heard that, she scolded me, and struck me on both cheeks with her two hands smeared with camphor. So I have come back weeping, distressed at the insult. See here, my children, these marks of her fingers on my face."

When she said this the prince was despondent, as he despaired of attaining his object ; but the sagacious minister's son said to him in private : " Do not despond, for by keeping her own counsel and scolding the old woman, and striking her on the face with her ten fingers white with camphor, she meant to say : ' Wait for these remaining ten moonlight nights of the white fortnight, for they are unfavourable to an interview.' "

After the minister's son had comforted the prince with these words he went and sold secretly in the market some gold which he had about him, and made that old woman prepare a splendid meal, and then those two ate it with that old woman. After the minister's son had spent ten days in this fashion, he again sent the old woman to Padmāvati, to see how matters stood. And she, being fond of delicious food, liquor and other enjoyments of the kind, went again to the dwelling-house of Padmāvati, to please her guests,

and returned and said to them : " I went there to-day and remained silent, but she of her own accord taunted me with that crime of having brought your message, and again struck me here on the breast with three fingers dipped in red dye, so I have returned here thus marked by her." When the minister's son heard this, he said, of his own accord, to the prince : " Do not entertain any despondent notions, for by placing the impression of her three fingers marked with red dye on this woman's heart, she meant to say : ' I cannot receive you for three nights.' "

When the minister's son had said this to the prince, he waited till three days had passed, and again sent the old woman to Padmāvati. She went to her palace, and Padmāvati honoured her and gave her food, and lovingly entertained her that day with wine and other enjoyments. And in the evening, when the old woman wished to go back to her house, there arose outside a terrible tumult. Then the people were heard exclaiming : " Alas ! alas ! a mad elephant has escaped from the post to which he was tied, and is rushing about, trampling men to death."

Then Padmāvati said to that old woman : " You must not go by the public road, which is rendered unsafe by the elephant, so we will put you on a seat, with a rope fastened to it to support it, and let you down by this broad window here into the garden of the house ; there you must get up a tree and cross this wall, and then let yourself down by another tree and go to your own house." After she had said this she had the old woman let down from the window by her maid into the garden, by means of that seat with a rope fastened to it. She went by the way pointed out to her, and related the whole story, exactly as it happened, to the prince and the minister's son. Then the minister's son said to the prince : " Your desire is accomplished, for she has shown you by an artifice the way you should take ; so go there this very day, as soon as evening sets in, and by this way enter the palace of your beloved."

When the minister's son said this, the prince went with him into the garden, by the way over the wall pointed out by the old woman. There he saw that rope hanging down

with the seat, and at the top of it were some maids, who seemed to be looking out for his arrival. So he got on to the seat, and the moment those female servants saw him they pulled him up with the rope, and he entered the presence of his beloved through the window. When he had entered, the minister's son returned to his lodging. And when the prince entered, he beheld that Padmāvati with a face like a full moon, shedding forth beauty like beams, like the night of the full moon remaining concealed through fear of the black fortnight.¹ As soon as she saw him, she rose up boldly and welcomed him with affectionate embraces and other endearments natural in one who had waited for him so long. Then the prince married that fair one by the *gāndharva* form of marriage,² and all his wishes being now fulfilled, remained with her in concealment.

And after he had lived with her some days, he said to her one night: "My friend the minister's son came with me and is staying here, and he is now left alone in the house of your duenna; I must go and pay him a visit, fair one, and then I will return to you." When the cunning Padmāvati heard that, she said to her lover: "Come now, my husband, I have a question to ask you: did you guess the meaning of those signs which I made, or was it that friend of yours the

¹ This is another point at which Kshemendra expatiates on the beauty of the loved one. (See p. 2n¹ of this vol.) For Somadeva's one *śloka* he has six. It is interesting to compare this passage of the *Bṛīhatkathā-mañjarī* (ix, 120-126a). Dr Barnett translates:

"He entered the jewelled dwelling, which had bounds of marble attached. In it, which was like Pātāla, yellow with rays of lamp-jewels and had the circle of chamberlains [or snakes] slumbering, he beheld the Snake-maiden. As she rose, and modestly bent down, the prince said to her, as she made a display of fearlessness with hand laid upon her quivering breast: 'Prithee, O moonlight to the milk-ocean of the soul, uplift the face bent down in shame, let all the regions of space be filled with lotus-flowers.' On these words the lady with a smile like jasmine-flowers gave him to drink from a jewel-bowl [*lām* seems to be a mistake for *tam*], and he drank *mādhvika* of intense fragrance. Then with relish he kissed her, as her eyes were half closed with delight at his passionate embrace of her neck and her cheeks red with rapture. She appeared like a lotus-pool invaded by a bull-elephant, which has lines of grouped swans as its ringing girdle. . . ."—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, pp. 87-88.—N.M.P.

minister's son?" When she said this, the prince said to her: "I did not guess anything at all, but that friend of mine, the minister's son, who is distinguished for superhuman insight, guessed it all, and told it to me." When the fair one heard this, she reflected, and said to him: "Then you have acted wrongly in not telling me about him before. Since he is your friend, he is my brother, and I must always honour him before all others with gifts of betel and other luxuries."

When she had dismissed him with these words, the prince left the palace at night by the way by which he came, and returned to his friend. And in the course of conversation he told him that he had told his beloved how he guessed the meaning of the signs which she made. But the minister's son did not approve of this proceeding on his part, considering it imprudent. And so the day dawned on them conversing.

Then, as they were again talking together after the termination of the morning prayer, the confidante of Padmāvati came in with betel and cooked food in her hand. She asked after the health of the minister's son, and after giving him the dainties, in order by an artifice to prevent the prince from eating any of them, she said, in the course of conversation, that her mistress was awaiting his arrival to feast and spend the day with her, and immediately she departed unobserved. Then the minister's son said to the prince: "Now observe, Prince, I will show you something wonderful." Thereupon he gave that cooked food to a dog to eat, and the dog, as soon as he had eaten it, fell dead upon the spot. When the prince saw that, he said to the minister's son: "What is the meaning of this marvel?" And he answered him: "The truth is that the lady has found out that I am intelligent, by the fact that I guessed the meaning of her signs, and so she has sent me this poisoned food in order to kill me, for she is deeply in love with you, and thinks that you, Prince, will never be exclusively devoted to her while I am alive, but, being under my influence, will perhaps leave her, and go to your own city. So give up the idea of being angry with her, persuade the high-spirited woman to leave

her relations, and I will invent and tell you an artifice for carrying her off."

When the minister's son had said this, the prince said to him: "You are rightly named Buddhīśārīra, as being an incarnation of wisdom." And at the very moment that he was thus praising him, there was suddenly heard outside a general cry from the sorrowing multitude: "Alas! alas! the king's infant son is dead." The minister's son was much delighted at hearing this, and he said to the prince: "Repair now to Padmāvati's palace at night, and there make her drink so much that she shall be senseless and motionless with intoxication, and apparently dead. And when she is asleep, make a mark on her hip with a red-hot iron spike, and take away all her ornaments, and return by letting yourself down from the window by a rope; and after that I will take steps to make everything turn out prosperously."

When the minister's son had said this, he had a three-pronged spike made, with points like the bristles of a boar, and gave it to the prince. And the prince took in his hand that weapon which resembled the crooked hard hearts of his beloved and of his friend, which were firm as black iron; and saying, "I will do as you direct," went at night to the palace of Padmāvati as before, for princes should never hesitate about following the advice of an excellent minister. There he made his beloved helpless with drink, and marked her on the hip with the spike, and took away her ornaments, and told him what he had done. Then the minister's son considered his design as good as accomplished.

And the next morning the minister's son went to the cemetery and promptly disguised himself as an ascetic, and he made the prince assume the guise of a disciple. And he said to him: "Go and take the pearl necklace which is part of this set of ornaments and pretend to try to sell it in the market, but put a high price on it, that no one may be willing to buy it, and that everyone may see it being carried about; and if the police here should arrest you, say intrepidly: 'My spiritual preceptor gave it me to sell.'"

When the minister's son had sent off the prince on this

errand, he went and wandered about in the market-place, publicly showing the necklace. And while he was thus engaged, he was seen and arrested by the police, who were on the look-out for thieves, as information had been given about the robbery of the ivory-carver's daughter. And they immediately took him to the chief magistrate of the town; and he, seeing that he was dressed as an ascetic, said to him courteously: "Reverend sir, where did you get this necklace of pearls which was lost in this city, for the ornaments of the ivory-carver's daughter were stolen during the night?" When the prince, who was disguised as an ascetic, heard this, he said: "My spiritual preceptor gave it me; come and question him." Then the magistrate of the city came to the minister's son, and bowed, and said to him: "Reverend sir, where did you get this pearl necklace that is in the possession of your pupil?"

When the cunning fellow heard that, he took him aside and said: "I am an ascetic, in the habit of wandering perpetually backwards and forwards in the forests. As chance would have it, I arrived here, and as I was in the cemetery at night, I saw a band of witches collected from different quarters. And one of them brought the prince, with the lotus of his heart laid bare, and offered him to Bhairava. And the witch, who possessed great powers of delusion, being drunk, tried to take away my rosary, while I was reciting my prayers, making horrible contortions with her face. And as she carried the attempt too far, I got angry, and heating with a charm the prongs of my trident, I marked her on the loins. And then I took this necklace from her neck. And now I must sell this necklace, as it does not suit an ascetic."

When the magistrate heard this, he went and informed the king. When the king heard it, he concluded that that was the pearl necklace which had been lost, and he sent a trustworthy old woman to see if the ivory-carver's daughter was really marked with a trident on the loins. The old woman came back and said that the mark could be clearly seen. Then the king made up his mind that she was a witch, and had really destroyed his child. So he went in person to

that minister's son, who was personating an ascetic, and asked him how he ought to punish Padmāvati. And by his advice he ordered her to be banished from the city, though her parents lamented over her. And when she was banished, and was left in the forest, though naked, she did not abandon the body, supposing that it was all an artifice devised by the minister's son. And in the evening the minister's son and the prince, who had abandoned the dress of ascetics, and were mounted on their horses, came upon her lamenting. And they consoled her, and mounted her upon a horse, and took her to their own kingdom. There the prince lived happily with her. But the ivory-carver, supposing that his daughter had been devoured by wild beasts in the forest, died of grief, and his wife followed him.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had said this, he went on to say to the king: "Now I have a doubt about this story; resolve it for me: Was the minister's son guilty of the death of this married couple, or the prince, or Padmāvati? Tell me, for you are the chief of sages. And if, King, you do not tell me the truth, though you know it, this head of yours shall certainly split in a hundred pieces."

When the Vetāla said this, the king, who discerned the truth, out of fear of being cursed, gave him this answer: "O thou skilled in magic arts, what difficulty is there about it? Why, none of the three was in fault, but the whole of the guilt attaches to King Karṇotpala." The Vetāla then said: "Why, what did the king do? Those three were instrumental in the matter. Are the crows in fault when the swans eat the rice?" Then the king said: "Indeed no one of the three was in fault, for the minister's son committed no crime, as he was forwarding his master's interests, and Padmāvati and the prince, being burnt with the fire of the arrows of the God of Love, and being therefore undiscerning and ignorant, were not to blame, as they were intent on their own object. But King Karṇotpala, as being untaught in treatises of policy, and not investigating by means of spies

the true state of affairs even among his own subjects, and not comprehending the tricks of rogues, and inexperienced in interpreting gestures and other external indications, is to be considered guilty, on account of the indiscreet step which he took."

When the Vetāla, who was in the corpse, heard this, as the king by giving the correct answer had broken his silence, he immediately left his shoulder and went somewhere unobserved by the force of his magic power, in order to test his persistence; and the intrepid king at once determined to recover him.

CHAPTER LXXVI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree to fetch the Vetāla. And when he arrived there, and looked about in the darkness by the help of the light of the funeral pyres, he saw the corpse lying on the ground groaning. Then the king took the corpse, with the Vetāla in it, on his shoulder, and set out quickly and in silence to carry it to the appointed place. Then the Vetāla again said to the king from his shoulder: "King, this trouble into which you have fallen is great and unsuitable to you; so I will tell you a tale to amuse you. Listen.

163G (2). *The Three Young Brāhmans who restored a Dead Lady to Life*¹

There is, on the banks of the River Yamunā, a district assigned to Brāhmans, named Brahmathala. In it there lived a Brāhman, named Agnisvāmin, who had completely mastered the Vedas. To him there was born a very beautiful daughter named Mandāravatī. Indeed, when providence had created this maiden of novel and priceless beauty, he was disgusted with the nymphs of heaven, his own precious handiwork. And when she grew up, there came there from Kānyakubja three young Brāhmans, equally matched in all accomplishments. And each one of these demanded the maiden from her father for himself, and would sooner sacrifice his life than allow her to be given to another. But her father would not give her to any one of them, being afraid that, if he did so, he would cause the death of the others; so the damsel remained unmarried. And those three remained there day and night, with their eyes exclusively fixed on the moon of

¹ See the notes on this story in the Appendix, p. 261 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

her countenance, as if they had taken upon themselves a vow to imitate the partridge.¹

Then the maiden Mandāravatī suddenly contracted a burning fever, which ended in her death. Whereupon the young Brāhmans, distracted with grief, carried her when dead, after she had been duly adorned, to the cemetery, and burnt her. And one of them built a hut there and made her ashes his bed, and remained there, living on the alms he could get by begging. And the second took her bones and went with them to the Ganges; and the third became an ascetic, and went travelling through foreign lands.

As the ascetic was roaming about, he reached a village named Vajraloka. And there he entered as a guest the house of a certain Brāhman. And the Brāhman received him courteously. So he sat down to eat; and in the meanwhile a child there began to cry. When, in spite of all efforts to quiet it, it would not stop, the mistress of the house fell into a passion, and taking it up in her arms threw it into the blazing fire. The moment the child was thrown in, as its body was soft, it was reduced to ashes. When the ascetic, who was a guest, saw this, his hair stood on end, and he exclaimed: "Alas! alas! I have entered the house of a Brāhman-demon. So I will not eat food here now, for such food would be sin in a visible material shape." When he said this, the householder said to him: "See the power of raising the dead to life inherent in a charm of mine, which is effectual as soon as recited." When he had said this, he took the book containing the charm and read it, and threw on to the ashes some dust, over which the charm had been recited. That made the boy rise up alive, exactly as he was before.

Then the mind of the Brāhman ascetic was quieted, and he was able to take his meal there. And the master of the house put the book up on a bracket, and, after taking food, went to bed at night, and so did the ascetic. But when the master of the house was asleep, the ascetic got up timidly and took the book, with the desire of restoring his beloved to life.

And he left the house with the book, and travelling day

¹ The Chakora is fabled to subsist upon moonbeams.

and night at last reached the cemetery where that beloved had been burnt. And at that moment he saw the second Brāhman arrive there, who had gone to throw her bones into the River Ganges. And having also found the one who remained in the cemetery sleeping on her ashes, having built a hut over them, he said to the two : “ Remove this hut, in order that by the power of a certain charm I may raise up my beloved alive from her ashes.” Having earnestly solicited them to do this, and having overturned that hut, the Brāhman ascetic opened the book and read the charm. And after thus charming some dust, he threw it on the ashes, and that made Mandāravatī rise up alive. And as she had entered the fire, she possessed, when resuscitated, a body that had come out of it more splendid than before, as if made of gold.¹

When the three Brāhmans saw her resuscitated in this form, they immediately became love-sick, and quarrelled with one another, each desiring her for himself. And the first said : “ She is my wife, for she was won by the power of my charm.” And the second said : “ She belongs to me, for she was produced by the efficacy of sacred bathing-places.” And the third said : “ She is mine, for I preserved her ashes, and resuscitated her by asceticism.”

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“ Now, King, give judgment to decide their dispute. Whose wife ought the maiden to be ? If you know and do not say it, your head shall fly in pieces.”

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he said to him : “ The one who restored her to life by a charm, though he endured hardship, must be considered her father, because he performed that office for her, and not her husband ; and he who carried her bones to the Ganges is considered her son ; but he who out of love lay on her ashes, and so remained in the cemetery embracing her and practising asceticism, he is to be called her husband, for he acted like one in his deep affection.”²

¹ *Nishkāntam* is perhaps a misprint for *nishkrāntam*, the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

² Cf. *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 303.

When the Vetāla heard this from King Trivikramasena, who had broken silence by uttering it, he left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place. But the king, who was bent on forwarding the object of the mendicant, made up his mind to fetch him again; for men of firm resolution do not desist from accomplishing a task they have promised to perform, even though they lose their lives in the attempt.

CHAPTER LXXVII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the heroic King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, to fetch the Vetāla. And he found him there in the corpse, and again took him up on his shoulder, and began to return with him in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla, who was on his back, said to him: "It is wonderful, King, that you are not cowed with this going backwards and forwards at night. So I will tell you another story to solace you. Listen.

163G (3). *The King and the Two Wise Birds*¹

There is on the earth a famous city named Pāṭaliputra. In it there lived of old time a king named Vikramakeśarin, whom providence made a storehouse of virtues as well as of jewels. And he possessed a parrot of godlike intellect, knowing all the *śāstras*, that had been born in that condition owing to a curse, and its name was Vidagdha-chūḍāmaṇi. And the prince married as a wife, by the advice of the parrot, a princess of equal birth, of the royal family of Magadha, named Chandraprabhā. That princess also possessed a similar hen-maina,² of the name of Somikā, remarkable for knowledge and discernment. And the two, the parrot and

¹ See the Appendix, p. 267 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

² One of the species known as *mynas*, *mainas* and *minors*, found in India, Assam and Burma. It is the *Acridotheres tristis*, a member of the starling family, largely known by the name Grackle. Jerdon (*Birds of India*, vol. i, pp. 325, 326) describes the *maina* as a household bird, very commonly domesticated. It becomes tame and familiar, often following its master about like a dog. It is a good imitator, and soon learns to pick up words and sentences. It is not surprising, then, that the story-teller would introduce a conversation between a *maina* and a parrot in which humans join. See also A. Newton, *Dictionary of Birds*, London, 1893-1896, pp. 378, 379, and *Ency. Brit.*, 11th edition, vol. xiv, p. 381b.—N.M.P.

the *maina*, remained there in the same cage, assisting with their discernment their master and mistress.

One day the parrot became enamoured of the *maina*, and said to her: "Marry me, fair one, as we sleep, perch and feed in the same cage." But the *maina* answered him: "I do not desire intimate union with a male, for all males are wicked and ungrateful." The parrot retorted: "It is not true that males are wicked, but females are wicked and cruel-hearted." And so a dispute arose between them. The two birds then made a bargain that if the parrot won, he should have the *maina* for wife, and if the *maina* won, the parrot should be her slave; and they came before the prince to get a true judgment. The prince, who was in his father's judgment-hall, heard the point at issue between them, and then said to the *maina*: "Tell me, how are males ungrateful?" Then the *maina* said: "Listen"; and, in order to establish her contention, proceeded to relate this story illustrating the faults of males.

163G (3a). *The Maina's Story*¹

There is on the earth a famous city of the name of Kā-mandakī. In it there was a rich merchant of the name of Arthadatta. And he had a son born to him of the name of Dhanadatta. When his father died, the young man became dissipated. And rogues got round him and plunged him in the love of gambling and other vices. In truth the society of the wicked is the root of the tree of vice. In a short time his wealth was exhausted by dissipation, and being ashamed of his poverty, he left his own country, to wander about in foreign lands.

And in the course of his travels he reached a place named Chandanapura, and desiring food, he entered the house of a certain merchant. As fate would have it, the merchant, seeing that he was a handsome youth, asked him his descent and other things, and finding out that he was of good birth, entertained him, and adopted him as a *protégé*. And he gave him his daughter Ratnāvalī, with a

¹ See the Appendix, p. 269.—N.M.P.

dower, and thenceforth Dhanadatta lived in his father-in-law's house.

And in the course of some days he forgot in his present happiness his former misery, and having acquired wealth, and longing for fresh dissipation, he wished to go back to his own land. Then the rascal with difficulty wrung a permission from his unwilling father-in-law, whose daughter was his only child, and taking with him his wife, covered with ornaments, accompanied by an old woman, set out from that place, a party of three in all. And in course of time he reached a distant wood, and on the plea that there was danger of robbers he took those ornaments from his wife and got them into his own possession. Alas! Observe that the heart of ungrateful males, addicted to the hateful vice of dicing and drabbing, is as hard as a sword.

Then the villain, being determined to kill his wife, though she was virtuous, for the sake of her wealth, threw her and the old woman into a ravine. And after he had thrown them there he went away. The old woman was killed, but his wife was caught in a mass of creepers and did not die. And she slowly climbed up out of the chasm, weeping bitterly, supporting herself by clinging to grass and creepers, for the appointed end of her life had not yet come. And asking her way step by step, she arrived, by the road by which she came, at the house of her father, with difficulty, for her limbs were sorely bruised. When she arrived there suddenly in this state, her mother and father questioned her eagerly. And the virtuous lady, weeping, told this tale. "We were robbed on the way by bandits, and my husband was dragged away bound. The old woman died, but I survived, though I fell into a ravine. Then I was dragged out of the ravine by a certain benevolent traveller who came that way, and by the favour of destiny I have arrived here." When the good Ratnāvalī said this, her father and mother comforted her, and she remained there, thinking only of her husband.

And in course of time her husband Dhanadatta, who had gone back to his own country, and wasted that wealth in gambling, said to himself: "I will go and fetch more wealth, begging it from my father-in-law, and I will tell him that I

have left his daughter in my house here." Thinking thus in his heart, he set out for that house of his father-in-law, and when he drew near, his wife beheld him from a distance, and she ran and fell at his feet, though he was a villain. For, though a husband is wicked, a good wife does not alter her feelings towards him. And when he was frightened, she told him all the fictitious story she had previously told her parents about the robbery, her fall, and so on. Then he entered fearlessly with her the house of his father-in-law; and his father-in-law and mother-in-law, when they saw him, welcomed him joyfully. And his father-in-law called his friends together and made a great feast on the occasion, exclaiming: "It is indeed a happy thing that my son-in-law has been let go with life by the robbers."

Then Dhanadatta lived happily with that wife of his, Ratnāvalī, enjoying the wealth of his father-in-law. But, fie! what the cruel man did one night, though it should not be told for shame, must still, for the story's sake, be related. He killed his wife when asleep in his bosom, and took away all her ornaments, and then went away unobserved to his own country. So wicked are males!

163G (3). *The King and the Two Wise Birds*

When the *maina* had said this, the king said to the parrot: "Now say your say." Then the parrot said: "King, females are of intolerable audacity, immoral and wicked; hear a tale in proof of it.

163G (3b). *The Parrot's Story*¹

There is a city of the name of Harshavatī, and in it there was a leading merchant named Dharmadatta, possessed of many *crores*. And that merchant had a daughter named Vasudattā, matchless in beauty, whom he loved more than his life. And she was given to an excellent young merchant named Samudradatta, equal to her in rank, distinguished for

¹ The following story is the tenth in *Sagas from the Far East*. For fuller details see p. 269 *et seq.* of this volume.—N.M.P.

wealth and youth, who was an object that the eyes of lovely women loved to feast on, as the partridges on the rays of the moon, and who dwelt in the city of Tāmraliptī, which is inhabited by honourable men. Once on a time the merchant's daughter, while she was living in her father's house, and her husband was in his own country, saw at a distance a certain young and good-looking man. The fickle woman, deluded by Māra,¹ invited him by means of a confidante, and made him her secret paramour. And from that time forth she spent every night with him, and her affections were fixed upon him only.

But one day the husband of her youth returned from his own land, appearing to her parents like delight in bodily form. And on that day of rejoicing she was adorned. But she would have nothing to say to her husband, in spite of her mother's injunctions; and when he spoke to her she pretended to be asleep, as her heart was fixed on another. And then her husband, being drowsy with wine and tired with his journey, was overpowered with sleep.

In the meanwhile, as all the people of the house, having eaten and drunk, were fast asleep, a thief made a hole in the wall² and entered their apartment. At that very moment the merchant's daughter rose up, without seeing the thief, and went out secretly, having made an assignation with her lover. When the thief saw that, his object being frustrated, he said to himself: "She has gone out in the dead of night adorned with those very ornaments which I came here to steal; so I will watch where she goes." When the thief had formed this intention, he went out and followed that merchant's daughter Vasudattā, keeping an eye on her, but himself unobserved.

But she, with flowers and other things of the kind in her hands, went out, accompanied by a single confidante, who was in the secret, and entered a garden at no distance outside the city. And in it she saw her lover, who had come there to meet her, hanging dead on a tree, with a halter round his neck; for

¹ The great tempter of Gautama Buddha. For the numerous legends connected with Māra see Windisch's *Māra und Buddha*, Leipzig, 1895.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. V, p. 142n².—N.M.P.

the city-guards had caught him there at night and hanged him, on the supposition that he was a thief. Then she was distracted and beside herself, and exclaiming, "I am ruined," she fell on the ground and lamented with plaintive cries. Then she took down her dead paramour from the tree, and placing him in a sitting position she adorned him with unguents and flowers, and, although he was senseless, embraced him, with mind blinded by passion and grief. And when in her sorrow she raised up his mouth and kissed it, her dead paramour, being animated by a Vetāla, suddenly bit off her nose.¹ Then she left him in confusion and agony ; but still the unfortunate woman came back once more, and looked at him to see if he was still alive. And when she saw that the Vetāla had left his body, and that he was dead and motionless, she departed slowly, weeping with fear and humiliation.

In the meanwhile the thief, who was hidden there, saw all, and said to himself : " What is this that this wicked woman has done ? Alas ! the mind of females is terrible and black like a dark well, unfathomable, exceedingly deep for a fall.² So I wonder what she will do now." After these reflections the thief again followed her at a distance, out of curiosity.

She went on and entered her own chamber, where her husband was asleep, and cried out, weeping : " Help ! Help ! This wicked enemy, calling himself a husband, has cut off my nose, though I have done nothing wrong." Then her husband, and her father, and the servants, hearing her repeated cries, woke up, and arose in a state of excitement. Then her father, seeing that her nose had been recently taken off, was angry, and had her husband bound, as having injured his wife. But even while he was being bound he remained speechless, like a dumb man, and said nothing, for all the listeners, his father-in-law and the others, had all together turned against him.³

When the thief had seen all this, he slipped away nimbly, and the night, which was spent in tumult, gradually passed

¹ See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 100.—N.M.P.

² A pun difficult to render in English.

³ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vibuddheshvatha*—i.e. being awake.

away; and then the merchant's son was taken by his father-in-law to the king, together with his wife who had been deprived of her nose. And the king, after he had been informed by them of the circumstances, ordered the execution of the young merchant, on the ground that he had maimed his own wife, rejecting with contempt his version of the story. Then, as he was being led to the place of execution, with drums beating,¹ the thief came up to the king's officers and said to them: "You ought not to put this man to death without cause; I know the circumstances. Take me to the king, that I may tell him the whole story."

When the thief said this, they took him to the king, and after he had received a promise of pardon, he told him the whole history of the night from the beginning. And he said: "If your Majesty does not believe my words, look at once at the woman's nose, which is in the mouth of that corpse." When the king heard that, he sent servants to look; and finding that the statement was true, he gave orders that the young merchant should not suffer capital punishment. But he banished his wicked wife from the country, after cutting off her ears also,² and punished his father-in-law by confiscating all his wealth; and being pleased with the thief, he made him chief magistrate of the city.

163G (3). *The King and the Two Wise Birds*

"So you see that females are naturally wicked and treacherous." When the parrot had told this tale, the curse imposed on him by Indra lost its force, and he became once more the Gandharva Chitraratha, and assuming a celestial form, he went to heaven. And at the same moment the *maina's* curse came to an end, and she became the heavenly nymph Tilottamā, and went at once to heaven. And so their dispute remained undecided in the judgment-hall.

¹ See Vol. I, p. 118, 118n², and Vol. V, p. 143n.—N.M.P.

² Cf. Vol. V, pp. 82, 82n¹, 156.—N.M.P.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this tale, he again said to the king: "So let your Majesty decide which are the worst, males or females. But if you know and do not say, your head shall split in pieces."

When the king was asked this question by the Vetāla, that was on his shoulder, he said to him: "Chief of magicians, women are the worst. For it is possible that once in a way a man may be so wicked, but females are, as a rule, always such everywhere." When the king said this, the Vetāla disappeared, as before, from his shoulder, and the king once more resumed the task of fetching him.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went at night to that *śimśapā* tree in the cemetery ; and he fearlessly took that Vetāla that was in the corpse, though it uttered a horrible laugh, and placed it on his shoulder, and set out in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla, that was on his shoulder, said to him again : “ King, why do you take all this trouble for the sake of this wicked mendicant ? In truth you show no discrimination in taking all this fruitless labour. So hear from me this story to amuse you on the way.

163G (4). *The Adventures of Viravara* ¹

There is a city on the earth rightly named Sobhāvati. In it there lived a king of great valour, called Sūdraka. The fire of that victorious king's might was perpetually fanned by the wind of the chowries waved by the captured wives of his enemies. I ween that the earth was so glorious during the reign of that king, owing to the uninterrupted practice of righteousness that prevailed, that she forgot all her other sovereigns, even Rāma.

Once on a time a Brāhman of the name of Viravara came from Mālava to take service under that king who loved heroes. His wife's name was Dharmavati, his son was Sattvavara, and his daughter was Viravati. These three composed his family ; and his attendants were another three : at his side a dagger, a sword in one hand, and a splendid shield in the other. Although he had so small a retinue, he demanded from the king five hundred *dīnārs* a day by way of salary. And King Sūdraka, perceiving that his appearance indicated great courage, gave him the salary he desired.

¹ See the Appendix, pp. 272-273.—N.M.P.

But he felt curious to know whether, as his retinue was so small, he employed so many gold coins to feed his vices, or lavished them on some worthy object. So he had him secretly dogged by spies, in order to discover his mode of life. And it turned out that every day Vīravara had an interview with the king in the morning, and stood at his palace gate in the middle of the day, sword in hand; and then he went home and put into the hand of his wife a hundred *dinārs*¹ of his salary for food, and with a hundred he bought clothes, unguents and betel, and after bathing he set apart a hundred for the worship of Viṣṇu and Śiva, and he gave two hundred by way of charity to poor Brāhmins. This was the distribution which he made of the five hundred every day. Then he fed the sacrificial fire with clarified butter and performed other ceremonies, and took food, and then he again went and kept guard at the gate of the palace alone at night, sword in hand.

When King Śūdraka heard from his spies that Vīravara always followed this righteous custom, he rejoiced in his heart; and he ordered those spies, who had dogged his path, to desist; and he considered him worthy of especial honour as a distinguished hero.

Then in course of time, after Vīravara had easily tided through the hot weather, when the rays of the sun were exceedingly powerful, the monsoon came roaring, bearing a brandished sword of lightning, as if out of envy against Vīravara, and smiting² with raindrops. And though at that time a terrible bank of clouds poured down rain day and night, Vīravara remained motionless, as before, at the gate of the palace. And King Śūdraka, having beheld him in the day from the top of his palace, again went up to it at night, to find out whether he was there or not; and he cried out from it: "Who waits there at the palace gate?" When Vīravara heard that, he answered: "I am here, your Majesty." Then King Śūdraka thought to himself: "Ah! Vīravara is a man of intrepid courage and devotedly attached

¹ See Vol. I, p. 63n¹.—N.M.P.

² I conjecture *prahārī* for the *pahārī* of Brockhaus' edition. In *dhārā* there is a pun, as it also means the "edge of a sword."

to me. So I must certainly promote him to an important post." After the king had said this to himself, he came down from the roof of his palace, and, entering his private apartments, went to bed.

And the next evening, when a cloud was violently raining with a heavy downfall, and black darkness was spread abroad, obscuring the heaven,¹ the king once more ascended the roof of the palace to satisfy his curiosity, and being alone, he cried out in a clear voice: "Who waits there at the palace gate?" Again Viravara said: "I am here." And while the king was lost in admiration at seeing his courage, he suddenly heard a woman weeping in the distance, distracted in despair, uttering only the piteous sound of wailing. When the king heard that, pity arose in his mind, and he said to himself: "There is no oppressed person in my kingdom, no poor or afflicted person; so who is this woman, that is thus weeping alone at night?" Then he gave this order to Viravara, who was alone below: "Listen, Viravara. There is some woman weeping in the distance; go and find out who she is and why she is weeping."

When Viravara heard that, he said, "I will do so," and set out thence with his dagger in his belt, and his sword in his hand. He looked upon the world as a Rākshasa² black with fresh clouds, having the lightning flashing from them by way of an eye, raining large drops of rain instead of stones.

And King Sūdraka, seeing him starting alone on such a night, and being penetrated with pity and curiosity, came down from the top of the palace, and taking his sword, set out close behind him, alone and unobserved. And Viravara went on persistently in the direction of the weeping, and reached a tank outside the city, and saw there that woman in the middle of the water uttering this lament: "Hero! Merciful man! Generous man! How can I live without

¹ I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *gupta-bhuvane kālatamasi*.

² The D. text is different, and certainly makes better sense. Reading *na ca* for *nava*, *Rakṣorūpam* for *Rakṣo jīvam*, etc., the meaning becomes: "He did not mind that Rākshasa-like darkness, black with fresh clouds. . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 134.—N.M.P.

you ? ” And Viravara, who was followed by the king, said with astonishment : “ Who are you, and why do you thus weep ? ” Then she answered him : “ Dear Viravara, know that I am this Earth, and King Sūdraka is now my righteous lord ; but on the third day from this his death will take place, and whence shall I obtain such another lord ? So I am grieved, and bewail both him and myself.”¹ When Viravara heard this, he said, like one alarmed : “ Is there then, goddess, any expedient to prevent the death of this king, who is the protecting amulet of the world ? ”

When Earth heard this, she answered : “ There is one expedient for averting it, and one which you alone can employ.” Then Viravara said : “ Then, goddess, tell it me at once, in order that I may quickly put it in operation : otherwise what is the use of my life ? ” When Earth heard this, she said : “ Who is as brave as you, and as devoted to his master ? So hear this method of bringing about his welfare. If you offer up your child Sattvavara to this glorious goddess Chaṇḍī, famous for her exceeding readiness to manifest herself to her votaries, to whom the king has built a temple,² in the immediate vicinity of his palace, the king will not die, but live another hundred years. And if you do it at once, his safety will be ensured ; but if not, he will assuredly have ceased to live on the third day from this time.”

When the goddess Earth said this to Viravara, he said : “ Goddess, I will go and do it this very instant.” Then Earth said, “ May success attend you ! ” and disappeared ; and the king, who was secretly following Viravara, heard all this.

Then Viravara went quickly in the darkness to his own house, and King Sūdraka, out of curiosity, followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavatī, and told her how the goddess Earth had directed him to offer up his son for the sake of the king. When she heard it, she said : “ My lord, we must ensure the prosperity of the king ; so

¹ Cf. the way in which the Banshi laments in Grimm's *Irische Märchen*, pp. 121, 122.

² I read *kṛitapratishṭhā*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

wake up this young boy of ours and tell it him yourself." Then Viravara woke up his young son Sattvavara, who was asleep, and told him what had occurred, and said to him : "So, my son, the king will live if you are offered up to the goddess Chāṇḍī ; but if not, he will die on the third day."

When Sattvavara heard it, though he was a mere child, he showed an heroic soul, and justified his name.¹ He said : "I shall have obtained all I desire, if the sacrifice of my life saves that of the king, for so I shall have repaid him for his food which I have eaten. So why should there be any delay ? Take me and offer me up immediately before the adorable goddess. Let me be the means of bringing about the happiness of my lord."

When Sattvavara said this, Viravara answered : "Bravo ! you are in truth my own son." And the king, who had followed them, and heard all this conversation from outside, said to himself : "Ah ! they are all equal in courage."

Then Viravara took his son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavati took their daughter Viravati, and they both went that very night to the temple of Chāṇḍī, and King Sūdraka followed them unobserved. Then Sattvavara was taken down by his father from his shoulder and placed in front of the idol, and the boy, who was full of courage, bowed before the goddess, and said : "May the sacrifice of my head ensure the life of King Sūdraka ! May he rule unopposed, goddess, for another hundred years !" When the boy Sattvavara said this, Viravara exclaimed, "Bravo !" and drew his sword and cut off his son's head, and offered it to the goddess, saying : "May the sacrifice of my son save the king's life !" Immediately a voice was heard from the air : "Bravo ! Viravara ! What man is as devoted to his sovereign as thou, who, by the sacrifice of thy noble only son, hast bestowed on this King Sūdraka life and a kingdom ?" Then that young girl Viravati, the daughter of Viravara, came up, and embraced the head of her slain brother, and weeping, blinded with excessive grief, she broke her heart and so died. And the king saw and heard all this from his concealment.

¹ Sattvavara means "distinguished for courage."

Then Viravara's wife Dharmavatī said to him : " We have ensured the prosperity of the king, so now I have something to say to you. Since my daughter, though a child and knowing nothing, has died out of grief for her brother, and I have lost these two children of mine, what is the use of life to me ? Since I have been so foolish as not to offer my own head long ago to the goddess for the welfare of the king, give me leave to enter the fire with my children's bodies." When she urged this request, Viravara said to her : " Do so, and may prosperity attend you ; for what pleasure could you find, noble woman, in continuing a life that would for you be full of nothing but grief for your children ? But do not be afflicted because you did not sacrifice yourself. Would not I have sacrificed myself, if the object could have been attained by the sacrifice of any victim but our son ? So wait until I have made a pyre for you with these pieces of timber, collected to build the fence round the sanctuary of the goddess."

When Viravara had said this, he made a funeral pyre with the timber, and placed on it the bodies of his two children, and lighted it with the flame of a lamp. Then his virtuous wife Dharmavatī fell at his feet, and, after worshipping the goddess Chāṇḍī, she addressed to her this prayer : " May my present husband be my husband also in a future birth ! And may the sacrifice of my life procure prosperity for the king his master ! " When the virtuous woman had said this, she threw herself into the burning pyre, from which the flames streamed up like hair.

Then the hero Viravara said to himself : " I have done what the king's interests required, as the celestial voice testified, and I have paid my debt to my master for his food which I have eaten : so as I am now left alone, why should I thus cling to life ? It does not look well for a man like me to nurse his own life only, after sacrificing all his dear family, which it is his duty to maintain. So why should I not gratify Durgā by sacrificing myself ? " Having thus reflected, he first approached the goddess with this hymn of praise :

" Hail to thee, thou slayer of the Asura Mahisha, destroyer of the Dānava Ruru, trident-bearing goddess ! Hail

to thee, best of mothers, that causest rejoicing among the gods, and upholdest the three worlds ! Hail thou whose feet are worshipped by the whole earth, the refuge of those that are intent on final beatitude ! Hail thou that wearest the rays of the sun, and dispellest the accumulated darkness of calamity ! Hail to thee, Kālī, skull-bearing goddess, wearer of skeletons ! Hail, Sīvā ! Honour to thee ! Be propitious now to King Sūdraka on account of the sacrifice of my head ! ” After Viravara had praised the goddess in these words, he cut off his head with a sudden stroke of his sword.

King Sūdraka, who was a witness of all this from his place of concealment, was full of bewilderment, sorrow and astonishment, and said to himself : “ This worthy man and his family have performed for my sake a wonderful and difficult exploit never seen or heard of anywhere else. Though the world is wide and various, where could there be found a man so resolute as secretly to sacrifice his life for his master, without proclaiming the fact abroad ? And if I do not requite this benefit, what is the use of my sovereignty, and of my protracting my life, which would only be like that of an animal ? ”

When the heroic king had thus reflected, he drew his sword from the sheath, and approaching the goddess, prayed thus to her : “ Be propitious to me now, goddess, on account of this sacrifice of my head, and confer a boon on me, thy constant votary. Let this Brāhman Viravara, whose acts are in accordance with his name, and who sacrificed his life for my sake, be resuscitated with his family ! ” After uttering this prayer, King Sūdraka was preparing to cut off his head with his sword, but at that moment a voice was heard from the air : “ Do not act rashly ; I am pleased with this courage of thine : let the Brāhman Viravara be restored to life, together with his wife and his children ! ” Having uttered so much, the voice ceased, and Viravara rose up alive and unwounded, with his son, his daughter, and his wife. When the king, who quickly concealed himself again, saw that marvel, he was never tired of looking at them with an eye full of tears of joy.

And Viravara quickly awoke as if from sleep, and

beholding his children and wife alive, and also himself, he was confused in mind. And he asked his wife and children, addressing them severally by name : " How have you returned to life after having been reduced to ashes ? I too cut off my head. What is the meaning of my being now alive ? Is this a delusion, or the manifest favour of the goddess ? " When he said this, his wife and children answered him : " Our being alive is due to a merciful interposition of the goddess, of which we were not conscious." Then Viravara came to the conclusion that it was so, and after worshipping the goddess, he returned home with his wife and children, having accomplished his object.

And after he had left his son, wife and daughter there, he returned that very night to the palace gate of the king, and stood there as before. King Śūdraka, for his part, who had beheld all unobserved, again went up to the roof of his palace. And he cried out from the roof : " Who is in attendance at the palace gate ? " Then Viravara said : " I myself am in waiting here, your Majesty. And in accordance with your orders I went in search of that woman, but she disappeared somewhere as soon as seen, like a Rākshasī."

When the king heard the speech of that Viravara, he was very much astonished, as he had himself seen what took place, and he said to himself : " Indeed people of noble spirit are deep and self-contained of soul as the sea, for when they have performed an unparalleled exploit, they do not utter any description of it." Thus reflecting, the king silently descended from the roof of the palace and entered his private apartments, and there spent the rest of the night.

And the next morning Viravara came to present himself at the time of audience, and then the delighted king related to the ministers all that Viravara had gone through during the night ; so that they were all, as it were, thunderstruck with wonder. Then the king gave to Viravara and his son the sovereignty over the provinces of Lāṭa and Kārṇāṭa, as a token of his regard. Then the two kings, Viravara and Śūdraka, being equal in power, lived happily in the interchange of mutual good offices.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this exceedingly wonderful story, he went on to say to King Trivikramasena: "So tell me, King, who was the bravest of all these; and if you know and do not tell, the curse, which I before mentioned, shall descend upon you."

When the king heard this, he answered the Vetāla: "King Śūdraka was the greatest hero of them all." Then the Vetāla said: "Was not Viravara greater, for his equal is not found on earth? And was not his wife braver, who, though a mother, endured to witness with her own eyes the offering up of her son as a victim? And was not his son Sattvavara braver, who, though a mere child, displayed such pre-eminent courage? So why do you say that King Śūdraka was more heroic than these?"

When the Vetāla said this, the king answered him: "Do not say so! Viravara was a man of high birth, one in whose family it was a tradition that life, son and wife must be sacrificed to protect the sovereign. And his wife also was of good birth, chaste, worshipping her husband only; and her chief duty was to follow the path traced out for her by her husband. And Sattvavara was like them, being their son. Assuredly, such as are the threads, such is the web produced from them. But Śūdraka excelled them all, because he was ready to lay down his life for those servants, by the sacrifice of whose lives kings are wont to save their own."

When the Vetāla heard that speech from that king, he at once left his shoulder and returned invisibly to his former place by his supernatural power; but the king resolutely set out on his former path in that cemetery at night to bring him back again.

CHAPTER LXXIX

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went back again to that *śimśapā* tree, and saw the Vetāla in the corpse again hanging on it as before, and took him down, and, after showing much displeasure with him, set out again rapidly towards his goal. And as he was returning along his way, in silence as before, through the great cemetery by night, the Vetāla on his shoulder said to him: "King, you have embarked on a toilsome undertaking, and I liked you from the moment I first saw you; so listen, I will tell you a tale to divert your mind.

[163G (5). *Somaprabhā and her Three Suitors* ¹

In Ujjayinī there lived an excellent Brāhman, the dear dependent and minister of King Puṇyasena, and his name was Harisvāmin. That householder had by his wife, who was his equal in birth, an excellent son like himself, Devasvāmin by name. And he also had born to him a daughter, famed for her matchless beauty, rightly named Somaprabhā.² When the time came for that girl to be given away in marriage, as she was proud of her exceeding beauty, she made her mother give the following message to her father and brother: "I am to be given away in marriage to a man possessed of heroism and knowledge, or magic power³; you must not give me in marriage to any other, if you value my life."

When her father Harisvāmin heard this, he was full of anxiety, trying to find for her a husband coming under one of these three categories. And while so engaged, he was

¹ See Appendix, p. 273 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

² *I.e.* moonlight.

³ *Vijnāna* appears to have this meaning here. In the *Pentamerone* of Basile (Burton's translation, vol. i, p. 241) a princess refuses to marry, unless a bridegroom can be found for her with a head and teeth of gold.

sent as ambassador to King Punyasena to negotiate a treaty with a king of the Deccan, who had come to invade him. And when he had accomplished the object for which he was sent, a noble Brāhman, who had heard of the great beauty of his daughter, came and asked him for her hand. Harisvāmin said to the Brāhman suitor: "My daughter will not have any husband who does not possess either valour, knowledge, or magic power; so tell me which of the three you possess." When Harisvāmin said this to the Brāhman suitor, he answered: "I possess magic power." Thereupon Harisvāmin rejoined: "Then show me your magic power." So that possessor of supernatural power immediately prepared by his skill a chariot that would fly through the air. And in a moment he took Harisvāmin up in that magic chariot and showed him heaven and all the worlds. And he brought him back delighted to that very camp of the king of the Deccan, to which he had been sent on business. Then Harisvāmin promised his daughter to that man possessed of magic power, and fixed the marriage for the seventh day from that time.

And in the meanwhile another Brāhman in Ujjayinī came and asked Harisvāmin's son Devasvāmin for the hand of his sister. Devasvāmin answered: "She does not wish to have a husband who is not possessed of either knowledge, or magic power, or heroism." Thereupon he declared himself to be a hero. And when the hero displayed his skill in the use of missiles and hand-to-hand weapons, Devasvāmin promised to give him his sister, who was younger than himself. And by the advice of the astrologers he told him, as his father had told the other suitor, that the marriage should take place on that very same seventh day, and this decision he came to without the knowledge of his mother.

At that very same time a third person came to his mother, the wife of Harisvāmin, and asked her privately for the hand of her daughter. She said to him: "Our daughter requires a husband who possesses either knowledge, or heroism, or magic power." And he answered: "Mother, I possess knowledge." And she, after questioning him about the past and the future, promised to give the hand of her daughter to that

possessor of supernatural knowledge on that same seventh day.

The next day Harisvāmin returned home, and told his wife and his son the agreement he had made to give away his daughter in marriage; and they told him separately the promises that they had made, and that made him feel anxious, as three bridegrooms had been invited.

Then, on the wedding day, three bridegrooms arrived in Harisvāmin's house—the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. And at that moment a strange thing took place: the intended bride, the maiden Somaprabhā, was found to have disappeared in some inexplicable manner, and, though searched for, was not found. Then Harisvāmin said eagerly to the possessor of knowledge: "Man of knowledge, now tell me quickly where my daughter is gone." When the possessor of knowledge heard that, he said: "The Rākshasa Dhūmraśikha has carried her off to his own habitation in the Vindhya forest." When the man of knowledge said this to Harisvāmin, he was terrified, and said: "Alas! alas! how are we to get her back, and how is she to be married?" When the possessor of magic power heard that, he said: "Be of good cheer! I will take you in a moment to the place where the possessor of knowledge says that she is."

After he had said this, he prepared, as before, a chariot that would fly through the air, provided with all kinds of weapons, and made Harisvāmin, and the man of knowledge, and the brave man get into it, and in a moment he carried them to the habitation of the Rākshasa in the Vindhya forest, which had been described by the man of knowledge. The Rākshasa, when he saw what had happened, rushed out in a passion, and then the hero, who was put forward by Harisvāmin, challenged him to fight. Then a wonderful fight took place between that man and that Rākshasa, who were contending for a woman with various kinds of weapons, like Rāma and Rāvaṇa. And in a short time the hero cut off the head of that Rākshasa with a crescent-headed arrow, though he was a doughty champion. When the Rākshasa was slain, they carried

off Somaprabhā, whom they found in his house, and they all returned in the chariot of the suitor who possessed the magic power.

When they had reached Harisvāmin's house, the marriage did not go forward, though the auspicious moment had arrived, but a great dispute arose between the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. The man of knowledge said : " If I had not known where this maiden was, how could she have been discovered when concealed ? So she ought to be given to me." But the man of magic power said : " If I had not made this chariot that can fly through the air, how could you all have gone and returned in a moment like gods ? And how could you, without a chariot, have fought with a Rākshasa, who possessed a chariot ? So you ought to give her to me, for I have secured by my skill this auspicious moment." The brave man said : " If I had not slain the Rākshasa in fight, who would have brought this maiden back here in spite of all your exertions ? So she must be given to me." While they went on wrangling in this style, Harisvāmin remained for a moment silent, being perplexed in mind.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

" So tell me, King, to whom she ought to have been given ; and if you know, and do not say, your head shall split asunder." When Trivikramasena heard this from the Vetāla, he abandoned his silence, and said to him : " She ought to be given to the brave man ; for he won her by the might of his arms, at the risk of his life, slaying that Rākshasa in combat. But the man of knowledge and the man of magic power were appointed by the Creator to serve as his instruments : are not calculators and artificers always subordinate assistants to others ? "

When the Vetāla heard this answer of the king's, he left his seat on the top of his shoulder and went, as before, to his own place ; and the king again set out to find him, without being in the slightest degree discomposed.

CHAPTER LXXX

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and carried off from it that Vetāla on his shoulder, as before, and began to return with him swiftly in silence. And on the way the Vetāla again said to him : “ King, you are wise and brave, therefore I love you, so I will tell you an amusing tale, and mark well my question.

163G (6). *The Lady who caused her Brother and Husband to change Heads* ¹

There was a king famous on the earth by the name of Yaśaḥketu, and his capital was a city of the name of Śobhāvātī. And in that city there was a splendid temple of Gaurī, and to the south of it there was a lake, called Gaurī-tirtha. And every year, during a feast on the fourteenth day of the white fortnight of the month Āshāḍha, large crowds came there to bathe from every part of the world.²

And once there came there to bathe, on that day, a young washerman of the name of Dhavala, from a village called Brahmasthala. He saw there the virgin daughter of a man named Śuddhapata, a girl called Madanasundarī, who had come to bathe in the sacred water.³ His heart was captivated

¹ See Appendix, pp. 276-277.—N.M.P.

² The word *śuklāyām*, which is found in the Sanskrit College MS., is omitted by Professor Brockhaus.

³ So in the *Hero and Leander* of Musæus the two lovers meet in the temple of Venus at Sestos, and in the *Æthiopica* of Heliodorus Theagenes meets Chariclea at a festival at Delphi. Petrarch met Laura for the first time in the chapel of St Clara at Avignon, and Boccaccio fell in love with Maria, the daughter of Robert of Naples, in the church of the barefooted friars in Naples (Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, trans. by Liebrecht, p. 9). Rohde remarks that in Greek romances the hero and heroine usually meet in this way. Indeed

by that girl who eclipsed the beauty of the moon, and after he had inquired her name and family, he went home love-smitten. There he remained fasting and restless without her; but when his mother asked him the cause, he told her the truth about his desire.¹ She went and told her husband Vimala, and when he came and saw his son in that state, he said to him: "Why are you so despondent, my son, about an object so easily attained? Suddhapata will give you his daughter, if I ask him. For we are equal to him in family, wealth and occupation. I know him and he knows me; so this is not a difficult matter for me to arrange."

With these words Vimala comforted his son, and induced him to take food, and other refreshments; and the next day he went with him to the house of Suddhapata. And there he asked his daughter in marriage for his son Dhavala, and Suddhapata courteously promised to give her. And so, after ascertaining the auspicious moment, he gave his daughter Madanasundarī, who was of equal birth with Dhavala, in marriage to him the next day. And after Dhavala had been married, he returned a happy man to his father's house, together with his wife, who had fallen in love with him at first sight.

And one day, while he was living there in happiness, his father-in-law's son, the brother of Madanasundarī, came there. All received him courteously,² and his sister embraced him and welcomed him, and his connections asked him how he was; and at last, after he had rested, he said to them: "I have been sent here by my father, to invite Madanasundarī and his son-in-law, since we are engaged in a festival in honour of the goddess Durgā." And all his connections and their family approved his speech, and entertained him that day with appropriate meats and drinks.

it was scarcely possible for two young people belonging to the upper classes of Greek society to meet in any other way (*Der Griechische Roman*, p. 146 and note). See also pp. 385 and 486.—Cf. Tawney's *Kathakoça*, p. 72.—N.M.P.

¹ For *tayā* in *sl.* 10b the Sanskrit College MS. reads *tathā*.—As the D. text shows, the true correction is *mātrārtayā* for *mātrā tayā*—"when his mother, distressed, asked him the cause (of his strange behaviour) . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 134.—N.M.P.

² *Praśnayaḥ* in Professor Brockhaus' text should be *praśrayaḥ*.

Early the next day Dhavala set out for his father-in-law's house with Madanasundarī and his brother-in-law. And he reached, with his two companions, the city of Śobhāvatī, and he saw the great temple of Durgā when he arrived near it; and then he said to his wife and brother-in-law, in a fit of pious devotion: "Come and let us visit the shrine of this awful goddess." When the brother-in-law heard this, he said to him, in order to dissuade him: "How can so many of us approach the goddess empty-handed?" Then Dhavala said: "Let me go alone, and you can wait outside." When he had said this, he went off to pay his respects to the goddess.

When he had entered her temple, and had worshipped, and had meditated upon that goddess, who with her eighteen mighty arms had smitten terrible Dānavas, and who had flung under the lotus of her foot and trampled to pieces the Asura Mahisha, a train of pious reflection was produced in his mind by the impulse of Destiny, and he said to himself: "People worship this goddess with various sacrifices of living creatures, so why should not I, to obtain salvation, appease her with the sacrifice of myself?" After he had said this to himself, he took from her inner shrine, which was empty of worshippers, a sword which had been long ago offered to her by some pilgrims, and, after fastening his own head by his hair to the chain of the bell, he cut it off with the sword, and when cut off it fell on the ground.

And his brother-in-law, after waiting a long time, without his having returned, went into that very temple of the goddess to look for him. But when he saw his sister's husband lying there decapitated, he also was bewildered, and he cut off his head in the same way with that very same sword.

And when he too did not return, Madanasundarī was distracted in mind, and then she too entered the temple of the goddess. And when she had gone in, and seen her husband and her brother in such a state, she fell on the ground, exclaiming: "Alas! what is the meaning of this? I am ruined." And soon she rose up and lamented those two that had been so unexpectedly slain, and said to herself: "Of what use is this life of mine to me now?" And being eager to abandon the body, she said to that goddess: "O

thou that art the chief divinity presiding over blessedness, chastity and holy rule, though occupying half the body of thy husband Śiva,¹ thou that art the fitting refuge of all women, that takest away grief, why hast thou robbed me at once of my brother and my husband? This is not fitting on thy part towards me, for I have ever been a faithful votary of thine. So hear one piteous appeal from me who fly to thee for protection. I am now about to abandon this body which is afflicted with calamity, but grant that in all my future births, whatever they may be, these two men may be my husband and brother."

In these words she praised and supplicated the goddess, and bowed before her again; and then she made a noose of a creeper and fastened it to an *aśoka* tree. And while she was stretching out her neck, and putting it into the noose, the following words resounded from the expanse of air: "Do not act rashly, my daughter! I am pleased with the exceeding courage which thou hast displayed, though a mere girl: let this noose be, but join the heads of thy husband and thy brother to their bodies, and by virtue of my favour they shall both rise up alive."

When the girl Madanasundarī heard this, she let the noose drop, and went up to the corpses in great delight; but being confused, and not seeing in her excessive eagerness what she was doing, she stuck, as fate would have it, her husband's head on to her brother's trunk, and her brother's head on to her husband's trunk, and then they both rose up alive, with limbs free from wound, but, from their heads having been exchanged, their bodies had become mixed together.

Then they told one another what had befallen them, and were happy; and after they had worshipped the goddess Durgā, the three continued their journey. But Madanasundarī, as she was going along, saw that she had changed their heads, and she was bewildered and puzzled as to what course to take.

¹ An allusion to the Ardhanārīśa (i.e. half male, half female) representation of Śiva.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

“So tell me, King, which of the two people, thus mixed together, was her husband ; and if you know and do not tell, the course previously denounced shall fall on you !” When King Trivikramasena heard this tale and this question from the Vetāla, he answered him as follows : “That one of the two, on whom her husband’s head was fixed, was her husband, for the head is the chief of the limbs, and personal identity depends upon it.” When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder unperceived, and the king again set out to fetch him.

CHAPTER LXXXI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went back to the *śimśapā* tree, and again found the Vetāla there, and took him on his shoulder. As he was going along with him, the Vetāla said to him on the way: "King, listen to me. I will tell you a story to make you forget your fatigue.

163G (7). *The King who married his Dependent to a Nereid*¹

There is a city on the shore of the eastern sea, named Tāmraliptī. In that city there was a king of the name of Chaṇḍasiṃha; he turned away his face from the wives of others, but not from battle-fields; he carried off the fortune of his foes, but not the wealth of his neighbours.

Once on a time a popular Rājput of the Deccan, named Sattvaśīla, came to the palace gate of that king. And he announced himself, and then, on account of his poverty, he and some other Rājputs tore a ragged garment in the presence of that king. Thus he became a dependent,² and remained there for many years perpetually serving the king, but he never received any reward from him. And he said to himself: "If I have been born in a royal race, why am I so poor? And considering my poverty is so great, why did my Creator make my ambition so vast? For though I serve the king so diligently, and my followers are sorely afflicted, and I have long been pining with hunger, he has never, up to the present time, deigned to notice me."

While such were the reflections of the dependent, the king

¹ See Appendix, pp. 278-285.—N.M.P.

² The word translated "ragged garment" is *karpāṭa*. The word translated "dependent" is *kārpaṭika*.—Cf. story No. 69, "King Lakshadatta and his Dependent Labdhadatta" (Vol. IV, pp. 168-172) and the note on pp. 182-183 of the same volume.—N.M.P.

one day went out to hunt. And he went, surrounded with horses and footmen, to the forest of wild beasts, while his dependent ran in front of him bearing a stick. And after he had hunted for some time, he followed up closely a boar that had escaped, and soon he reached another distant wood. And in that vast jungle, where the path was obscured with leaves and grass, the king lost the boar, and he became exhausted, and was unable to find his way. And the dependent was the only one that kept up with him, running on foot, regardless of his own life, tortured with hunger and thirst, though the king was mounted upon a horse swift as the wind.

And the king, when he saw that dependent had followed him, in spite of his being in such a condition, said to him in a kind voice : " Do you know the way by which we came ? " When the dependent heard that, he put his hands together in an attitude of supplication, and said : " I do know it. But let my lord rest here for some time ; for the sun, which is the centre-jewel of the girdle of the sky-bride, is now burning fiercely with all its rays flickering forth." When the king heard this, he said to him graciously : " Then see if you can find water anywhere here." The dependent said, " I will," and he climbed up a high tree and saw a river, and then he came down again, and led the king to it. And he took the saddle off his horse and let him roll, and gave him water and mouthfuls of grass, and so refreshed him.

And when the king had bathed, he brought out of a corner of his garment delicious¹ *āmalaka* fruits, and washed them, and gave them to him. And when the king asked where he got them, he said to him, kneeling with the *āmalakas* in his hand : " Ten years have now passed since I, living continually on these fruits, have been performing, in order to propitiate my sovereign, the vow of a hermit that does not dwell in solitude." When the king heard that, he answered him : " It cannot be denied that you are rightly named Sattvaśīla." And being filled with compassion and shame, he said to himself : " A curse on kings who do not see who among their servants is comfortable or miserable, and a curse on their courtiers who

¹ *Hṛidayāni* should of course be *hṛidyāni*, as in the Sanskrit College MS.

do not inform them of such matters ! ” Such were the king’s thoughts. But he was at last induced by the importunity of the dependent to take two *āmalakas* from him. And after eating them and drinking water, he rested for a while in the company of the dependent, having satiated his hunger and thirst on fruits and water.

Then his dependent got his horse ready, and he mounted it, and the dependent went in front of him to show him the way ; but however much the king entreated him, he would not get up on the horse behind him, and so the king returned to his own city, meeting his army on the way. There he proclaimed the devotion of the dependent ; and he loaded him with wealth and territories, and did not consider even then that he had recompensed him as he deserved. Then Sattvaśīla became a prosperous man, and discarding the life of a dependent, he remained henceforth about the person of King Chanḍasimha.

And one day the king sent him to the island of Laṅkā, to demand for him the hand of the king’s daughter. He had to go there by sea ; so he worshipped his patron divinity, and went on board a ship, with the Brāhmans whom the king appointed to accompany him. And when the ship had gone half-way, there suddenly arose from the sea a banner that excited the wonder of all in the ship. It was so lofty that its top touched the clouds ; it was made of gold, and emblazoned like a waving flag of various hues. And at that very moment a bank of clouds suddenly arose and began to pour down rain, and a mighty wind blew. And the ship was forced on to that flag by the rain and the wind, and thus fastened to it, as elephant-drivers force on an elephant and bind him to a post. And then the flag began to sink with the ship in the billowy sea.

And then the Brāhmans in the ship, distracted with fear, called on their King Chanḍasimha, crying out for help. And when Sattvaśīla heard their cries, so great was his devotion to his master that he could not restrain himself, but with his sword in his hand, and his upper garment girded round him, the brave fellow daringly plunged into the billows, following the flag, in order to counteract the violence of the sea, not suspecting the real cause. And as soon as he had plunged in,

that ship was carried to a distance by the wind and waves, and all the people who were in it fell into the mouths of the sea-monsters.

And when Sattvaśīla, who had fallen into the sea, began to look about him, he found that he was in a splendid city, but he could not see the sea anywhere. That city glittered with palaces of gold supported on pillars of jewels, and was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with steps of precious gems, and in it he beheld the temple of Durgā, lofty as Mount Meru, with many walls of costly stones, and with a soaring banner studded with jewels. There he prostrated himself before the goddess, and praised her with a hymn, and sat down wondering whether it was all the effect of enchantment.

And in the meanwhile a heavenly maiden suddenly opened a door, and issued from a bright enclosure in front of the temple of the goddess. Her eyes were like blue lotuses, her face full-blown, her smile like a flower; her body was soft like the taper fibre of a water-lily's root, so that she resembled a moving lotus-lake. And waited on by a thousand ladies, she entered the inner shrine of the goddess and the heart of Sattvaśīla at the same time. And after she had worshipped, she left the inner shrine of the goddess, but nothing would make her leave the heart of Sattvaśīla. And she entered once more into the shining enclosure, and Sattvaśīla entered after her.

And when he had entered, he beheld another splendid city, which seemed like a garden where all the enjoyments of the world had agreed to meet. In it Sattvaśīla saw that maiden sitting on a couch studded with gems, and he went up to her and sat down by her side. And he remained with his eyes fixed on her face, like a man in a painting, expressing his passion by his trembling limbs, the hairs on which stood erect. And when she saw that he was enamoured of her, she looked at the faces of her attendants, and then they, understanding the expression of her face, said to him: "You have arrived here as a guest, so enjoy the hospitality provided by our mistress. Rise up, bathe, and then take food."

When he heard that, he entertained some hope, and he rose up, though not without a struggle, and he went to a tank in the garden which they showed him. And the

moment that he plunged into it he rose up, to his astonishment, in the middle of a tank in the garden of King Chandaśimha in Tāmraliptī. And seeing himself suddenly arrived there, he said to himself: "Alas! what is the meaning of this? Now I am in this garden, and a moment ago I was in that splendid city; I have exchanged in an instant the nectarous vision of that fair one for the grievous poison of separation from her. But it was not a dream, for I saw it all clearly in a waking state. It is clear that I was beguiled like a fool by those maidens of Pātāla."

Thus reflecting, he wandered about in that garden like a madman, being deprived of that maiden, and wept in the anguish of disappointed passion. And the gardeners, when they beheld him in that state, with body covered with the yellow pollen of flowers wafted by the wind, as if with the fires of separation, went and told King Chandaśimha, and he, being bewildered, came himself and saw him; and after calming him, he said to him: "Tell me, my friend, what is the meaning of all this? You set out for one place and reached another; your arrows have not struck the mark at which they were aimed." When Sattvaśīla heard that, he told the king all his adventures, and he, when he heard them, said to himself: "Strange to say, though this man is a hero, he has, happily for me,¹ been beguiled by love, and I now have it in my power to discharge my debt of gratitude to him." So the brave king said to him: "Abandon now your needless grief, for I will conduct you by the same course into the presence of that beloved Asura maiden." With these words the king comforted him, and refreshed him with a bath and other restoratives.

The next day the king entrusted the kingdom to his ministers, and, embarking on a ship, set out on the sea with Sattvaśīla, who showed him the way. And when they had got to that half-way spot, Sattvaśīla saw the wonderful flagstaff rising out of the sea with the banner on it, as before, and he said to the king: "Here is that great flagstaff with such wonderful properties, towering aloft out of the sea: I must plunge in here, and then the king must plunge in also

¹ More literally "through my merits in a former state of existence."

and dive down after the flagstaff." After Sattvaśīla had said this, they got near the flagstaff, and it began to sink. And Sattvaśīla first threw himself in after it, and then the king also dived in the same direction, and soon after they had plunged in, they reached that splendid city. And there the king beheld with astonishment and worshipped that goddess Pārvatī, and sat down with Sattvaśīla.

And in the meanwhile there issued from that glittering enclosure a maiden, accompanied by her attendant ladies, looking like the quality of brightness in concrete form. Sattvaśīla said, "This is that fair one," and the king, beholding her, considered that his attachment to her was amply justified. She, for her part, when she beheld that king with all the auspicious bodily marks, said to herself: "Who can this exceedingly distinguished man be?"

And so she went into the temple of Durgā to pray, and the king contemptuously went off to the garden, taking Sattvaśīla with him. And in a short time the Daitya maiden came out from the inner shrine of the goddess, having finished her devotions, and having prayed that she might obtain a good husband; and after she had come out, she said to one of her attendants: "My friend, go and see where that distinguished man is whom I saw, and entreat him to do us the favour of coming and accepting our hospitality, for he is some great hero deserving special honour." When the attendant had received this order, she went and looked for him, and, bending low, delivered to him in the garden the message of her mistress. Then the heroic king answered in a carelessly negligent tone: "This garden is sufficient entertainment for me: what other entertainment do I require?" When that attendant came and reported this answer to the Daitya maiden, she considered that the king was a man of a noble spirit and deserving of the highest regard.

And then the Asura maiden (being, as it were, drawn towards himself with the cord of his self-command by the king, who showed a lofty indifference for hospitality far above mortal desert) went in person to the garden, thinking that he had been sent her by way of a husband, as a fruit of her adoration of Durgā. And the trees seemed to honour

her, as she approached, with the songs of various birds, with their creepers bending in the wind like arms, and showers of blossoms. And she approached the king and, bowing courteously before him, entreated him to accept of her hospitality. Then the king pointed to Sattvaśīla, and said to her: "I came here to worship the image of the goddess of which this man told me. I have reached her marvellous temple, guided to it by the banner, and have seen the goddess, and, after that, you; what other hospitality do I require?" When the maiden heard that, she said: "Then come, out of curiosity, to see my second city, which is the wonder of the three worlds." When she said this, the king laughed and said: "Oh! he told me of this also, the place where there is a tank to bathe in." Then the maiden said: "King, do not speak thus; I am not of a deceitful disposition, and who would think of cheating one so worthy of respect? I have been made the slave of you both by your surpassing excellence; so you ought not thus to reject my offer."

When the king heard this, he consented, and taking Sattvaśīla with him, he accompanied the maiden to that glittering enclosure. And the door of it was opened, and she conducted him in, and then he beheld that other splendid city of hers. The trees in it were ever producing flowers and fruits, for all seasons were present there at the same time¹; and the city was all composed of gold and jewels like the peak of Mount Meru. And the Daitya maiden made the king sit down on a priceless jewelled throne, and offered him the *arghya* in due form, and said to him: "I am the daughter of Kālanemi, the high-souled king of the Asuras, but my father was sent to heaven by Vishṇu, the discus-armed god. And these two cities, which I inherit from my father, are the work of Viśvakarman; they furnish all that heart can wish, and old age and death never invade them. But now I look upon you as a father, and I, with my cities, am at your disposal." When she had in these words placed herself and all that she

¹ Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III, canto 6, stanza 42:

"There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one tyme."

Cf. also *Odyssey*, vii, 117; and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv, 148.

possessed at the king's disposal, he said to her : " If this be so, then I give you, excellent daughter, to another—to the hero Sattvaśīla, who is my friend and relation." When the king, who seemed to be the favour of the goddess Durgā in bodily form, said this, the maiden, who understood excellence when she saw it, acquiesced submissively.

When Sattvaśīla had attained the wish of his heart by marrying that Asura maiden, and had had the sovereignty of those cities bestowed on him, the king said to him : " Now I have repaid you for one of those *āmalakas* which I ate, but I am still indebted to you for the second, for which I have never recompensed you." When the king had said this to Sattvaśīla, who bowed before him, he said to that Daitya maiden : " Now show me the way to my own city." Then the Daitya maiden gave him a sword named " Invincible," and a fruit to eat, which was a remedy against old age and death, and with these he plunged into the tank which she pointed out, and the next thing that happened to him was that he rose up in his own land with all his wishes gratified. And Sattvaśīla ruled as king over the cities of the Daitya princess.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

" Now tell me : which of those two showed most courage in plunging into the water ? " When the Vetāla put this question to the king, the latter, fearing to be cursed, thus answered him : " I consider Sattvaśīla the braver man of the two, for he plunged into the sea without knowing the real state of the case and without any hope ; but the king knew what the circumstances were when he plunged in, and had something to look forward to, and he did not fall in love with the Asura princess, because he thought no longing would win her." When the Vetāla received this answer from the king, who thereby broke silence, he left his shoulder, as before, and fled to his place on the *śimśapā* tree. And the king, as before, followed him quickly to bring him back again ; for the wise never flag in an enterprise which they have begun until it is finished.

CHAPTER LXXXII

163g. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena returned to the *śimśapā* tree and again caught the Vetāla, and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him. And as he was going along, the Vetāla again said to him from his shoulder : “ King, in order that you may forget your toil, listen to this question of mine.

163g (8). *The Three Fastidious Men*¹

There is a great tract of land assigned to Brāhmanas in the country of Anga, called Vṛkshaghāṭa. In it there lived a rich sacrificing Brāhman named Viṣṇusvāmin. And he had a wife equal to himself in birth. And by her he had three sons born to him, who were distinguished for preternatural acuteness. In course of time they grew up to be young men. One day, when he had begun a sacrifice, he sent those three brothers to the sea to fetch a turtle. So off they went, and when they had found a turtle, the eldest said to his two brothers : “ Let one of you take the turtle for our father’s sacrifice ; I cannot take it, as it is all slippery with slime.” When the eldest brother said this, the two younger ones answered him : “ If you hesitate about taking it, why should not we ? ” When the eldest heard that, he said : “ You two must take the turtle ; if you do not, you will have obstructed our father’s sacrifice, and then you and he will certainly sink down to hell.” When he told the younger ones this they laughed, and said to him : “ If you see our duty so clearly, why do you not see that your own is the same ? ” Then the eldest said : “ What ! do you not know how fastidious I am ? I am very fastidious about eating, and I cannot be expected to touch what is repulsive.” The middle brother, when he

¹ See Appendix, pp. 285-294.—N.M.P.

heard this speech of his, said to his brother : "Then I am a more fastidious person than you, for I am a most fastidious connoisseur of the fair sex." When the middle one said this, the eldest went on to say : "Then let the younger of you two take the turtle !" Then the youngest brother frowned, and in his turn said to the two elder : "You fools ! I am very fastidious about beds, so I am the most fastidious of the lot."

So the three brothers fell to quarrelling with one another, and being completely under the domination of conceit, they left that turtle and went off immediately to the court of the king of that country, whose name was Prasenajit, and who lived in a city named Viṭankapura, in order to have the dispute decided. There they had themselves announced by the warder, and went in, and gave the king a circumstantial account of their case. The king said : "Wait here, and I will put you all in turn to the proof" ; so they agreed and remained there.

And at the time that the king took his meal, he had them conducted to a seat of honour and given delicious food fit for a king, possessing all the six flavours.¹ And while all were feasting around him, the Brāhman who was fastidious about eating, alone of all the company, did not eat, but sat there with his face puckered up with disgust. The king himself asked the Brāhman why he did not eat his food, though it was sweet and fragrant, and he slowly answered him : "I perceive in this cooked rice an evil smell of the reek from corpses, so I cannot bring myself to eat it, however delicious it may be."

When he said this before the assembled multitude, they all smelled it by the king's orders, and said : "This food is prepared from white rice, and is good and fragrant." But the Brāhman who was so fastidious about eating would not touch it, but stopped his nose. Then the king reflected, and proceeded to inquire into the matter, and found out from his officers² that the food had been made from rice

¹ See Vol. V, p. 114n².—N.M.P.

² *Niyogajanitas* is a misprint for *niyogijanatas*, as is evident from the Sanskrit College MS.

which had been grown in a field near the burning-*ghāt* of a certain village. Then the king was much astonished and, being pleased, he said to him: "In truth you are very particular as to what you eat, so eat of some other dish."

And after they had finished their dinner, the king dismissed the Brāhmins to their apartments and sent for the loveliest lady of his court. And in the evening he sent that fair one, all whose limbs were of faultless beauty, splendidly adorned, to the second Brāhman, who was so squeamish about the fair sex. And that matchless kindler of Kama's flame, with a face like the full moon of midnight, went, escorted by the king's servants, to the chamber of the Brāhman. But when she entered, lighting up the chamber with her brightness, that gentleman who was so fastidious about the fair sex felt quite faint, and stopping his nose with his left hand, said to the king's servants: "Take her away: if you do not, I am a dead man; a smell comes from her like that of a goat."

When the king's servants heard this, they took the bewildered fair one to their sovereign, and told him what had taken place. And the king immediately had the squeamish gentleman sent for, and said to him: "How can this lovely woman, who has perfumed herself with sandalwood, camphor, black aloes, and other splendid scents, so that she diffuses exquisite fragrance through the whole world, smell like a goat?" But though the king used this argument with the squeamish gentleman, he stuck to his point. And then the king began to have his doubts on the subject, and at last, by artfully framed questions, he elicited from the lady herself that, having been separated in her childhood from her mother and nurse, she had been brought up on goat's milk.

Then the king was much astonished, and praised highly the discernment of the man who was fastidious about the fair sex, and immediately had given to the third Brāhman who was fastidious about beds, in accordance with his taste, a bed composed of seven mattresses placed upon a bedstead. White smooth sheets and coverlets were laid upon the bed, and the fastidious man slept on it in a splendid room. But before half a watch of the night had passed he rose up from

that bed, with his hand pressed to his side, screaming in an agony of pain. And the king's officers, who were there, saw a red crooked mark on his side, as if a hair had been pressed deep into it. And they went and told the king, and the king said to them: "Look and see if there is not something under the mattresses." So they went and examined the bottom of the mattresses one by one, and they found a hair in the middle of the bedstead underneath them all. And they took it and showed it to the king; and they also brought the man who was fastidious about beds, and when the king saw the state of his body¹ he was astonished. And he spent the whole night in wondering how a hair could have made so deep an impression on his skin through seven mattresses.

And the next morning the king gave three hundred thousand gold pieces to those three fastidious men, because they were persons of wonderful discernment and refinement. And they remained in great comfort in the king's court, forgetting all about the turtle; and little did they reckon of the fact that they had incurred sin by obstructing their father's sacrifice.²

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of the king, had told him this wonderful tale, he again asked him a question in the following words: "King, remember the curse I previously denounced, and tell me which was the most fastidious of these three, who were respectively fastidious about eating, the fair sex, and beds?" When the wise king heard this, he gave the Vetāla the following answer: "I consider the man who was fastidious about beds, in whose case imposition was out of the question, the most fastidious of the three, for the mark produced by the hair was seen conspicuously manifest

¹ Read *āṅkam* instead of *āṅgam*. The king was astonished on beholding that mark.—N.M.P.

² The B. text here is corrupt owing to the improper expression—*yajñārthaṃ helopārjita-pātakāḥ*. The reading in the D. text would give us the meaning: "... though they had incurred sin by obstructing the success of their father's sacrifice." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 135.—N.M.P.

on his body, whereas the other two may have previously acquired their information from someone else." When the king said this, the Vetāla left his shoulder, as before, and the king again went in quest of him, as before, without being at all depressed.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE TWENTY-FIVE TALES OF A VETĀLA

Introductory Remarks

THE *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*, or Twenty-five (tales) of a Vetāla, is a very old collection of Hindu tales which is as well known in India as the *Pañchatantra*, and, like it, has made an important contribution to the popular stories of the world. It exists not only in the great Kashmir works of Somadeva¹ and Kshemendra,² but is found as an independent collection in two distinct recensions. The most important of these is that attributed to Śivadāsa, who gives us a mixture of prose and poetry. This appears to be the original form, although, as we have only the different versions of later date to go by, we cannot make any definite statement on this point.³ It has been edited, together with an anonymous recension, by Heinrich Uhle.⁴ The other recension is that of Jambhala-datta, edited by Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, Calcutta, 1873. It contains no verse, and more closely resembles the older Kashmirian versions.⁵

But the great popularity of the Vetāla stories is due to the fact that they have been translated into so many Indian vernaculars.

The first translation from the Sanskrit was into Braj-bhāshā (the standard dialect of Western Hindī spoken around Mathurā and Agra) early in the eighteenth century. It was

¹ About half of Somadeva's version was translated separately into German by F. von der Leyen, *Indische Märchen*, Halle, 1898. See also his Introduction dealing with the collection in general.

² *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī*, ix, 2, 19-1221. See S. Lévi, *Journal Asiatique*, 8th ser., vol. vii, 1886, pp. 190-216, and cf. Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 37, 38.

³ See M. Winternitz, *Geschichte der indischen Litteratur*, vol. iii, p. 331.

⁴ "Die Vetālapañcaviṃśatikā in den Recensionen des Śivadāsa und eines Ungenannten," *Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, vol. viii, 1884, pp. xxx + 1-236. The anonymous version is merely an abbreviated translation of Kshemendra. For references to V. Bettei's Italian translation of Śivadāsa see Winternitz, *op. cit.*, p. 331n².

⁵ For further details see Winternitz as cited above.

made by Sūrati Misar, during the reign of Muḥammad Shāh, under orders from Jāi Singh Sawāi, Rājā of Jaipur¹ (1699-1743). The Baitāl Pachīsī, as it was now called, was next translated from Braj-bhāshā into "High Hindī" by Lallū Lāl in 1805. He can be regarded as the actual creator of this language, which is really a modern literary development of the dialect of Western Hindī spoken from Delhi to the Himālaya.

There were also several other translations made—e.g. those by Sambhu Nāth and Bhōlā Nāth. For details of these see Grierson, *The Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindustan*, Calcutta, 1855, pp. 97, 166, 167.

The English version of Kālī Kṛishna, published at Calcutta in 1834, was derived from the Hindī version of Lallū, as was also the better-known edition by W. B. Barker and E. B. Eastwick, Hertford, 1855. On this latter was based the German translation by Oesterley, Leipzig, 1873, so often quoted by Tawney in his edition of the present work. Mention should also be made of the French translation by Lancereau, *Journal Asiatique*, 4th ser., vol. xviii, 1851, pp. 5-36, 366-410, vol. xix, 1852, pp. 333-365; and of the Swedish by Hilding Andersson.²

There are also translations in Bengali, Kanarese, Telugu, Gujarati, Tamil, Marathi, and other vernaculars. Of these the best known in England are the last two. The Tamil version was translated into English by B. G. Babington.³ Its different form of "frame-story" will be discussed later.

The Marathi version was translated by Sadāśiv Chhatre in 1830. An English rendering by C. A. Kincaid⁴ appeared as recently as 1921. In a short preface Kincaid speaks of Burton's translation into English of the Hindī version. He says that after comparing it with the Marathi he found that they either differed very widely or else Burton had expanded

¹ He is described as one of the most learned scientific men that India has ever produced. See Tod's *Rājasthān*, vol. ii, pp. 356-368, or vol. iii, pp. 1341-1356 in the new edition edited by Crooke, 1920.

² *Likspökets Tjugufem Berättelser*, Göteborgs Kungl. Vetenskaps- och Vitterhetssamhälles Handlingar, 4 följden, iii, Gothenburg, 1901.

³ *The Vedāla Caddai, being the Tamul Version of a Collection of Ancient Tales in the Sanscrit Language*, 90 pp. Although sometimes bound up separately, it forms the fourth paper in volume one of *Miscellaneous Translations from Oriental Languages*, London, 1831. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

⁴ *Tales of King Vikrama*, Oxford University Press, 1921.

his work until little resemblance between the two remained. There have been many references to this work of Burton, but no one appears to have said what it really is and if it should be considered as a true translation of the Hindi version. Even Macdonell (*Sanskrit Literature*, p. 375) distinctly gives the impression that *Vikram and the Vampire* is the standard English version of these tales, whereas really this is far from the truth. As I have stated more fully elsewhere,¹ Burton's work was not a translation, but an adaptation, and a *very* free adaptation too. In his Introduction he says: "It is not pretended that the words of these Hindu tales are preserved to the letter. . . . I have ventured to remedy the conciseness of their language, and to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood." This is putting it very mildly. What Burton has really done is to use a portion of the Vetāla tales as a peg on which to hang elaborate "improvements" entirely of his own invention. Anyone as steeped in his works as I am myself could not possibly read a page of *Vikrama and the Vampire* without knowing who had written it. The height of his inventive powers is reached in his "Eleventh Story—which Puzzles Raja Vikram" (p. 290 *et seq.*). It is supposed to be a prognostication of the coming of the British into India!

Further details of the other vernacular translations will be found in Oesterley.²

There still remains the necessity for an edition of the *Vetālapañcaviṃśati* in its different recensions, arranged for comparative purposes, in the same manner as the *Vikramacharita* has been edited by Edgerton (see later, p. 228). There would then be some chance of studying the texts with a view to ascertaining the original form of the work. From the data we have at present it would seem that the work must be considered as composed of ancient Hindu tales, in which more attention has been paid to the magical than to the religious element. Some of them have doubtless been altered in the course of time, and we can pick out those which show a Buddhistic influence and those which are purely Saivic or at

¹ *Annotated Bibliography of Sir R. F. Burton*, p. 80 *et seq.* It was first issued in *Frazer's Magazine*, vols. lxxvii, lxxviii, 1868. It then appeared in book form: *Vikram and the Vampire, or Tales of Hindu Devilry*, London, 1870. Reprinted in the "Memorial Edition" of 1893.

² *Bibliothek Orientalischer Märchen und Erzählungen in deutscher Bearbeitung I, Baitāl Pachisi*, Leipzig, 1873.

any rate Brāhmanic in character. Then again, there is the Jain element to be considered, especially as our information about Vikrama himself is confined to ancient Jain traditions. Attention will be drawn to any religious tendency displayed in the tales when they are dealt with separately in this Appendix (Nos. 1-8) and in that to be given in Vol. VII (No. 9 to the end).

There still remains an interesting point to discuss—the identity of the hero of the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*. His name appears in slightly different forms, and Somadeva, undoubtedly following the Kashmirian version of the *Bṛīhat-kathā*, calls him “Trivikramasena, the son of Vikramasena.” In all cases, however, the king referred to is the semi-legendary Vikrama or Vikramāditya of Jain tradition. Whether such a king actually existed is unknown, and scholars are by no means agreed in their opinions one way or the other.

In order, however, that we may be in a position to appreciate the difficulties of making any definite statement it is necessary to glance at the Jain traditions and see exactly what is known about Vikrama. Apart from the work under discussion, Vikrama is the hero of several other collections of tales, the most important of which is that known as *Vikrama-charita* (*Vikrama's Adventures*) or *Sinhāsanaadvā-triṃśikā* (*Thirty-Two Tales of the Throne*). This work, which in all probability dates from a time not earlier than the thirteenth century, has recently been edited in four different recensions of the Sanskrit original, and published together with an English translation by Franklin Edgerton.¹ Now in the Jain recension we find,² as is only to be expected, an account of Vikrama's conversion to Jainism by Siddhasena Divākara. This account has been inserted as a section of the frame-story, and ends with the following words: “Thus reflecting in his heart, the noble King Vikrama paid the debts of the whole earth by an enormous largess, sufficient to fulfil to the extent of their desires the petitions of multitudes of beggars; and (in so doing) he introduced a turning point [*i.e.* a change] in the era of Vardhamāna [Mahāvīra, the founder

¹ *Vikrama's Adventures, or The Thirty-Two Tales of the Throne*, Harvard Oriental Series, vols. xxvi, xxvii, Cambridge, Mass., 1926. The method of presentation of the text and translation for comparative purposes as adopted by Edgerton is ideal, and sets a standard in scholarly research that will be hard to rival.

² Edgerton, vol. i, p. 251 *et seq.*

of Jainism].” Like other passages peculiar to the Jain recension, the above was obviously a subsequent insertion, emanating from the same Jainistic book of legends which Merutunga used later for his Vikrama chapter in the *Pra-bandhacintāmaṇi*.¹ Thus we see that, according to Jain tradition, Vikrama’s act of generosity caused the commencement of a new era. Other sources of Jain tradition corroborate this statement and place the change in the year 470 after Mahāvīra’s nirvāṇa.²

Now the well-known Vikrama era begins with 58 or 57 B.C., and as Mahāvīra lived about the end of the sixth or the beginning of the fifth century B.C., the two statements agree. Thus the possibility of the Vikrama era being founded to commemorate the deeds of the king Vikrama of Jain tradition cannot be doubted. This does not, however, say that the collections of stories about a king bearing the same name also refer to the Jainistic Vikrama. Confused and contradictory statements about Vikrama, in fact about *many* Vikramas, soon made scholars sceptical, especially when it was discovered that the name was used by several kings merely as a title. Then different theories were put forward as to which king was really meant by “Vikrama.” First the Vikramāditya who defeated the Huns in A.D. 544 was proposed, but records dated earlier in the era have been found, and so disproved the theory. Then Kanishka, the Kushan king, was suggested, and for a time received fairly wide support among scholars. But Sir John Marshall proved³ by archæological evidence that Kanishka could not have been living in 58 B.C. He further proposed that the new era really was founded by Azes I, the Śaka king of Gandhāra. The evidence for this is very slender, however, as it entirely depends on the interpretation of the word *ayasa* in the Takshaśilā inscription. If the word *does* mean “of Azes” the evidence is strong, as the dates are in agreement with the existing traditions; but if, as considered much more probable by Bhandarkar, Konow and Edgerton, it merely corresponds to the Sanskrit *ādyasya*, “of the first” (month Āśāḍha), the whole theory falls to the ground. But apart from this, neither the exact date of Azes nor

¹ See Tawney’s translation, p. 2 *et seq.* For evidence that the Jainistic recension of the *Vikrama-charita* is not Merutunga’s original see Edgerton, vol. i, p. xxxvii *et seq.*

² Edgerton, vol. i, p. lixⁿ.

³ *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, 1914, p. 973 *et seq.*; 1915, p. 191 *et seq.*

that of the inscription is known with certainty. If the theory advanced by Kielhorn, that the era was known in early days by the name of Mālava and not Vikrama, be accepted, there is still no reason to discard the Jain tradition. As Vikrama was king of Mālava, and as at first the era was used only locally, why should it not have been known as the Mālava era?

We may, then, at once admit that no evidence exists to prove that a real king Vikrama did *not* exist. The point is, however, that if he *did* exist, why are not traditions and inscriptions forthcoming? Might not the simplest answer be the correct one—namely, that a famous king who used the title “Vikrama” is responsible for the popular legends being connected with the name? The fact that there was also a Vikrama era would merely add to the fame of the hero. The most famous king who bore the title of Vikrama was undoubtedly Chandragupta II of the Gupta dynasty—the golden age of Indian history. His principal conquests were effected between A.D. 388 and 401, and included the crushing of the Śaka (Scythian) power in Mālwa, Gujarāt and Surāshtra.

Now another Jain tradition¹ tells of events which happened just prior to the foundation of the Vikrama era in 58 or 57 B.C. The Jain saint Kālaka was insulted by King Gardabhilla of Ujjayinī, and by way of revenge overthrew the dynasty with the aid of some Śaka satraps. A few years later Vikrama, the son of Gardabhilla, overcame the invaders and re-established the dynasty. It was at this point that the new Vikrama era was introduced. So runs the legend. Professor Rapson (*Cambridge History of India*, vol. i, p. 532) considers that its historical setting is not inconsistent with what is known of the political circumstances of Ujjayinī of this period. As it was Chandragupta II who is historically known as the conqueror of the Śakas, it is not surprising that he took the additional title of Vikramāditya (“Sun of power”) in later life. The glories of *his* reign and conquests would remain, but events connected with the original Vikrama would become confused with those of the Gupta monarch. Legends would soon accumulate round this “Vikrama,” who was really a purely fictitious character created from ancient Jain traditions of the original Vikrama on the one hand, and from historical memories of Chandragupta II on the other hand.

¹ “The Kālākāchāryakathānaka,” H. Jacobi, *Zeit. d. morg. Ges.*, vol. xxxiv, p. 247 *et seq.*

We return to Somadeva. He places the hero of the Vetāla tales in Pratishthāṇa on the banks of the Godāvārī. The author of the *Vikrama-charita*, however, makes him king of Ujjayinī. Now tradition connects him with both these places, so the mention of different localities need not surprise us. Vikrama is represented as coming from Pratishthāṇa to Ujjayinī, and so was probably connected with the Andhras (or Telugus), who under Sātakarṇi had pushed northwards from their capital, Pratishthāṇa, and wrested Ujjayinī from Pushyamitra, the first Sunga king.

Having now briefly stated what we know about the hero of the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*, we can proceed to the frame-story, which occurs in various forms.

Frame-Story

Here we are told of the ruse by which the mendicant secures the king's help in the carrying out of certain tantric conjurations. With the sacrifice of the king's life he hopes to obtain the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara. The dauntless Trivikramasena consents to assist the mendicant, and is asked to fetch a dead body from a tree. He finds it possessed by a Vetāla, and the twenty-five tales (really twenty-four) are told by the demon during the same number of attempts on the part of the king to secure the body for the mendicant's nefarious purposes.

This is a very brief summary of the story we have already read on pp. 165-168. It occurs twice in the *Vikrama-charita*, first very briefly in the frame-story,¹ and more fully in the tale of the thirty-first statuette.² As the collection of tales became popular, it was translated into many languages, with the result that in some cases an Introduction got tacked on to the frame-story. In other cases the collection was used for religious purposes and an entirely different frame-story was substituted. We shall mention some of these alternative versions in detail.

The Tamil version begins with a conversation between Indra and Nārada, in which we are informed (very much as in the commencement of the *Ocean*) how Śiva was once asked by Pārvatī to tell her a collection of stories. He at once did

¹ See Edgerton, vol. i, p. 14 *et seq.*

² *Ibid.*, p. 236 *et seq.*

so, but a Brāhman overheard the stories and repeated them to his wife. Thus they became common property. Śiva, through his omniscience, learned what had occurred and cursed the Brāhman to become a Vetāla. When asked by the unhappy man when his curse might end, Śiva replied : "By whomsoever the questions contained in these tales shall be answered, by the same shall thy curse be removed." The Brāhman instantly assumed the form of a Vetāla, and was transported into the midst of a wilderness, where he remained suspended, head downwards, on a *Muruca* tree.¹ Then follows the frame-story proper, which closely resembles that in our own text. The differences are interesting, though not important. The mendicant brings *pomegranates*. One day the king's son offers one to a crab, and as the animal is eating it a shower of priceless jewels falls out. All the pomegranates are accordingly brought and split open, only to reveal more jewels. The rest follows as in Somadeva.

In the well-known Hindi version, and also in the Marathi, there is an Introduction to the frame-story, but in this case it is elaborate, and for several reasons is well worth reproducing in full. I choose the translation by Barker² :

There was a city named Dhārānagar, the king of which was Gandharbsen, who had four queens, and by them six sons, each of whom was more learned and powerful than the other. It happened that, after some days, this king died, and his eldest son, who was named Shank, became king in his stead. Again, after some days, Bikram, his younger brother, having killed his elder brother (Shank), himself became king, and began to govern well. Day by day his dominion so increased that he became king of all India ; and having established his government firmly, he instituted an era. After some days the king thought to himself : "I ought to visit those countries whose names I am hearing."

Having resolved upon this in his mind, he committed the government to the charge of his younger brother Bhārtharī, became a devotee (Yogī), and began to travel from country to country and from forest to forest. A certain Brāhman practised austere devotion in that city. One day a god brought and gave him the fruit of immortality. Having brought this home, he said to his wife : "Whosoever shall eat this shall become immortal ; the deity told me this at

¹ B. G. Babington, *Vedala Cadai*, p. 18.

² *The Baitāl Pachīsī, or Twenty-five Tales of a Demon*, Hertford, 1855.

the time he gave me the fruit." The Brāhman's wife, having heard, wept, and began to say : " It has fallen to us to suffer for a great crime, since if we become immortal, for how long shall we ask alms ! But death would be preferable to this. If we were to die, we should escape the pains of this world." The Brāhman replied, saying : " I have accepted the fruit, and brought it here, but having heard your speech, my intellect has wasted away ; now will I do whatever thou mayst point out." Then the Brāhman's wife said to him : " Give the fruit to the king, and receive instead thereof wealth, by means of which you may promote your present and future welfare."

Having heard these words, the Brāhman went to the king and gave him his blessing. After having made an explanation of the circumstances connected with the fruit, he said : " O great king ! be pleased to accept this fruit, and be pleased to bestow some wealth upon me. I shall be happy in your living long." Then the king gave the Brāhman a lākḥ of rupees and, having dismissed him, retired into the harem, and having given this fruit to his best-beloved queen, said : " O queen ! eat this, that you may be immortal, and may always remain young." The queen, having heard this speech, took the fruit, and the king went into his court. The queen had for her lover a kotwāl : to him she gave the fruit. It happened that the kotwāl had a friend who was a courtesan ; he gave her the fruit, explaining to her its good qualities. The courtesan reflected : " This fruit is a fit present for the king." Having thus mentally resolved, and having gone to the king, she presented the fruit. He bestowed on her great wealth, and dismissed her ; and, looking at the fruit, he became dissatisfied with the world, and began to say : " The wealth of this world is a delusion. The affection of this world is of no use, since in consequence of it at last we fall into hell. Hence it is better to practise devotion, and keep Bhagwān in remembrance, that it may be good for us in a future state."

Having thus determined, he went into the harem and asked the queen : " What didst thou with the fruit ? " She said : " I ate it." Then the king showed the fruit to her. She, looking at it, stood aghast, and could not make any answer. The king went out and, having had the fruit washed, ate it ; and, having quitted the throne, became a Yogī, and without communicating with anyone departed into the forest. The government of Bikram remained empty.

When this news reached King Indr, he sent a demon as guardian over Dhārānagar, who kept guard day and night over the city. At length the rumour of this state of things was spread abroad, that King Bhartharī, having abdicated his throne, had gone away (into the forest). When King Bikram also heard this news, he immediately returned to his own land. It was midnight, and at the time he was entering the city the demon called out : " Who art thou ? and where art thou going ? Stand and give thy name ! "

Then the king said : " I am King Bikram, and am come to my own city. Who art thou who stoppest me ? " The demon answered : " The gods have sent me to guard this city ; if you really are King Bikram, first fight with me, and then enter the city. " The king, immediately on hearing this, tightened his girdle, and challenged the demon, who came opposite to him, and the combat began. At length the king threw down the demon and sat on his breast. The demon cried out : " O King ! thou hast overthrown me, but I grant thee thy life. " The king, smiling, said : " Surely thou art mad : to whom dost thou grant life ? If I desire I can kill thee ; how, then, dost thou grant me my life ? " The demon replied : " O King ! I will save thee from death ; but first listen to one speech, and then govern the whole earth without anxiety. " The king then quitted his hold, and began to listen with all his heart to his discourse.

The demon said to him : " There was in this city a very generous king, named Chandr-bhān. It happened that he one day went out into the jungle and saw—what ?—a devotee suspended head-downwards from a tree, who continued inhaling smoke. He received nothing from anyone, nor did he speak to anyone. The king, having seen his condition, came home, and having sat down in his court, said : ' If anyone will bring this devotee, he shall receive a lākh of rupees. ' A certain courtesan who heard this speech approached the king, and represented, saying : ' If I receive the great king's command, I will, after bearing a child by this devotee, bring it riding on his shoulders. ' The king, on hearing this speech, was astonished, and gave betel-nut to the courtesan (in token that he held her to her promise) ; and permitted her to depart. She went into the forest, and, arriving at the devotee's dwelling, saw—what ?—that, in fact, the devotee was hanging head-downwards. He ate nothing, drank nothing, and was shrivelled up. At length the courtesan, having prepared

a confection, put it into the mouth of the devotee ; when he tasted it sweet, it was pleasant to his palate (and he licked it in). Then she made more and gave him. In this manner for two days she made him taste the confection, and he, by eating it, acquired strength. Then having opened his eyes, he came down from the tree and asked her : ‘Why hast thou come here ?’ The courtesan said : ‘I am the daughter of a deity, and have practised religious observances in the heavenly regions. I have now come into this forest.’ That devotee said : ‘Show me where thy hut is.’ The courtesan, having brought the devotee to her hut, caused to be prepared the six kinds of food. Then the devotee gave up inhaling smoke, and began to eat and drink every day. At length Kāmdev (the Hindu Cupid) began to worry him, and he had connection with the courtesan, and lost (the reward of) his penance. The courtesan became pregnant. The full time being accomplished, a boy was born. Some months passed : then the woman said to the devotee : ‘O holy saint ! be pleased to perform a pilgrimage to some holy place, that all the sins of your body may be taken away.’ By such speeches as these having cajoled him, she put the boy on his shoulder and came to the court of the king, whence she had set out (having taken up betel in token of), undertaking to perform this very thing. At the time she arrived in the king’s view he recognised her at a distance, and saw the child mounted on the devotee’s shoulder. He began to say to the people of the court : ‘Behold ! this is the very courtesan who went forth to bring the devotee.’ They said : ‘O great king ! thou speakest truly : this is the very same woman ; and be pleased to observe that whatever things she, having petitioned (to be allowed to undertake), went forth (to do), all these have come to pass.’

“The Yogī, having heard the speeches of the king and of his courtiers, thought to himself : ‘The king has done this for the sake of taking away (the fruits of) my penance.’ Thus thinking, he turned back thence and departed from the city, killed the boy, and began to practise devotion in the jungle. After some days the death of that king happened, and the Yogī accomplished his penance.

“In short, the history of the matter is, that you three men were born in the same city, in the same lunar mansion, in the same division of the great circle described upon the ecliptic, and in the same period of time (equal to two *gharīs*,

or forty-eight minutes). You were born in the house of a king; the second was born in the house of an oilman; the third, the Yogī, in the house of a potter. You have dominion here. The oilman's son was ruler of the infernal regions. The potter, having performed his penance well, and having killed the oilman, has turned him into a spectre (evil spirit) in a cemetery, and kept him suspended head-downwards in a *siris* tree (*mimosa sirissa*), and is plotting your destruction. If you should escape, you will have royal power. I have given you information of this matter—do not be negligent therein.”

Having thus spoken, the demon departed, and the king entered his harem. In the morning the king, having come forth, sat down, and gave command for a general Darbār (or court). As many domestics—small and great—as there were all came into his presence and presented gifts, and rejoicings began to take place. The whole town was extraordinarily joyful and happy; in every place and in every house dancing and singing was going on. After this the king began to administer the government justly.

It is said that one day a devotee, Shānt-shīl (calm-disposition) by name, came to the king's court bringing a fruit in his hand, which fruit he gave into the king's hand, and having spread his prayer-carpet in that place, sat down. Presently, after about a quarter of an hour, he (got up and) went away. When he had gone, the king reflected in his mind: “This is perhaps the very man of whom the demon spoke.” Suspecting this, he did not eat the fruit, but calling his house-steward he gave it to him (telling him), to keep it in a very careful manner. The devotee, however, continued to come in the same manner, and every day gave him a fruit. It happened that one day the king went forth for the purpose of looking at his stable, and some of his associates were with him. At this time the devotee also arrived there, and in the usual manner gave into the king's hand a fruit, which he began to toss up, till once it fell from his hand on to the ground, and a monkey, having picked it up, tore it in pieces. A ruby of such a quality came forth, that the king and his companions, beholding its brilliancy, were astonished.

Then the king said to the devotee: “Why hast thou given this ruby to me?” The devotee replied: “O great king! it is written in the Shāstr that one should not go empty-handed to the following places: to a king, a spiritual pre-

ceptor, an astrologer, a physician, or to a young girl ; since gifts to these are always conjoined with rewards to oneself. O King ! why dost thou speak of one ruby only, since in each of the fruits I have given thee there is a jewel." Having heard this speech, the king said to the steward of his household : " Bring all the fruits which I have given thee." The steward, on receiving the king's command, immediately brought them, and, having split them, there was found in each one of those fruits a ruby. The king, when he beheld so many rubies, was excessively pleased, and having sent for a jeweller (lapidary) began to examine the rubies, and said to him : " We cannot take anything with us out of this world. Virtue is a noble quality (to possess) here below, so tell justly what is the value of each of these gems."

Having heard this speech, the jeweller said : " O great king ! thou hast spoken truly ; whoever possesses virtue possesses everything—virtue indeed accompanies us always, and is of advantage in both worlds. Hear, O great king ! Each gem, in colour, quality and beauty, is perfect. If I were to say that the value of each was ten million crores (*karor*) of rupees, even then you are not able (to imagine its true value). In fact, each ruby is worth one (of the seven) regions (into which the world is divided)." The king, on hearing this, was delighted, and having bestowed a robe of honour on the jeweller, permitted him to depart ; and taking the devotee by the hand, set him on a throne and began to say : " My entire kingdom is not of the value of one of these rubies. Tell me the reason why you, who are naked, have given me so many jewels."

The Yogī said : " O King ! the speaking of such matters (as the following) in public (lit. ' manifestly ') is not right ; these matters—incantations, spells, medicinal drugs, good qualities, household affairs, the eating of forbidden food, scandal we may have heard of our neighbour—should not be spoken of in full assembly. In private I will speak of them. This is the usual way. When an affair comes to six ears (*i.e.* three persons) it does not remain secret ; if a matter (is confided) to four ears, no one hears of it ; and if to two ears, even Brahmā does not know it : how then can any rumour of it come to man ? "

Having heard this speech, the king, having taken the Yogī aside, began to ask him, saying : " O holy saint ! you have given me so many rubies, and even for a single day have

not eaten food. I am exceedingly ashamed : tell me what you desire." The Yogī said : " O King ! I will perform various spells, incantations and magical rites on the bank of the River Godāvārī, in a large cemetery, by means of which the eight Siddhis will come into my possession. This thing I ask as an alms, that you will remain one whole day with me. By your remaining near me, my incantations will be successful." The king replied : " Good ! I will come : tell me on what day." The devotee said : " On the evening of a Tuesday, the fourteenth of the dark half of the month Bhādon (August), armed and alone, you are to come to me." The king said : " Do you go away, I will certainly come alone." In this manner, having received a promise from the king, and having taken leave, the devotee went into the temple, and having made preparations, and taken all the necessary things, went into the cemetery and sat down. The king, on the other hand, began to reflect. At this moment the time arrived (for his starting). Then the king, having girded on his sword, and fastened on his *langot*, arrived alone at night at the Yogī's, and saluted him.

The Yogī said : " Come, sit down." Then the king, having sat down there, sees—what ?—that on all sides demons, ghosts and witches of various kinds, having assumed frightful shapes, are dancing, and the Yogī, seated in the midst, is playing on two skulls. The king, having seen these things, was not frightened nor alarmed, and asked the Yogī : " What commands are there for me ?" The Yogī replied : " O King ! since you have come, just execute one piece of business. About two *kos* in a southerly direction hence there is a place where dead bodies are burned : in that place there is a *siris* tree on which a corpse is hanging ; bring it to me immediately."

Having sent the king thither, he himself sat down and began to say his prayers. First, the darkness of the night was frightful. Secondly, there began to be such continued showers of rain that one might have said that it would never rain again after that day ; and unclean goblins were making such a tumult and noise that even a brave man would have faltered : yet the king kept on his way. Snakes kept clinging round his legs, but these, by reciting a spell, he caused to loosen hold. At length, somehow or other having passed over a very difficult road, the king arrived in that place where dead bodies were burned. Then he saw that goblins, having

seized hold of men, were killing them; witches were chewing the livers of boys; tigers were roaring, and elephants screaming.

In short, when he looked at that tree, he saw that, from the root to the top, every branch and every leaf was burning furiously, and on every side a clamour continued to be raised (and voices crying): "Kill him! kill him! Take him! take him! Take care that he does not get away!" The king, having beheld this state of things, was not afraid, but was reflecting in his mind: "This may be that very Yogī of whom the demon spoke to me." Having gone near, he beheld a corpse hanging head-downwards, tied by a rope.

Having seen the corpse, the king was pleased, saying: "My trouble has been productive of fruit." Having taken his sword and shield, he fearlessly climbed that tree, and struck such a blow with his sword that the cord was cut and the corpse fell down; and immediately on falling, gnashing its teeth, it began to weep. The king, having heard the sound (of his lamentation), was pleased, and began to say to himself: "This man must be alive." Then, descending from the tree, he asked: "Who art thou?" The corpse, on hearing (this question), burst out laughing. The king was greatly astonished at this circumstance. Then the corpse having (again) climbed the tree, became suspended. The king also, immediately, having climbed the tree, took the corpse under his arm and brought it down, saying: "O wretch! tell me who thou art." The corpse gave no answer. The king, having reflected in his mind, said: "This is, perhaps, the very oilman whom the demon said the Yogī kept confined in a cemetery." Thus thinking, he tied the corpse up in a cloth and took it to the Yogī. Whatever man such resolution shall show will certainly be successful. Then the Baitāl said: "Who art thou? and where art thou taking me?" The king answered: "I am King Bikram, and I am taking thee to a Yogī." The Baitāl said: "I will go on one condition—viz. that if you speak on the road, I shall return." The king agreed to his condition, and took him on. Then the Baitāl said: "O King! when people are learned, clever and wise, then they spend their days in the delight of songs and of the Shāstras. But the time of simpletons and fools is spent in ease and sleep. On this account, it is better that this journey be spent in discourse of profitable things. O King! listen to the tale I am going to relate.

There are several points worth mentioning in the above. The circulation of the fruit of immortality occurs in the other great cycle of Vikrama stories, the *Vikrama-charita*.¹ The order of the recipients is the same in all recensions, but slight differences occur in the *dénouement*. Thus in the Southern Recension the list is: Brāhman, king, queen, groom, slave-girl, cowherd, and girl carrying cow-dung. There is no mention of the apple being given back to the king. In the Brief Recension the "cowherd" becomes a "doorkeeper," who gives the apple to "another woman" and she to "another man," and in the Jain Recension the "slave-girl" is described as a "harlot." The *dénouement* is found in two forms. In both the Jain and Brief Recensions the "harlot" or "another man" gives the fruit back to the king as in the *Baitāl Pachīsī*, but in the other recensions he sees it himself quite by chance on the top of the basket of cow-dung which the girl is carrying on her head.

The story appears also in the "Histoire des Rois de l'Hindoustan après les Pandavas, traduite du texte hindoustani de Mîr Cher-i Ali Afsos."² Here it is a "précieux fruit d'amrit," and the recipients are: king, queen, groom, harlot, and back to the king.

It is interesting to compare the rather similar story told of Eudocia Augusta, the wife of Theodosius II. Through the jealousy of her sister-in-law, Pulcheria, on her return from Antioch she was accused of an intrigue with her *protégé* Paulinus. Eudocia was apparently given an apple by her husband, which she passed on to Paulinus, and he in his turn gave it back to the Emperor. Paulinus was beheaded in A.D. 440, and Eudocia retired to Jerusalem, where she died about 460.

A large number of references and subsequent variants will be found in Oesterley, *Bibliothek Orientalischer Märchen und Erzählungen I*, *Baitāl Pachīsī*.

Mention might also be made of "The Tale of the Three Apples" in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. i, pp. 186-194). In this tale a sick woman expresses a desire for an apple. The dutiful husband, after enormous trouble and expense, secures three from the garden of the Commander of the Faithful at

¹ See Edgerton's edition, vol. i, pp. lxvii, lxviii, and 5-14.

² L'Abbé Bertrand, *Journal Asiatique*, ser. iv, tom. iii, 1844, pp. 245-246. See also Garcin de Tassy, *Histoire de la littérature Hindoui et Hindoustani*, vol. ii, p. 273.

Bassorah. By this time the longing has departed, as the malady has increased. The husband meets a black slave with one of the apples in his hand. On being questioned he boasts that he got it from his mistress, whose fool of a husband had obtained three from Bassorah. In her weakness the woman pleads ignorance of what has happened to the apple, and is killed by the angry husband. Later it transpires that his eldest son had taken the apple and the slave had snatched it from the boy, at the same time ascertaining its history. Ja'far, the famous wazir of Harun al-Rashid, is commanded to find the slave, or be hanged in his stead. In despair he presses his favourite daughter to his breast in a final embrace. In doing so he feels something round in the bosom of her dress. It is the apple! The slave, who turns out to be Ja'far's own slave, had given it to the girl for two *dīnārs* of gold. (See further Chauvin, *op. cit.*, pp. 141, 142.)

Then there is the incident of the "Horrors on the Way" encountered while reaching the Vetāla. While only casually referred to in Somadeva, they are described in much more detail in the Hindi version. We shall shortly see, however, that in the Tibetan and Mongolian variants obstacles are continually met with and have to be overcome by following strictly the instructions of "the Master."

As to the number of stories enclosed by the frame there are really only twenty-four, the killing of the mendicant by Trivikramasena being counted in Somadeva's version as the twenty-fifth. This discrepancy was noticed by compilers of subsequent versions, and a clumsy attempt has been made to rectify the omission. Thus in the Hindi we find the twenty-fourth story has become the twenty-fifth, and the twenty-second has been repeated with very little difference as the new twenty-fourth. The numbering of several of the other stories varies considerably in the different versions, but is really of little importance. The same applies to the "Conclusion," which will be dealt with more fully in the Appendix to Vol. VII.

So far we have examined only variants in which alterations or additions have been made to the frame-story, while the tales themselves remained practically the same. Such, however, was far from the case when the collection made its way northwards to Tibet and later to Mongolia. Here we find that not only is the frame-story entirely altered, but fresh tales have taken the place of the original ones. At

present but little is known about the Tibetan version, except what has been recently published by Francke under the title of "Die Geschichten des toten No-rub-can."¹ The MS. unfortunately contains only the frame-story and three tales of No-rub-can, which name corresponds to the Kalmuck "Siddhi-Kür" (a dead body furnished with magic power). The one tale translated by Francke corresponds to No. 2 in Jülg's Kalmuck collection, to which reference will be made later.

The point to notice here is that the frame-story of both the Tibetan and the Kalmuck is the same, except for a few minor differences, which will be duly enumerated after we have given the Kalmuck version in full.

As mentioned above, the Mongolian (Kalmuck) version is known by the name of Siddhi-Kür, and has been referred to several times in the *Ocean* already. It was rendered into German by B. Jülg, and published in two portions.² Apparently Jülg's translation was not available to Tawney, and he had to content himself with Miss Busk's *Sagas from the Far East*, which purports to be an English rendering of Jülg. A comparison with the German will at once show what liberties Miss Busk has taken with the text and how much is entirely her own invention. In giving the Kalmuck frame-story I have, therefore, avoided Miss Busk, and have followed the recent translation of Coxwell, *Siberian and Other Folk-tales*, pp. 175-179, merely giving a more literal translation in the few passages where he is rather too free.

In a central kingdom of India there lived seven brothers, who were magicians. At a distance of a mile from them dwelt two brothers, who were sons of a khan. The elder of these set out to learn the art of sorcery from the magicians, but, although he received instruction during seven years, the magicians did not teach him the secret of magic. Once, when the younger brother had gone with a stock of food to his elder brother, he glanced through the chink of a door and discovered the secret of the magic art; then, forsaking the

¹ *Zeit. d. d. morg. Gesell.*, vol. lxxiv, Leipzig, 1920, pp. 72-96.

² *Kalmückische Märchen*, Leipzig, 1860 (Introduction and first thirteen tales), and *Mongolische Märchen*, Innsbruck, 1868 (the last nine tales and Conclusion).

provisions, the two brothers hastened to their royal dwelling. The younger brother said to the elder : " The magicians will perhaps become aware that we know the art of magic. Now, there is a good horse in our stable : bridle him, but do not go in the direction of the seven magicians ; lead him elsewhere, sell him, and bring back the money." Having spoken thus, almost the next moment the younger brother turned himself into a horse.

The elder brother did not follow the younger brother's directions. He said to himself : " Although I have been instructed during seven years in the art of magic, I have acquired no knowledge of it : my young brother has now got hold of a fine horse ; why should I not ride him ? " With these ideas in his head, he mounted. But scarcely had he reached the saddle when it happened that, as a result of enchantment, he failed to direct his steed, and found himself at the home of the magicians. He wished to depart, but could not, and the notion occurred to him that he might sell the horse to the magicians. He said to them : " My brother has found this magnificent horse. Will you look at him ? " The magicians understood that the horse was enchanted, and thought : " If everyone learns the magic art in this way, we must perish, in spite of our reputation, for we shall excite no more astonishment. Let us take the horse and kill him ! " With this intention they purchased the horse, paid the large sum which was demanded, and took possession. Next they tethered the magic horse in a dark stable. When the time arrived to take the horse's life they led him forth by the bridle, and, in order that their plan should succeed, one of the brothers held him fast by the head, one by the mane, one by the tail, one by the front feet, and one by the rump. As he went along the horse thought : " Ah, my brother should not have come here. I have fallen into the hands of the magicians, but I will effect a transformation and appear as some other animal."

Scarcely had this idea occurred to the horse when, looking into the water, he saw a fish swimming towards him ; he changed himself into this fish. The seven magicians became seven seagulls, and were on the point of overtaking the fish, when the latter looked up and saw a pigeon flying towards him. He transformed himself into this pigeon. The magicians now became hawks, and pursued the pigeon over hill and stream ; but when they were on the point of catching

him he fled to a shining mountain in the southerly land of Beed and descended into the interior of a stony grotto, called the "Giver of Consolation"; lastly he settled down into the lap of one tarrying there, the Master Nāgārjuna. The seven hawks immediately placed themselves before the entrance of the grotto and took the shape of seven men clothed in cotton. The Master reflected thus: "Why have seven hawks pursued this pigeon?" After pondering, he said: "Tell me, pigeon, why do you exhibit such fear and distress?" Hereupon the pigeon related in detail all that had occurred, and proceeded to say: "At this moment seven men clad in cotton stand before the entrance of this grotto. They will come before you, Master, and ask for the rosary which you have in your hand. At that moment I will change myself into the chief bead of the rosary: if then you, Master, shall part with the rosary, condescend to take the chief bead into your mouth before scattering the rosary."

So spoke the pigeon, and, in accordance with its prediction, seven men appeared in cotton garments and asked for the Master's rosary. The Master took the chief bead into his mouth and scattered the other beads before him; immediately they were transformed into worms. The seven men clad in cotton changed into hens and gobbled up these worms. Then the Master, without delay, let the chief bead of the chaplet fall out of his mouth; forthwith a man, holding in his hand a stick, rose from the ground. As soon as this man had killed the seven hens they became seven dead human bodies. Then the Master grew sad at heart, and said: "While I have preserved but a single life, I have helped to take the lives of these seven men; that is terrible!"

At this remark the man said: "I am the son of a khan. As the Master, in order to save my life, has condemned others to death, I will, in order to blot out this sin and render thanks to the Master, obey joyfully all your orders and faithfully carry them out." The Master replied: "Then know that Siddhi-Kūr (the body with supernatural might) is to be found in the cool grove in the place for bodies (*Sitavana*); he is of gold from the waist upwards and of emerald downwards; he has a head of mother-of-pearl surrounded by a fillet: in such a way is he constituted. Fetch him, as a penance! If you can perform the task, you will enable me to acquire much gold, for through him the people of Jambūdvīpa could live a thousand years and attain the most wonderful perfection."

The khan's son gave a promise to carry out the undertaking, and said further : " Deign to inform me concerning the way I should take and the manner in which I am to proceed : please tell me what provisions and other things I shall need ; I will obey your injunctions."

The Master answered : " When you have gone about a mile from here you will reach a mountain stream, and come upon a number of large dead bodies at a dark, wooded and terrible pass. When you arrive at the spot, the bodies, without exception, will rise up and approach you. Call out to them : ' All you great bodies, hala, hala, svāhā ! ' and, at the same time, scatter among them these consecrated barley grains. Repeat magical words. Farther on, at a river, are lying numerous small dead bodies. Calling out, ' All you small bodies, hulu, hulu, svāhā ! ' you must make them a similar offering. Still farther on exist a number of dead persons in the form of children. Give them also an offering while you cry : ' You dead, in the form of children, rira phad ! ' Siddhi-Kūr will rise from their midst, leave them, and, clambering upon a mango-tree, there seat himself. If you grasp this axe, which is called ' White Moon,' and show a threatening countenance at the foot of the tree, he will come down. Put him in this coloured sack, in which there is room for a hundred, lace it up with this hundred-threaded bright cord, partake of this inexhaustible butter-cake, lift the dead man upon your back, walk off without uttering a single word, and return here ! Your name is Khan's son ; but, as you have reached the Consolation-giving grotto, you shall in future be called ' the khan who has taken the fortunate path.' "

Bestowing this name, the Master indicated the way and sent the young man on his mission. After the khan's son had fortunately overcome the terrors of the road, as described by the Master, and reached the very spot, Siddhi-Kūr appeared and clambered up the mango-tree ; the khan at once pursued him. He stepped to the foot of the tree and cried out loudly : " My master is Nāgārjuna Garbha, and my axe is called ' White Moon.' My traveller's provisions consist of inexhaustible butter-cake. My case is a sack of many colours in which there is room for a hundred. My cord is bright and of a hundred threads. I myself am ' the khan who has taken the fortunate path.' Dead man, descend, or I will hew down the tree ! "

Siddhi-Kūr replied : " Do not fell the tree ! I will come

down." Then he came down, and the khan's son put him in the sack, fastened the latter securely with the cord, tasted his butter-cake, took his load upon his back, and began a journey lasting many days. At last Siddhi-Kür said : "The day is long and tedious for both of us ; relate a story, or I will relate one." But the khan's son walked on without speaking. Then Siddhi-Kür began anew, thus : "If you are willing to relate, nod your head ; but if, on the contrary, you wish me to relate, toss your head backwards !" Without saying a word the khan's son conveyed the proper sign that he was ready to listen. Then Siddhi-Kür began the following story.

It will be seen that the above story consists of the well-known *motif* of the magician and his pupil, followed by the second part of the Sanskrit frame-story presented in Buddhist dress. The use of the former is curious and must, I think, be accounted for simply by the fact that it appeared to the Buddhists more suitable than the original one. Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i, p. 411 *et seq.*, looked upon this tale as a proof of the way in which Indian tales travelled westwards, but Cosquin¹ has clearly shown that Mongolia has played a small part, if any, in such a transmigration.

We shall now briefly enumerate the differences found in the Tibetan version as translated into German by Francke.

The seven magician brothers live in a *great country*, whose king has two sons. When their parents die they are left penniless. Both decide to call on the magicians, and the elder remains to learn the magic art. He is taught how to turn earth into stones and *vice versa*, to imitate the voices of the partridge, goat and sheep, but nothing else. The course lasts *six weeks*, not seven years. The younger one returns to see how his brother has got on, and, looking *through the window*, learns all their secrets. Later he meets his elder brother coming down from the hills with the goats. They return home, and the younger one turns himself into a horse. Subsequently the horse is sold to the magicians for two hundred rupees, and they offer another fifty rupees for the bridle, which he had been particularly told not to sell. This, however, he does, but discovers later that the money has turned into stone. The magicians keep the horse without

¹ "Les Mongols et leur prétendu rôle dans la transmission des Contes Indiens vers l'occident Européen," *Études Folklorique*, 1922, pp. 497-612.

food for seven days. Then follows the transformation combat as in the Kalmuck, except that instead of seagulls it is otters. The mendicant lives in a *hermitage*, not a *stony grotto*. The rosary is of pearls and the magicians become *birds*. After their death the mendicant describes the way to the land of dry corpses, where he must fetch No-rub-can. On the way he will meet many dry corpses which will offer to accompany him, but he is to take only the one who does *not* offer. The axe, sack and cord are then given the hero, together with a magic pot and fork for obtaining anything he may want. The conclusion is the same as in the Kalmuck.

A curious feature common both to the Tibetan and Kalmuck versions is that at the end of each tale the Vetāla does not ask questions, and the hero merely makes some exclamation of surprise at the events in the story.

Having now briefly examined the various forms of the frame-story we can proceed to a consideration of the tales themselves.

The Prince who was helped to a Wife by his Father's Minister
(Vetāla 1—pp. 168-177)

This story is a combination of two distinct tales, or rather it consists of a well-known *motif* prefixed to a tale which in other collections has stood alone and really has no need of the *motif* to introduce it. It will be best to consider these two separately.

1. The "Language of Signs" Motif

This has always been a most useful *motif* in the hands of the story-teller, and is used chiefly to bring together lovers who would not otherwise have the chance of meeting. It is, of course, impossible to say at what period the *motif* became connected with the "Supposed Witch" story, but it was certainly unconnected in the fifth or sixth century in Daṇḍin's *Daśa-kumāra-charita* (see *infra*). This fact, however, proves nothing, for Daṇḍin might well have taken his story from an early version of the *Vetālapañchavimśati* now unknown to us.

Once the two *did* become connected they remained so, and Somadeva, finding them thus in the Vetāla section of the

Kashmirian recension of the *Bṛihat-kathā*, followed his usual rule, and left them as he found them. The "language of signs" is already familiar to us. In Vol. I, p. 78 *et seq.*, we read the story of Pushpadanta (No. 3), in which Devadatta falls in love with a princess whom he sees at a window. She conveys a message to him by signs, which he fails to understand, until later they are interpreted for him by his preceptor. When questioned by the princess, Devadatta owns that it was not he who had guessed the meaning of the signs; whereupon she leaves him in disgust. At this point Śiva takes a hand in affairs, and, by disguising himself as a woman, Devadatta attains the object of his desires. By a further trick the king is led to give his daughter to Devadatta in marriage.

This is a typical example of the way in which the "language of signs" *motif* is used in Hindu fiction.

It will be seen that in the story under discussion the sequence of events is quite similar, except that the princess is prepared to let nothing stand in the way of herself and the object of her affections. Hence the introduction of the attempt at poisoning the minister's son. As I have already shown (Vol. I, pp. 80ⁿ-82ⁿ), the "language of signs" is a favourite *motif* in the East. It occurs in a story in *Arji-Borji Khan*, the Mongolian version of the *Sinhāsanadvātrīṣikā*, or *Thirty-Two Tales of a Lion-Seat* (i.e. throne). It was translated into German by Jülg (*Mongolische Märchensammlung*, Innsbrück, 1868, p. 240 *et seq.*), and into English by Busk (*Sagas from the Far East*, pp. 315-323) and Coxwell (*Siberian Tales*, pp. 227-231).

In the story in question Naran Gerel ("sunshine"), the strictly guarded princess, spies the minister Ssaran on a balcony. On seeing him Naran holds one of her fingers upwards and circles it with her other hand, then she clasps her hands together and separates them. Next she lays two fingers together and points with them towards the palace. The minister becomes alarmed, and tells his wife he has been threatened by the princess. On hearing details his wife says:

"She has not threatened you at all. The signs which you describe have this significance: the lifting up of one finger tells you that near her house there rises a tree; when she made a circle with her hand round the finger she meant to convey to you the idea of a wall; when she clasped and unclasped her hands she implied: 'Come into the flower

garden'; the laying of the two fingers together said: 'I would receive a visit from you.'"

It would be superfluous to give further examples here. We might note in passing that the story-teller naturally wants to give the meaning of the signs, and the simplest way of doing this is for the hero not to understand them, thus necessitating the full explanation from a third party. If he *did* interpret them, it would be necessary for someone to ask how he managed to guess the meaning. We have already had an example of this in the very first story of our collection (Vol. I, pp. 45-46), where Vararuchi answers the five-finger sign by showing two fingers. Śakatāla immediately asks for an explanation. (See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 126.)

I have come across one instance where the sign-language was satisfactorily answered, although misunderstood. This occurs in a sub-story to the "Lady's Ninth Story" of *The Forty Vezirs* (E. J. W. Gibb, p. 116 *et seq.*).

A monk is trying to avoid the paying of tribute for himself and his people by asking the king a sign-question which he cannot answer.

The monk first opened the five fingers of his hand and held the palm opposite the folk, then he let the five fingers droop downward, and said: "What means that? Know ye?" And all the doctors were silent and began to ponder; and they reflected, saying: "What riddles can these riddles be? There is no such thing in the Commentaries or the Traditions." Now there was there a learned wanderer, and forthwith he came forward and asked leave of the king that he might answer. The king gladly gave leave. Then that wanderer came forward and said to the monk: "What is thy question? What need for the doctors? Poor I can answer." Then the monk came forward and opened his hand and held it so before the dervish; straightway the dervish closed his fist and held it opposite the monk. Then the monk let his five fingers droop downward; the dervish opened his fist and held his five fingers upward. When the monk saw these signs of the dervish, he said, "That is the answer," and gave up the money he had brought. But the king knew not what these riddles meant, and he took the dervish apart and asked him. The dervish replied: "When he opened his fingers and held his hand so to me it meant, 'Now I strike thee so on the face'; so I showed him my fist, which meant, 'I strike thy throat

with my fist'; he turned and let his fingers droop downward, which meant, 'Thou dost so, then I strike lower and seize thy throat with my hand'; and my raising my fingers upward meant, 'If thou seekest to seize my throat, I too shall grasp thy throat from underneath'; so we fought with one another by signs." Then the king called the monk and said: "Thou madest signs with the dervish, but what meant those signs?" The monk replied: "I held my five fingers opposite him; that meant: 'The five times ye do worship, is it right?'" The dervish presented his fist, which meant: 'It is right.' Then I held my fingers downward, which meant: 'Why does the rain come down from heaven?' The dervish held his fingers upward, which meant: 'The rain falls down from heaven that the grass may spring up from the earth.' Now such are the answers to those questions in our books." Then he returned to his own country. And the king knew that the dervish had not understood the monk's riddles. But the king was well pleased for that he had done what was suitable, and he bestowed on the dervish a portion of the money which the monk had left.

It will thus be seen that in some cases the sign has to be answered by another sign, while in others there is only one which is a call for immediate action.

The story in our present text has passed in its entirety, *via* the *Baitāl Pachīsī*, to the repertoire of the ayah, and in the middle of the nineteenth century was told by a very old ayah to Miss Stokes' mother. It forms the twenty-seventh story of her collection (*Indian Fairy Tales*, 1880, pp. 208-215) and is called "Pānwpattī Rānī." Although told some eight hundred years after Somadeva, it has undergone but comparatively few alterations.

The Rānī puts a rose to her teeth, sticks it behind her ear, and then lays it at her feet. The prince's friend, the son of the Rājā's kotwāl (chief police officer in the town), interprets this as follows:—

"When she put the rose to her teeth, she meant to tell you her father's name was Rājā Dānt [Rājā Tooth]; when she put it behind her ear she meant you to know her country's name was Karnātak [on the ear]; and when she laid the rose at her feet, she meant that her name was Pānwpattī [Foot-leaf]. . . ."

The second part of this story will be detailed when we consider the final trick of Buddhīśārīra, to which we now proceed.

2. *The Trick of the Supposed Witch*

As already mentioned, this second part of our story has really no need of the "language of signs" *motif* as a prefix. It contains quite sufficient incident to stand alone, and must surely have done so in its original form. Apart from its occurrence in the *Vetālapañchavimśati*, it appears in Daṇḍin's *Daśakumāra-charita* as an independent story. It is an interesting version, although it differs only in detail from that in the *Ocean*.

The first English translation was made by Wilson, *Oriental Quarterly Magazine*, vol. vii, Calcutta, 1827, pp. 291-293. It was reprinted in his *Works*, vol. iv, and *Essays*, vol. ii, pp. 256-260. The translation was, however, very free besides being incomplete. I therefore use the recent German rendering by Hertel, *Die zehn Prinzen*, Leipzig, 1922, *Indische Erzähler*, Band ii, pp. 118-125. The translation is a literal one.

Nitambavatī

In the country of Śūrasena there is a town called Mathurā. In it there lived a young man of distinguished family who found more pleasure in social life and courtesans than he ought to; and as he merely by the strength of his arm had fought many a fight for his friends, the rowdies had given him the nickname of "Fighting-thorn,"¹ under which he was generally known.

One day "Fighting-thorn" saw a picture in the hands of a foreign painter, which represented a young woman; and looking at the picture was enough to set his heart on fire. He said to the painter:

"This lady, dear master, whom you have painted here, seems to combine the most obvious contrasts. For her body is of a beauty that is hardly seen in ladies of good family, and yet her modest bearing clearly indicates her noble origin. The colour of her face is pale, the charm of her body has not suffered from excessive caresses, and what a depth of longing

¹ He is the "thorn" which the rowdies find in fighting when they pick a quarrel with his friends.

for love her eyes have ! And yet her husband cannot be far from her, because neither a plait of her hair nor anything else points to that. Besides, she wears a pearl on her right side.¹ And yet I think you have painted her with extraordinary skill and quite life-like. She obviously is the wife of an old merchant, who no longer possesses much manly vitality, so that she suffers from lack of embracing, which rightly was due to her."

The painter praised his appreciation of art and said :

" You have hit it ! The lady is Nitambavati,² and rightly she bears this name. She lives in Ujjayini, the capital of Avanti, and is married to the caravan-owner Anantakirti. Her beauty filled me with amazing admiration, so I have painted her as you see her here."

" Fighting-thorn " was no longer master of his senses. He *must* see Nitambavati himself, and therefore he set out at once for Ujjayini. Passing himself off as an astrologer,³ he entered her house under the pretence of asking for food, and caught a glimpse of her.

Her appearance intensified his longing for her still more. He went to the elders of the town, asked for the post of watcher over the place where the corpses were burned, and obtained it. The shroud and other things with which the mourners rewarded him for his services he gave to a nun Arhantika,⁴ and induced her to go to Nitambavati and by her words secretly ingratiate her in his favour. But Nitambavati dismissed the procuress with indignation.

From the nun's report he understood that his beloved behaved in a way proper for a lady of good family, and that it was impossible to seduce her. Therefore he secretly gave the procuress the following instructions :—

" Once more go and see the merchant's wife ; and when you get her alone, say to her : ' How could you seriously believe that a woman like me can really mean to tempt ladies of good families to unchastity ! Just because I have realised the wickedness of worldly life, I have dedicated myself to mortification, and all I strive for is redemption. I only

¹ Wives whose husbands are away wear a plain plait of hair hanging down their backs and put on no jewellery.

² Καλλιπυγος.

³ He would also have disguised himself as a Śaiva ascetic, as the sequel indicates.

⁴ The name indicates a Jaina nun.

wanted to test you, and see if even you, with your great wealth, your supernatural charm, and your extreme youth, have been infected with levity, to which other women so quickly succumb. I rejoice now that you are so totally uncorrupted, and from my heart I wish you the happiness of motherhood. Unfortunately your husband is in the clutches of a demon, so that he is seized with jaundice and is weakened and unable to embrace you. If you do not succeed in opposing the hindering influence of this demon, you must abandon every hope of obtaining a child by your husband. Do me, therefore, the favour and come out to your garden quite alone. I will bring there a man versed in magic. On his hand you must place your foot; nobody will see it! He will pronounce a charm over it. Then you must pretend to be angry with your husband and kick him on his chest with your foot; thereby he will be able to beget perfect, healthy and vigorous descendants, and he will do you homage as he would to a goddess. There is nothing indelicate in the matter.'

"If you speak to her in that way, she will certainly come. You lead me into the garden first, after nightfall, and then bring her out there too. This is the only service that I beg of you."

The nun declared herself ready to do this service. Then he was beside himself with joy, and the following night he went into the garden. The nun succeeded, but not without trouble, in persuading Nitambavati to go. And when this was done, "Fighting-thorn" took the lady's foot in his hand, and while he pretended to stroke it gently, quickly deprived her of a golden anklet, wounded her slightly with a knife on the upper part of the thigh, and then made his escape.

Nitambavati was frightened to death. She reproached herself for her improper behaviour, and felt she wanted to kill the nun. Then she washed the wound in a pond adjoining the house, dressed it, and removed the corresponding ring from the ankle of her other foot, and stayed in bed for three or four days, on the plea of indisposition, without allowing anybody to visit her.

But the rascal took the stolen anklet, went to Anantakīrti, and offered to sell him the piece of jewellery. Hardly had he seen it than he said to "Fighting-thorn":

"This anklet is the property of my wife. How has it come into your possession?"

The more "Fighting-thorn" hesitated to answer the

more the merchant plied him with questions. At last he said :

"I shall render you an account of it, but only before the assembled body of merchants."

This was his final word. Now the merchant went to his wife, and requested her to send him her two anklets.

Beside herself with anxiety and shame she sent him the only anklet she had, with the message :

"I lost one anklet, the clasp of which was very loose, last night in the garden, where I had gone out to get some fresh air. In spite of all my searching, I have not been able to find it yet. Here is the other."

When the merchant heard that, he ordered "Fighting-thorn" to precede him, and went with him before the assembled guild of merchants.¹ The rogue was examined, assumed a very submissive air, and made his statement :

"You gentlemen are aware that I have been entrusted with guarding the 'grove of ancestors,'² that I live there and get my livelihood from the post entrusted to me. Even at night when I sleep I remain on the burning-ground ; for I must take into consideration the fact that my mere appearance frightens niggardly people, and that they therefore try to burn their dead at night."³

"So recently I saw in the night a black female figure approaching a funeral pyre and forcibly trying to drag out of it a half-burnt corpse."⁴ Greed made me conquer my fear of the witch. I interfered and laid hold of her. It so happened that by accident I scratched her slightly with my knife on the upper part of her thigh⁵ ; I managed, however, to pull this bangle from her ankle. Then she ran off as fast as she could.

"In this way I got hold of the anklet. The verdict, gentlemen, is in your hands."

¹ The court of the Vaiśya caste, which consists of merchants.

² The place where the dead are burned.

³ These words contain a pun. Among superstitious people the burning-ground is believed to be the place where all ghosts live, and nobody dares to visit these grounds at night. "Fighting-thorn" means that the meanness in some people may be so great that they fear the corpse-guards more than the ghosts, because they owe him his fees, and that they therefore burn their dead at night so as to cheat him of them.

⁴ See Hertel, *Indische Märchen*, Jena, 1921, Pref., p. 8.

⁵ The witch is imagined to be naked.

The assembly of merchants deliberated together, and the result of the council was the unanimous decision of the guild of citizens¹ that Nitambavatī was a witch.

Her husband repudiated her. So the following night she went weeping to the same "grove of ancestors" to hang herself there.

The rogue, however, detained her and managed to soothe her.

"My beautiful child," he said, "your charm drove me mad, so that I tried to win you for myself. All my suggestions which should have led to it, and which I sent you through the mouth of the nun, failed to attain the object of my desire. Then I had recourse to this means which would lead to the happiness of owning you all my life. Now grant me your affection. Behold, I am your slave, and the happiness of my whole life lies in your hands!"

In this way he tried to persuade her; he repeatedly fell at her feet, and proved himself inexhaustible in finding means to propitiate her, and as there was nothing else for her but to gratify him,² she became his.

Therefore I say: "By artifice the most difficult things are accomplished."

The story travelled westwards and found its way into the Arabic version of the *Book of Sindibād*, known as the *Seven Vazirs*. It was subsequently included in the *Nights*, where it appears with little alteration in the various texts. The Arabic version was first made known to us by J. Scott, who translated it as the "Story of the Painter" in *Tales, Anecdotes and Letters, translated from the Arabic and Persian*, Shrewsbury, 1800, pp. 108-115. (Reprinted with slight alterations by Clouston, *Book of Sindibād*, pp. 166-170.) The hero of the story, however, is usually a goldsmith, and, following the Macnaghten text, Burton (vol. vi, p. 156 *et seq.*) calls it "The Goldsmith and the Cashmere Singing-girl."

¹ This is identical with the assembly of merchants, which is the most important caste. The so-called "town-merchant" had an official position corresponding to that of our mayors. The Śūdra, or fourth caste, had no rights and was not taken into consideration. The nobility—i.e. the Brāmans and the Kshatriyas (warriors)—are *above* the citizens.

² As a witch she was naturally excluded from all human community in her native town; and in a foreign place, without a man's protection, she might at the best have lived as a prostitute

The title is important because of the mention of Kashmir. In some texts, including that used by Scott, the locality has been altered to Isfahān. See further Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 47, under "Maḥmoūd (La sorcière)." As translated by Burton the Arabic version is as follows :—

There lived once, in a city of Persia, a goldsmith who delighted in women and in drinking wine. One day, being in the house of one of his intimates, he saw painted on the wall the figure of a lutanist, a beautiful damsel; beholder never beheld a fairer or a more pleasant. He looked at the picture again and again, marvelling at its beauty, and fell so desperately in love with it that he sickened for passion and came near to die. It chanced that one of his friends came to visit him, and sitting down by his side, asked how he did and what ailed him; whereto the goldsmith answered: "O my brother, that which ails me is love, and it befell on this wise. I saw the figure of a woman painted on the house-wall of my brother such an one, and became enamoured of it." Hereupon the other fell to blaming him, and said: "This was of thy lack of wit: how couldst thou fall in love with a painted figure on a wall, that can neither harm nor profit, that seeth not, neither heareth, that neither taketh nor withholdeth?" Said the sick man: "He who painted yonder picture never could have limned it save after the likeness of some beautiful woman." "Haply," rejoined his friend, "he painted it from imagination." "In any case," replied the goldsmith, "here am I dying for love of the picture, and if there live the original thereof in the world, I pray Allah Most High to protect my life till I see her."

When those who were present went out, they asked for the painter of the picture and, finding that he had travelled to another town, wrote him a letter complaining of their comrade's case, and inquiring whether he had drawn the figure of his own inventive talents or copied it from a living model. To which he replied: "I have painted it after a certain singing-girl belonging to one of the wazirs in the city of Cashmere in the land of Hind."

When the goldsmith heard this, he left Persia for Cashmere city, where he arrived after much travail. He tarried awhile there till one day he went and clapped up an acquaintance with a certain of the citizens who was a druggist, a fellow of sharp wit, keen, crafty; and, being one eventide in company

with him, asked him of their king and his polity. To which the other answered, saying: "Well, our king is just and righteous in his governance, equitable to his lieges and beneficent to his commons, and abhorreth nothing in the world save sorcerers; but whenever a sorcerer or sorceress falls into his hands, he casteth them into a pit without the city and there leaveth them in hunger to die." Then he questioned him of the king's wazirs, and the druggist told him of each minister, his fashion and condition, till the talk came round to the singing-girl, and he told him: "She belongeth to such a wazir." The goldsmith took note of the minister's abiding-place, and waited some days till he had devised a device to his desire; and one night of rain and thunder and stormy winds he provided himself with thieves' tackle and repaired to the house of the wazir who owned the damsel. Here he hanged a rope-ladder with grappling-irons to the battlements and climbed up to the terrace-roof of the palace. Thence he descended to the inner court and, making his way into the Harim, found all the slave-girls lying asleep, each on her own couch; and amongst them, reclining on a couch of alabaster and covered with a coverlet of cloth-of-gold, a damsel, as she were the moon rising on a fourteenth night. At her head stood a candle of ambergris, and at her feet another, each in a candlestick of glittering gold, her brilliancy dimming them both; and under her pillow lay a casket of silver, wherein were her jewels. [Scott has: "a rich veil, embroidered with pearls and precious stones."] He raised the coverlet and, drawing near her, considered her straitly, and behold! it was the lutanist whom he desired and of whom he was come in quest. So he took out a knife and wounded her in the back parts, a palpable outer wound, whereupon she awoke in terror; but when she saw him, she was afraid to cry out, thinking he came to steal her goods. So she said to him: "Take the box and what is therein [Scott: "Take this embroidered veil"], but slay me not, for I am in thy protection and under thy safeguard, and my death will profit thee nothing." Accordingly he took the box and went away. [Night 587.] And when morning morrowed he donned clothes after the fashion of men of learning and doctors of the law and, taking the jewel-case, went in therewith to the king of the city, before whom he kissed the ground, and said to him: "O King, I am a devout man, withal a loyal well-wisher to thee, and come hither a pilgrim to thy court from the land of Khorasan,

attracted by the report of thy just governance and righteous dealing with thy subjects and minded to be under thy standard. I reached this city at the last of the day and, finding the gate locked and barred, threw me down to sleep without the walls; but, as I lay betwixt sleep and wake, behold, I saw four women come up: one riding on a broomstick, another on a wine-jar, a third on an oven-peel, and a fourth on a black bitch [as Burton says, these vehicles suggest derivation from European witchery, but Scott reads: "One mounted upon an hyæna, another upon a ram, a third upon a black bitch, and the fourth upon a leopard"], and I knew that they were witches making for thy city. One of them came up to me and kicked me with her foot and beat me with a fox's tail [Scott: "with a whip, which appeared like a flame of fire"] she had in her hand, hurting me grievously, whereat I was wroth and smote her with a knife I had with me, wounding her in the back parts as she turned to flee from me. When she felt the wound she fled before me, and in her flight let drop this casket [Scott: "veil"], which I picked up, and opening, found these costly jewels therein. So do thou take it, for I have no need thereof, being a wanderer in the mountains who hath rejected the world from my heart and renounced it and all that is in it, seeking only the face of Allah the Most High." Then he set the casket before the king and fared forth. The king opened the box, and, emptying out all the trinkets it contained, fell to turning them over with his hand, till he chanced upon a necklace whereof he had made gift to the wazir to whom the girl belonged. Seeing this, he called the minister in question and said to him: "This is the necklace I gave thee?" He knew it at first sight, and answered: "It is; and I gave it to a singing-girl of mine." Quoth the king: "Fetch that girl to me forthwith." So he fetched her to him, and he said: "Uncover her back parts and see if there be a wound therein or no." The wazir accordingly bared her backside, and finding a knife-wound there, said: "Yes, O my lord, there is a wound." Then said the king, "This is the witch of whom the devotee told me, and there can be no doubt of it," and bade cast her into the witches' well. So they carried her thither at once.

As soon as it was night, and the goldsmith knew that his plot had succeeded, he repaired to the pit, taking with him a purse of a thousand *dīnārs*, and entering into converse with the warder, sat talking with him till a third part of the night was

passed, when he broached the matter to him, saying : “ Know, O my brother, that this girl is innocent of that they lay to her charge, and that it was I who brought this calamity upon her.” Then he told him the whole story, first and last, adding : “ Take, O my brother, this purse of a thousand *dinārs* and give me the damsel, that I may carry her to my own land, for these gold pieces will profit thee more than keeping her in prison ; moreover Allah will requite thee for us, and we too will both offer up prayers for thy prosperity and safety.”

When the warder heard this story, he marvelled with exceeding marvel at that device and its success ; then, taking the money, he delivered the girl to the goldsmith, conditioning that he should not abide one hour with her in the city. Thereupon the goldsmith took the girl and fared on with her, without ceasing, till he reached his own country, and so he won his wish.

When we compare these three versions of the same tale we notice that the chief incidents (namely, the wounding of the girl, the stealing of her jewels, and selling or giving them to the person who would cause her to be banished from the town) occur in every case.

It is only the less important incidents which have changed. In Somadeva's version the use of the “ language of signs ” *motif* has necessitated the minister playing the chief part throughout, while in the other versions the man (not a prince) relies entirely on his own cleverness. It is interesting to note that the variant in the *Nights* seems to have borrowed from both Somadeva and Daṇḍin, for from the former it has borrowed the incident of the rope (although it is the goldsmith who puts up the rope, not the girl who hangs it down), and from the latter the incident of falling in love with the painting. Other minor differences will be apparent on comparison. It is necessary to mention only one other point. In Daṇḍin the object of the young man's affection is a respectable married woman. After stealing the anklet he goes straight to her husband and offers to sell it to him. Her guilt is apparently proved and the wife is immediately divorced. Now, this part of the story bears some resemblance to a series of tales known by the generic name of the “ Concealed Robe ” or “ Burnt Veil.” The former title is taken from the version in the *Book of Sindibād*,¹ while the

¹ See Clouston, *op. cit.*, p. 73 *et seq.*, and *cf.* 253.

latter is derived from the Arabic variants found in the *Seven Vazirs* and the *Nights*.¹

In both cases the plot centres round an amorous youth who enjoys the love of a woman through the scheming of a third party who deceives the husband into leaving or divorcing his wife. Thus far the connection with our story is clear. The incriminating article is a robe or veil instead of a piece of jewellery and mark on the thigh. It should, however, be noticed that in Scott's "Story of the Painter" it actually is a veil which is stolen as evidence.

The following is a brief *résumé* of the Arabic version :—

A youth takes a house in Baghdad at a very low rental, and later learns the reason. It is because if the owner but looks through a certain window in the upper part of the house he would see a girl so fair that he would die of longing for her. Curiosity makes him see for himself. He falls madly in love, and secures the help of a go-between to bring about their union. She explains that the girl is the wife of a rich merchant. The would-be lover is to buy a veil from him and give it her. This done, she gets into the beauty's house by a ruse and hides the veil, which she has purposely burnt in three places, under the merchant's pillow. He finds it and divorces his wife. The old woman arranges a liaison, and the pair remain together for a week. The wrong is then righted by the lover blaming the old woman for not having his veil mended after it had been burnt. She confesses to having left it by mistake in the merchant's house. This conversation is specially held before the wronged husband, and all ends in forgiveness and reconciliation.

Reference might also be made to another cycle of stories similar to that of the *Seven Vazirs*, known under the title of "King Shah Bakht and his Wazir-Rahwan." Here we find the above story appearing again, but this time the incriminating object is a turban. Burton, following the Breslau text (Supp., vol. i, p. 309), calls it "The Story of the Crone and the Draper's Wife." See also Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 109, under "Le turban brûlé."

In conclusion I would briefly refer to the second part of Miss Stokes' story of Pānwpattī Rānī (see p. 250). Here

¹ See Scott, *op. cit.*, p. 168 *et seq.*; Burton, *op. cit.*, vol. vi, p. 188 *et seq.*; Clouston, *op. cit.*, p. 198 *et seq.*; René Basset, *Journ. Asiatique*, ser. 10, vol. ii, pp. 67, 77, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 57, 58.

we notice the changes that our story has undergone in the hands of the ayahs through the centuries, although the main incidents of Somadeva's version remain. In the first place the couple get properly married. The prince goes to visit his friend, the kotwāl's son, and Pānwpattī becomes jealous. The poisoned sweets are sent on the prince's next visit, but are given to some crows and then to a dog. In the final episode the kotwāl's son seizes the jewels while the princess is *asleep*, and wounds her *in the leg*. Later, the Rājā's servants arrest the pretended Yogī, but are not nearly so courteous as in Somadeva's version. When relating his story he says he was sitting by *a river*, and that at midnight *one* woman arrived and pulled a dead body out of the river, and began to eat it. In anger he had taken her jewels and wounded her in the leg. The girl is cast out into the jungle and there rescued by the prince and his friend. There is, of course, no mention of her parents dying. This last incident was introduced by Somadeva in order that the Vetāla could ask his question about who was the guilty party.

In the Tamil version the girl is wounded between the breasts, and *gives* a pearl necklace as a bribe to prevent her secret love of eating corpses being divulged. Both parents die here as in Somadeva.

*The Three Young Brāhmans who restored a Dead Lady
to Life*

(Vetāla 2—pp. 179-181)

As explained by Uhle,¹ Sivadāsa's recension varies in its texts both in the present story and also in No. V. According to Lassen² there are four Brāhmans; the first three act as in our version, and the fourth merely goes home. He it is who is judged to be the true husband, as the others had acted respectively as father, brother and servant. In Gildemeister's text, which is that chiefly used by Uhle, and in all other versions, the Brāhmans are only three in number. As Lassen's reading in this case was based on a single MS., it cannot stand against the others as the original version. And Uhle points out on a later page³ that it must be regarded merely as a

¹ *Abhandl. f. d. Kunde d. Morgenlandes*, viii, No. 1, p. xxi.

² *Anthologia sanscritica*, Bonnæ ad Rhenum, 1838.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 113.

clever improvement on the original, for it cannot be denied that the king's choice of the fourth Brāhman, who merely goes home, contains a decided touch of humour.

It is, however, interesting to note that in a moralised version forming the *Sādhūsīla Jātaka*, No. 200 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 96, 97), the number of suitors is four. They wooed the four daughters of a Brāhman. He was in doubt as how best to dispose of them. One of the suitors was fine and handsome, one was old, the third a man of good family, and the fourth was good. Accordingly he approached the Master, saying :

“One is good, and one is noble; one has beauty, one has years.

Answer me this question, Brāhman : of the four, which best appears ? ”

Hearing this, the teacher replied : “Even though there be beauty and the like qualities, a man is to be despised if he fail in virtue. Therefore the former is not the measure of a man ; those that I like are the virtuous.” And in explanation of this matter he repeated the second couplet :

“Good is beauty : to the aged show respect, for this is right :

Good is noble birth ; but virtue—virtue, that is my delight.”

When the Brāhman heard this, he gave all his daughters to the virtuous wooer.

Before referring to variants found in the vernaculars we shall first consider the story as given by Somadeva. The chief *motif* is that of “Resuscitation.” In this particular case it is brought about by the aid of a stolen book containing a magical charm. Although I am unable to give any exact analogue to this, we find in the Latin version of the *Gesta Romanorum*¹ a tale of a magic book of charms stolen from a necromancer by his pupil. The best-known method is by aid of the “Water of Life,” which is one of the oldest and most widespread *motifs* in the world. We have already had several references to this (see Vol. II, p. 155n⁴, and Vol. III, p. 253n¹),

¹ See H. Oesterley, *Gesta Romanorum*, 1872, pp. 664 and 748 ; and S. J. H. Herrtage, *Early English Versions of the Gesta Romanorum*, Appendix, No. cclx, Early English Text Society, Ex. vol. No. xxxiii, 1879.

but by far the largest number is to be found in Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 394-401—*i.e.* No. 97, "Das Wasser des Lebens." Sir Richard Temple is at present engaged on a work dealing with this interesting subject.¹

Now in this present story three men claim to have been the direct cause of the resuscitation, the first because he possessed the charm, the second because he had taken her bones to the Ganges and the efficacy of sacred bathing-places was absolute, while the third claims that it was the power of his asceticism which had raised the dead to life. Thus the story is really an unusual form of the well-known "Joint Efforts" *motif*, as it might be called. The usual form is that found in the Vetāla's fifth story—all the suitors can do something wonderful: suddenly the bride disappears and the joint application of their gifts is successful in bringing back the lost bride. I shall discuss this further when dealing with the story in question (see p. 273 *et seq.*). The *motif* occurs also in the Vetāla's twenty-second story, where three Brāhmins bring a lion back to life. The present tale is weak because the claims of the first two Brāhmins are so feeble. The third Brāhmin had already obtained clear proof of the efficacy of the charm, and needed no help from the others at all. In the "Joint Efforts" *motif*, however, all the suitors do something which is a *sine qua non* to the result, but useless by itself; accordingly the question as to who can rightly claim the girl for a bride is a very open one. But of this more anon.

The "Five Sons," which forms the seventh diversion of the fifth day in Basile's *Pentamerone* (Burton, vol. ii, p. 532 *et seq.*), although really an example of the "Joint Efforts" *motif*, warrants mention here because one of the sons has discovered a herb which can cause the dead to live again. But it would have been useless until the others had rescued her from the ghul's power. The end of the tale is unusual. The king is unable to decide who deserves the hand of the princess. Each man (they are brothers) puts forward his claim. Then the father of the boys puts forward *his* claim. "I think I have done a great deal in the matter," he said, "having made men of these my sons, and having by the strength of first teachings obliged them to learn the craft they know, otherwise they would be senseless fools, where now they have brought forth such pleasant fruits." The father marries the princess.

¹ Zinda Peer, the Everliving Saint of India. *A Discourse on some Ramifications of the Belief in the Water of Immortality.*

A story from Siddhi-Kür also deserves mention. It forms No. 2 of Jülg, tale 9 of Busk (p. 105 *et seq.*) and No. 4 of Coxwell (p. 179 *et seq.*). In this tale six men go to seek their fortunes in different directions. One of them, a rich man's son, is killed. The others, by their several accomplishments, find his body, and by a wonderful draught one of them restores his life. The rich man's son tells his adventures, and how his wife must be rescued from the hands of a powerful khan. This is successfully done, and each claims the woman. The tale ends curiously: "They strove thus each for himself, and could not come to an agreement. 'Now,' said they, 'if there is this difficulty, let us all take her'; and crying out 'Strike! strike!' they cut her to pieces with their knives."

In fact, all the story-tellers have experienced much difficulty in settling the question that this story leads up to. In Somadeva's tale the question is naturally put to Trivikramasena, and he, being a pious and exemplary king, gets out of the difficulty by saying that he who stayed in the cemetery and practised asceticism acted so out of deep affection and so must be considered her husband. The other two act the parts of father and son respectively. This resembles the end of a story in the Kalmuck *Arji-Borji* (see Busk, *op. cit.*, p. 298 *et seq.*).

Four young shepherds combine in making a life-like wooden carving. The first did the actual sculpturing, the second painted it, the third infused into it wit and understanding, the fourth breathed life into it, and behold! it was woman! They all claimed her for themselves. The question was who had the best claim. After several futile answers had been given the wise Naran-Dākinī replied:

"... The youth who first fashioned the figure of a block of wood, did not he stand in the place of a father? He who painted it with tints fair to behold, did not he stand in place of the mother? He who gave wit and understanding, is he not the Lama? But he who gave a soul that could be loved, was it not he alone who made woman? To whom, therefore, else should she have belonged by right of invention? And to whom should woman belong if not to her husband?"

In the Hindi version the girl dies of a snake-bite, and various sorcerers, etc., are brought to charm away the poison. Having seen the girl, however, they are of the unanimous

opinion that the case is hopeless. Then follows a curious passage about snake-poison :

The first said : " A person does not live who has been bitten by a snake on the fifth, sixth, eighth, ninth and fourteenth day of the lunar month." The second said : " One who has been bitten on a Saturday or Tuesday does not survive." The third said : " Poison infused during the Rohiṇī, Maghā, Aṣṣeṣhā, Viśākhā, Mūlā, and Kṛittikā mansions of the moon, cannot be got under." The fourth said : " One who has been bitten in any organ of sense—the lower lip, the cheek, the neck, abdomen, and navel—cannot escape death." The fifth said : " In this case Brahmā even could not restore life—of what account, then, are we ? Do you perform the funeral rites—we will depart."

The rest is almost similar to Somadeva's version.

In the Tamil *Vedala Cadai*, and also in the Turkish *Tūtī-nāmah*,¹ the girl dies through anxiety of mind, while the others are disputing as to whom she should rightly marry. The curious feature in the latter is that the girl is brought back to life by being beaten. The first suitor opens the grave, the second advises the use of the cudgel, and the third brings it into operation. The suitors fight, but the girl refuses them all.

Restoring life by beating is certainly uncommon in stories. It is found, however, in a Persian tale included by J. Uri in his *Epistolæ Turcicæ ac Narrationes Persicæ editæ et Latine conversæ*,² Oxonii, 1771, pp. 26, 27. Flagellation during marriage ceremonies is quite common in India, and is also found in other countries.³ The fundamental idea is quite possibly the

¹ Rosen, *Tuti-Nameh*, vol. ii, p. 53. See also Wickerhauser, *Papagei-märchen*, p. 188.

² Uri calls the book from which the tale is taken *Post nubila Phoebus*, which is merely a parodied title of the Arabic work *Al Faraj ba'da'sh-shiddah* (*Joy after Hardship*), by Muḥassin ibn 'Alī at-Tanūkhī (died A.H. 384). See the Arabic text published in Cairo, 1903-1904, vol. ii, pp. 98, 99. The tale is also found in an early Persian translation lithographed in Bombay, A.H. 1276 (1859), pp. 383, 384. Tanūkhī states that the story in question was received from a certain Muḥammad aṣ-Sāliḥī, the Scribe, a contemporary. Mr A. G. Ellis, who has kindly supplied the above information, adds that Uri's text is loosely abridged from the Persian version above mentioned.

³ See, e.g., Crooke, *op. cit.* (new edition, 1926), pp. 136, 137; *Journ. Anth. Inst.*, vol. xxix, pp. 78, 97; Westermarck, *History of Human Marriage*, vol. ii, pp. 517, 518; and Frazer, *Golden Bough*, Index vol., pp. 182, 183.

same as in the case of raising the dead by flogging—namely, to expel the evil spirit which has caused the catastrophe, or in the case of a marriage, which *might* cause the catastrophe (of barrenness).

To conclude, I would quote a Burmese version of our story found in a collection known under the title of *The Precedents of Princess Thoodama Tsari* (or Sudhammachāri). The translation is by R. F. St A. St John, *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. vii, 1889, p. 309 *et seq.*¹

Once there were, in the country of Kamboja, four vaiśyas who were great friends; three of them had a son and the other had a very beautiful daughter. Each of the three young men sent a message to the parents of the girl. The first said: "If your daughter should die before she reaches the age of fifteen, I will give her a grand funeral." The second said: "If she die before the age of fifteen, I will collect her bones after the body is cremated and bear them to the burial-ground." The third said: "If your daughter die before she reaches the age of fifteen, I will watch in the burial-ground." To these proposals the parents of the girl gave their consent.

Now it came to pass that the girl died before she was fifteen, and her parents called upon the young men to fulfil their promises, and they did so. Whilst the third was walking in the burial-ground a Yogi came that way, on his road to Himavanta, and, seeing him, asked if he would like the girl to be made alive again; and on his saying that he would, he restored her to him alive and with all her former beauty. The other two young men on hearing of this said that, as they had performed their promises, they had also a right to have her in marriage. After arguing the matter between themselves, they agreed to go to Princess Sudhammachāri and abide by her decision:

"One of you performed the funeral ceremonies and went his way; the other carried the bones to the burial-ground and departed; but the third remained watching in the burial-ground. The man who constituted himself a guardian of the burial-ground is debased for seven generations, and, inasmuch as the girl came to life when he still remained with her though dead, he has an undoubted right to her now that she has come to life again."

¹ Cf. the translation by C. J. Bandow, Rangoon, 1881, pp 53-55.

The King and the Two Wise Birds

(Vetāla 3—pp. 183-189)

In Sivadāsa's recension (Uhle, *op. cit.*, p. 13) we get further details about the wedding of the royal couple who possessed the clever birds. So, too, in the Hindi version, where it forms the fourth story,¹ we get considerably more details. Barker² translates as follows:—

The Baitāl spoke, saying: "O King! there was a city called Bhogwatī, whose king was named Rūpsen, and he had a parrot named Chūrāman. One day the king asked that parrot: 'What dost thou know?' The parrot replied: 'Great king! I know everything.' The king said: 'If thou knowest everything, tell me where there is a beautiful damsel, my equal in rank.' The parrot said: 'Great king! there is in the country of Magadh a king, Magadheshwar by name, and he has a daughter, whose name is Chandrāvati. You will marry her; she is very beautiful and very learned.' The king, on hearing the parrot's speech, sent for an astrologer, whose name was Chandrakānt, and asked him: 'Whom shall I marry?' The astrologer ascertained by his art, and said: "Chandrāvati is the name of the maiden, and your marriage with her will certainly take place."

"The king, having heard this, summoned a Brāhman and explained everything to him. When he sent him to King Magadheshwar, he thus enjoined him: 'If you arrange this affair of our marriage satisfactorily, we will reward you.' The Brāhman then took leave. King Magadheshwar's daughter had a Mainā (*gracula religiosa*), whose name was Madana-manjarī (love-garland). The princess in the same way had consulted Madana-manjarī, and asked her: 'Where shall I find a suitable husband?' The Mainā replied: 'Rūpsen is king of the city of Bhogwatī—he shall be thy husband.' Thus, though neither had seen the other, they were mutually in love. In a few days' time the Brāhman whom Rūpsen had sent arrived in Magadh and delivered his sovereign's message to King Magadheshwar. The king agreed to his proposal, and having summoned a Brāhman of his own,

¹ For the different order of numbering in the various versions see the table at the end of the Appendix in Vol. VII.

² *Baitāl Pachisi*, pp. 96-102.

and entrusted to him the nuptial gifts and the customary presents, he sent him with the other Brāhman, and bade him, 'Greet King Rūpsen on my behalf, and, having made the customary mark on his forehead (the *tilak*), return quickly. When you come back I will make preparations for the marriage.'

"These two Brāhmans, therefore, set forth, and in a few days they arrived at the Court of King Rūpsen, and related everything that had happened. The king was greatly pleased, and, making all the necessary preparations, departed to claim his betrothed. In the course of a few days he arrived in that country, and having been married, and having received the wedding gifts and dowry, took leave of King Magadheshwar, and set out for his own country. His queen also brought away with her Madana-manjarī in a cage. They arrived in due course at their journey's end, and began to live happily. One day the cage of the parrot (Churāman) and of the Mainā (Madana-manjarī) were both placed near the throne, and the king and queen, in the course of conversation, said: 'No one can live happily in solitude, therefore it would be better to marry the parrot to the Mainā, and putting them into one cage, they will then live happily together.' They then had a large cage brought and put them in it.

"After some little time had elapsed, the king and queen were one day sitting together in conversation when the parrot said to the Mainā: 'Sexual intercourse is the one thing in this world, and whoever has passed his life without it has been born in vain; therefore you must grant me this favour.' The Mainā said: 'I have no desire for a male.' The parrot asked: 'Why?' She replied: 'Men are sinful, irreligious, treacherous, and women-slayers.' The parrot replied: 'So also are women treacherous, false, ignorant, avaricious, and murderers.'

"When the king heard them thus wrangling, he inquired: 'What are you quarrelling about?' The Mainā replied: 'Great king! men are sinful women-slayers, hence I have no wish for them. Great king! listen while I tell a tale to prove that men are such as I say.'"

The Tamil version (sixth story ¹) is much shorter, but not as condensed as in Somadeva. Here the birds are described as being both parroquets, and after his successful marriage

¹ Babington, *Vedala Cadai*, p. 39 *et seq.*

Parākramakesari, the prince, suggests that the two birds ought also to be happily married. Accordingly they are put in the same cage, and the quarrelling commences as in the other version.

The Mainā's Story

This tale occurs in the Turkish *Tūtī-nāmah*,¹ where the principal difference is that the parents of the wicked man die after his first crime. After he has squandered all his wealth he is reduced to begging in a cemetery, where he suddenly meets his wife. They live together for some time, and then set out once more for the husband's home. On the way they pass the old well, and there he murders her.

Oesterley refers to the eleventh story of Siddhi-Kür,² but there is little in common here, except that the poor man vainly attempts to murder his wife, whom he has acquired by a trick, and then to sell the jewels that he had obtained with her.

The Parrot's Story

In the Tamil version³ there is no real thief in the case at all. The lover is discovered by the city guards, and being mistaken for a thief is mortally wounded by an arrow. At this moment the girl arrives, and getting no answer from her lover, imagines he is angry with her. While kissing him he bites off her nose in the agony of death and falls down dead. She returns home and, taking the betel-cutter from her husband's pouch, smears it with blood. She then raises the alarm, accusing her husband of having bitten off her nose. Just as he is going to be put to death the city guards, who have apparently witnessed the whole proceedings, come forward and give their evidence. The woman is bound and cast into the fire.

The story is one of the few in the *Vetālapañchavimśati* that has passed with but comparatively few alterations into the Kalmuck version. It is told of two brothers who lived in a country named Odmil song. They married sisters, but

¹ Rosen, vol. ii, p. 102, and Wickerhauser, p. 214.

² Busk, *op. cit.*, pp. 120-125. It is No. 11 in Jülg, and No. 13 in Coxwell, where the translation from Jülg is better than Busk's rendering. See his *Siberian Folk-Tales*, pp. 217-221, and the notes on p. 257.

³ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 45 *et seq.*

somehow or other were never very friendly. The elder brother grew rich, and when giving a great banquet omitted to ask his younger brother. Deeply offended, he determined to steal something valuable from his elder brother, and with this intention managed to conceal himself in the store-room. The tale then proceeds as follows (Coxwell, pp. 215-216):—

The people had drunk spirits till it became dark, and lay intoxicated and asleep. The elder brother's wife led her husband in a stupefied condition into the store-room, there to slumber with him. After a while, however, she arose and cooked a meal. Taking with her meat and several kinds of food, such as garlic and onions, and other eatables, she went out. The man in concealment did not yet venture on his evil deed, and said to himself, "I will carry out my theft later; first of all I will observe these people," and he followed the woman. Behind the house she mounted a high hill, on which was a gloomy graveyard. As she climbed upwards he walked behind her and almost in her footsteps. In the middle of an evergreen expanse of turf was a stone slab, to which she hurried, to find on it, lying stretched out and rigid, a man who had been her lover. In her devotion she could not let him serve as food for birds and rapacious beasts, so she sought the dead and from afar called him by name; and finally, on reaching him, threw herself round his neck. The younger brother sat near by and observed everything. The woman set the food before the dead man and offered it to him, but his teeth were firmly pressed together and would not crush the food; so she opened them with a copper spoon, and, having chewed the food, she sought with her tongue to introduce it into his mouth. But suddenly the spoon, being gripped by the dead man's teeth, broke, and struck off the tip of the woman's nose; at the same time a small portion of her tongue was bitten off. With blood upon her face she retreated and took away her eatables. The younger brother was the first to reach home, and he hid in the store-room. Arriving later, the woman lay down beside her husband, and after a while, when the husband began to speak and sigh in his sleep, she cried: "Woe! woe! What have you done?" The man cried: "What has happened?" To which words she replied: "You have bitten off the tip of my nose and of my tongue; what can I do in such a calamity?"

The sequel to the story is the same as in other cases, and here it is the brother who comes forward to give evidence. The woman is fastened to a stake and then killed.

The tale appears also in the *Tuṭī-nāmah*¹ with slight differences. The loving couple are surprised by the town guards, and according to their custom the man is crucified, but the woman is allowed to go home unpunished. In a final embrace the lover bites off his beloved's nose, and she accuses her husband of having done it. The husband is sentenced to the loss of his nose, but, as in Somadeva's version, a thief saves the situation, and the wife is thrown into the water.

That portion of the story about the husband being accused of cutting off the wife's nose will naturally remind readers of "The Cuckold Weaver and the Bawd," which is one of the *Pañchatantra* tales that does not appear in Somadeva's version. I gave it in full, however, in Vol. V, pp. 223-226. This story became exceedingly popular, and is found in numerous collections in both the East and West. The subject has been treated fully by Bedier² under the title of "Le Fabliaux des Tresses," as in Western versions the mutilation of the nose has given place to the cutting off of hair, a severe beating, or other similar punishment. Boccaccio included the tale in his *Decameron*, where it forms the eighth novel of the seventh day. The chief point of all these versions is the cuckolding of the husband by the substitution of another woman in his bed. He vents his anger on her, thinking it is his wife, who later proves her innocence by showing her person untouched. Lee³ gives a large number of analogues, including versions in English literature, where the tale is found in Massinger's *Guardian* and Fletcher's *Woman Pleased*.

After the two birds have finished their tales the frame-story ends by the parrot becoming once more the Gandharva Chitraratha, as Indra's curse has now lost its force. At the same moment the Mainā becomes no less a person than the heavenly nymph Tilottama. Both ascend to heaven.

So, too, in Śivadāsa's recension they both become

¹ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 96; Wickerhauser, *op. cit.*, p. 212.

² *Les Fabliaux*, 4th edition, 1925, vi, pp. 164-199. Facing the latter page is a table showing the ramifications of both Eastern and Western versions.

³ *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, London, 1902, pp. 222-230.

Vidyādhara. In the Hindi and Tamil versions, however, the frame-story does not appear again.

The Adventures of Vīravara

(*Vetāla* 4—pp. 191-198)

This is practically identical with No. 70, "Story of the Brāhman Vīravara" (see Vol. IV, p. 173 *et seq.*). Cf. also No. 36, "Story of the Prince and the Merchant's Son who saved his Life" (Vol. III, p. 28 *et seq.*), where the "Overhearing" *motif* is introduced. Several useful references will be found in the note beginning on p. 28n¹. In Śivadāsa's recension Vīravara demands a thousand *dīnārs* every day, which can be compared with the wonderful archer in the *Asadisa Jātaka*, No. 181, who demands for wages "a hundred thousand a year."

In the Hindi it forms No. 3 and in the Tamil No. 7. The versions differ only in unimportant details.

It also appears in both the Persian¹ and Turkish² *Ṭūṭī-nāmāh*. For further details see Oesterley, *Baitāl Pachīsī*, pp. 185-187.

The story belongs to the "Faithful Servant" *motif*, and merges into another large cycle of tales which might be called the "Perfect Friends" or "Friendship and Sacrifice" *motif*.

The *motif* reached Europe about the very time that Somadeva wrote, where it appeared as the second story, "The Two Perfect Friends," in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Peter Alphonse.³ It then became incorporated with *The Seven Sages of Rome*, where it occurs under the name of *amici* in connection with *Vaticinium*. The tale is confined to that immense group of MSS. of which the Latin *Historia Septem Sapientum* is the type.⁴ Under the title of *Amicus et Amelius*, it appeared in the *Speculum historiale*⁵ of Vincent de Beauvais.

It found its way into French literature, and eventually

¹ Iken, *Touti Nameh, eine Sammlung Persischen Märchen von Nechschebi*, 1882, pp. 17 and 89.

² Rosen, *op. cit.*, p. 42, and Wickerhauser, p. 28.

³ W. H. Hulme, "Peter Alphonse's *Disciplina Clericalis*," *Western Univ. Bull.*, vol. xxii, 1919, p. 15 *et seq.*

⁴ Killis Campbell, *Seven Sages of Rome*, pp. xxiv, cxii.

⁵ Lib. xxiii, cap. 162-166 and 169.

became attached to the Carolingian cycle in the twelfth-century *chanson de geste* of *Amis et Amiles*. In the early forms the story was simple: Amis and Amiles were two friends. Amis committed perjury to save his friend and was smitten with the curse of leprosy. He was informed in a vision that the only possible cure necessitated his bathing in the blood of Amiles' children.¹ Hearing this, Amiles at once slew them; but after his friend had been cured they were miraculously restored to life. In time the story became elaborated and gradually spread all over Europe.²

The best-known story in which the *motif* occurs (among others) is undoubtedly Grimm's "Der getreue Johannes," No. 6.³ Faithful John is a servant who, after the death of the king, brings up the young prince and guards him against numerous dangers at the peril of his own life. There is no need to give this well-known tale in detail. It represents one of the two great varieties of stories dealing with friendship and sacrifice. In the first of these the friendship and love are mutual, and usually exist between two youths, often brothers. In the second variety the love is that of a trusted and faithful servant, and the feeling is not necessarily reciprocated at all. Both, however, point to the same moral—the inestimable value of trust, friendship, sacrifice and love.

Somaprabhā and her Three Suitors

(*Vetāla* 5—pp. 200-203)

As already mentioned (p. 261), the texts of Śivadāsa's recension differ. According to Lassen,⁴ the girl is finally awarded to the "man of knowledge," while in Gildemeister's text,⁵ and in all other versions, she is given to the hero who kills the Rākshasa.

In the Hindi version⁶ the hero "possessed the art of discharging an arrow, which should strike what was heard,

¹ Vol. I, p. 97n².

² See Chauvin, viii, 194-196; Dawkins and Halliday, *Modern Greek in Asia Minor*, pp. 253, 254 and 523; Coxwell, *Siberian and other Folk-Tales*, pp. 768-775 and 880, and especially A. H. Krappe, "The Legend of Amicus and Amelius," *Mod. Lang. Rev.* vol. xviii, Cambridge, 1923, pp. 152-161.

³ Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 42-57.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 35-38.

⁵ Uhle, *op. cit.*, p. xxi.

⁶ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 139; Oesterley, *op. cit.*, p. 69.

though not seen," while in the Tamil¹ we are given no details as to his abilities. The only deviation in this latter version is that it is a giant who carries off the damsel.

The story is in all probability the original of that mass of similar ones which exist in nearly all parts of the world. Some idea of its enormous distribution can be conceived when we read the dozen odd pages of analogues given by Bolte and Polívka² to the well-known German tale of "The Four Skilful Brothers."

In this version four brothers go out into the world to earn their living. One becomes an expert thief, the second possesses a wonderful telescope, the third is an expert archer, and the fourth can sew anything so that no stitch can be seen. The king's daughter suddenly disappears, and the joint efforts of the brothers restore her safely to her father. No decision is arrived at as to who deserves the girl in marriage.

This outline represents roughly the plot of the different versions so widely spread all over Europe and the East. The commencement varies, but usually falls under one of the four following headings :—

1. The girl states she will marry only a man who has certain qualifications, which she proceeds to enumerate.

2. Several suitors fall in love with the girl and each states his particular qualification.

3. The girl disappears and several men volunteer to save her.

4. A number of brothers go out to earn a living and each returns with some wonderful gift as possession.

In each case it is the "joint efforts" of the brothers or suitors that bring back the girl who has suddenly disappeared or been seized by a jinn, div, khan, or other similar personage.

As I have already pointed out in my notes to Vetāla 2, the choice of husband by the embarrassed princess or her father usually ends very unsatisfactorily. In some cases no decision is made and the king merely gives a reward, in others the girl chooses the handsomest, while in still others the results are fatal. In several versions one of the men is a wonderful physician, and possesses a magic herb, ointment or healing draught. In the *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. iii, p. 439) and

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

² *Op. cit.*, vol. iii, pp. 45-50.

an Icelandic¹ version it is a magic apple that saves the girl. Sometimes she is merely ill, but in several cases she actually dies. It will be noticed that in Vetāla 5 this does not occur, for it has already formed the chief *motif* of Vetāla 2. Thus we can say that all versions of this form of the "Joint Efforts" *motif* can be traced back to these two Indian tales.

As an example of another form of the *motif* reference should be made to Grimm's "How Six Men got on in the World," No. 71.² It falls under the fourth heading as given above, and tells how six chance acquaintances overcome all difficulties by their joint efforts.

The twenty-second story in the Persian³ *Tūṭī-nāmah* closely resembles the story in our text. It also occurs with but little variation in the Turkish recension of the same collection.⁴

The *Tūṭī-nāmah*⁵ also contains a story which appears to be made up of Vetālas 2, 5 and 21. It is really a more elaborate version of a similar tale in *Arjī-Borjī*, to which I have already referred (p. 264).

Four companions combine in creating a woman. One of them, a carpenter, hews a figure from a block of wood; another, a goldsmith, adorns it with gems; the third, a tailor, clothes it; while the fourth, a monk, gives it life. They quarrel about her, each claiming her for himself. They agree to consult a dervish, but he claims the girl himself. They then go to the chief of police, and to the Kazi, but each wants the girl. Finally the matter is referred to a divinity, and the lady once more becomes wood.

¹ Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 285, and see the appendix by the same author in Burton's *Nights*, Supp., vol. iii, p. 608 *et seq.* Further analogues appear in Chauvin, vi, 133, and viii, 76.

² See Bolte and Polivka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 79 *et seq.*

³ Iken, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

⁴ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 165.

⁵ Iken, *op. cit.*, p. 37, and Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 151.

The Lady who caused her Brother and Husband to change Heads
(*Vetāla* 6—pp. 204-207)

In the Hindi version¹ the husband is so long in the temple that his "friend" goes in to see what has happened. On finding him decapitated he thinks to himself: "This world is a very difficult place to live in; no one will suppose that he has died by his own hand; but they will say that this is my treachery, and that, to obtain possession of his wife, who is very beautiful, I have killed him. It is better that I should die, than thus live disgraced." When the wife enters she too fears disgrace, and is about to kill herself, when the goddess intervenes.

In the Tamil version,² which is No. 5, it is "a certain individual" who falls in love with the girl. He promises the goddess to give her his head as an offering if she will help him to obtain the girl as a bride. The rest follows as in Somadeva, except for the king's reply to the question of the *Vetāla*, which is: "... whichever of the two, immediately on perceiving the girl, should pay her attention as his wife, he it is that ought to be her husband."

The tale also occurs in both the Persian³ and Turkish⁴ recensions of the *Tūḥ-nāmah* with but slight differences. The hero is a prince instead of a washerman, and the second suicide is a priest instead of a brother-in-law or a friend. In the Turkish version the priest does not make his appearance till after the prince's suicide.

Benfey has already shown⁵ that Goethe took that part of his *Legende* (*Werke*, 1840, vol. i, p. 200) which is based on this tale from Iken's translation. Briefly the story is as follows:—

A Brāhman's wife goes to fetch water from the Ganges. There she sees a vision of a beautiful youth who follows her. Nevertheless she tries to fill her pitcher, but is unable to do so as the water continually flows away. Frightened, she returns home with her pitcher still empty. Her husband grows suspicious and, dragging her to the place of public

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 143 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 36 *et seq.*

³ Iken, No. 102.

⁴ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 169.

⁵ *Orient und Occident*, vol. i, p. 719.

execution, kills her with his sword. The son sees the sword dripping with blood, and on hearing the truth expresses his desire to follow her. The father prevents him, saying that if he puts the body and head together she will return to life. The son hastens to the spot where his mother has been killed and, in his hurry to achieve his object, puts her head by mistake on the trunk of a female criminal, that was lying on the same place. The mother rises to life, but reproaches the son for his hasty action, at the same time pointing out it is by the workings of Brahmā.

Although putting decapitated heads upon wrong bodies is of rare occurrence in folk-lore,¹ there are numerous examples of a head being cut off and fastened on again. See, for example, Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. i, p. 185; B. Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen*, p. 111; Wirt Sykes, *British Goblins*, pp. 8-10; Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 108; A. Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, No. 26, "O Colhereiro," in which the third daughter fastens on with blood the heads of her decapitated sisters; and De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. i, pp. 303 and 304. The most curious tale connected with the fastening on of heads occurs in Giles, *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* (vol. i, pp. 97-101 of the 1880 edition, pp. 60-62 of the second edition, 1909):

Mr Chu has made friends with Lu, the Infernal Judge, who has given him a new and much better heart. Chu then asks for a further favour. Could Lu possibly give his wife a new head, for although her figure is not bad, she is very ugly. Lu laughs and promises to do what he can. One night he calls and shows the amazed Chu the head of a handsome young girl, freshly severed. After having cut off the wife's head the judge fixes on that of the young girl in its place. Imagine the surprise of Mrs Chu in the morning! It further transpires that the pretty daughter of an official named Wu had been murdered by a burglar, and it was her head that the judge had procured. Both Mr and Mrs Wu are informed in a dream [as so often occurs in Hindu fiction] of the true state of things, and Chu is accordingly exonerated from any charge of murder.

¹ See T. Zachariae, *Kleine Schriften*, 1920, p. 120.

The King who married his Dependent to a Nereid

(Vetāla 7—pp. 209-216)

The Hindi version¹ differs considerably from Somadeva. It forms No. 8. The man seeking service is a Rājput, but does not get employment though he waits a whole year. Nevertheless, he attaches himself to the king's suite when they go hunting, and is the only one who never loses sight of the king. When questioned he quotes various maxims on the lot of man, etc., and proceeds to kill a deer and prepare a meal for the king. He is rewarded, and given a responsible position. One day he is sent "on some business" to the seashore and enters a temple of Devī. A beautiful maiden follows him in and speaks to him. She says: "If you wish to have anything to do with me, you must bathe in this pool. . . ." The rest follows as in Somadeva, but there is no mention of any city or wealth of the damsel, and the pair return to the palace.

In the Tamil version² (also No. 8) we also have no sub-aqueous city, although it resembles our text more closely than the Hindi. The "individual, whose name was Kārpāḍigan," gets employment at once. The incident of the two fruits, and the mission to Ceylon follow as in Somadeva. But there is no banner rising from the sea: instead, the hero is swallowed by a large fish. He manages to cut the belly open and swim safely to shore, where he enters a temple of Kālī. There he meets "a beautiful princess, surrounded by a numerous train of damsels." The rest follows as in our text, except that the girl turns out to be "the daughter of the King of the Serpent World," and Vikrama's decision is the opposite to that in both Somadeva and the Hindi version.

"If a person be in the employ of another," he says, "it is but justice that he should do all in his power to serve him: that the king should resign to his servant a damsel whom he adored is the more meritorious act."

It will thus be seen that both the leading vernacular versions have dropped the most important point of the story—namely, that the hero's adventures take place under the sea.

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 163 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 51 *et seq.*

Probably the closest analogue to our story is that found in the sixth fable of the second chapter of the *Hitopadeśa*¹:

“I am Kandarpa-Ketu, son of Jimūta-Ketu, King of Singhala-dwipa (Ceylon). One day as I was in the pleasure-garden, I heard from a voyaging merchant, that on the fourteenth day of the month, in the midst of the sea which was near, beneath what had the appearance of a Kalpa-tree, there was to be seen, seated on a couch variegated with the lustre of strings of jewels, a certain damsel, as it were the goddess Lakshmi, bedecked with all kinds of ornaments, and playing on a lute. I therefore took the voyaging merchant, and, having embarked in a ship, went to the place specified. On reaching the spot, I saw her exactly as she had been described; and, allured by her exquisite beauty, I leaped after her into the sea. In an instant I reached a golden city; where, in a palace of gold, I saw her reclining on a couch, and waited upon by youthful sylphs. When she perceived me at a distance she sent a female friend, who addressed me courteously. On my inquiry, her friend said: ‘That is Ratna-Manjarī, the daughter of Kandarpa-keli, King of the Vidyādhara. She has made a vow to this effect: “Who-soever shall come and see the city of gold with his own eyes, shall marry me.”’ Accordingly I married her by that form of marriage called Gandharva: after the conclusion of which I remained there a long while delighted with her. One day she said to me in private: ‘My beloved husband, all these things may be freely enjoyed; but that picture of the fairy Swarna-rekhā must never be touched.’ Some time afterwards, my curiosity being excited, I touched Swarna-rekhā with my hand. For doing so I was spurned by her, although only a picture, with her foot beautiful as the lotus, and found myself alighted in my own country.”

For this latter incident of instantaneous transportation by breaking some taboo, falling into magic water, etc., see *Ocean*, Vol. II, pp. 223, 223n¹, and cf. *Losaka Jātaka*² (where there are four subaqueous palaces), and Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 410.

¹ F. Johnson, *Hitopadeśa, or Salutary Counsels of Vishnuśarma*, London, Hertford, 1847, p. 57. *The Sanskrit Text with a Grammatical Analysis* had been issued in 1847.

² Cambridge edition, vol. i, p. 110.

In the history of the famous Arab, Hätim Tā'i, is a story of his adventures at the bottom of a well.¹ He enters it to recover a man who has fallen in, but soon finds himself on a broad plain. A wonderful castle appears, in which he discovers the lost man in company with a maiden of marvellous beauty. After sundry adventures he arranges for the youth to return to his relatives. Subaqueous palaces are found throughout European literature. Cf. that of Morgan le Fay in the *Orlando Innamorato*,² canto 36; also the continuation of the romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*³; and the romance of *Ogier le Danois*.⁴ A similar sea-castle occurs in Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. 125. Our present story resembles in many points "Der rothe Kund" in Gaal's *Märchen der Magyaren*.

Tales in which human beings marry dwellers in the water are common enough in Europe. See Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 116 *et seq.*; Coxwell, *Siberia and Other Folk-Tales*, p. 466 *et seq.*; Weckenstedt, *Wendische Märchen*, p. 192, and La Motte Fouqué's *Undine*. In Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. i, p. 53, King Wilkinus marries a "Meerweib." Philostratus relates⁵ how Menippus married a female of the Rākshasī type and was saved only just in time by his friend Apollonius:

"Ἡ χρηστὴ νύμφη μία τῶν ἐμπουσῶν ἐστίν, ὥς λαμίας τε καὶ μορμολυκίας οἱ πολλοὶ ἡγδύνται. ἐρῶσι δ' αὐταὶ, καὶ ἀφροδισίων μὲν, σαρκῶν δὲ μάλιστα ἀνθρωπείων ἐρῶσι καὶ παλεύουσι τοῖς ἀφροδισίοις, οὓς ἂν ἐθέλωσι δαίσασθαι."

Thus it will be seen that stories of the "fairy palace under the sea" type are closely allied to that widely spread cycle of tales of which the sirens of Greek legend can be taken as the standard example.

Before speaking further of the sirens themselves I would

¹ Duncan Forbes, *Adventures of Hatim Tai*, Oriental Translation Fund, 1830, pp. 197-199.

² Originally by Boiardo, but famous owing to its recasting (*Rifacimento*) by Berni (1497-1535). See Dunlop, *History of Fiction*, p. 168, and Liebrecht's translation, p. 76.

³ Dunlop, *op. cit.*, p. 262, Liebrecht, p. 128.

⁴ Dunlop, *op. cit.*, p. 286, Liebrecht, p. 141.

⁵ *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, iv, 25. See Conybeare's translation in the Loeb Classics, vol. i, p. 407.

give an extract from an interesting letter of Mr David Fitzgerald printed in *The Academy*¹:

“The Sirens’ tale—like many other episodes of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—reappears in various forms, one of the most curious of which is perhaps to be found in Ireland. I borrow it from O’Curry. Ruad, son of Rigdonn, a king’s son, crossing over to North-land with three ships and thirty men in each, found his vessel held fast in mid-sea. [Cf. our tale of Vidūshaka, *Ocean*, Vol. II, p. 72.] At last he leaped over the side to see what was holding it, and sinking down through the waters, alighted in a meadow where were nine beautiful women. These gave him nine boatloads of gold as the price of his embraces, and by their power held the three vessels immovable on the water above for nine days. Promising to visit them on his return, the young Irish prince got away from the Sirens and their beds of red bronze, and continued his course to Lochlann, where he stayed with his fellow-pupil, son to the king of that country, for seven years. Coming back, the vessels put about to avoid the submerged isle, and had nearly gained the Irish shore, when they heard behind them the song of lamentation of the nine sea-women, who were in vain pursuit of them in a boat of bronze. One of these murdered before Ruad’s eyes the child she had borne him, and flung it head foremost after him. O’Curry left a version of this tale from the *Book of Ballymote*. I have borrowed a detail or two given in the *Tochmarc Emere* (fol. 21b)—e.g. the important Homeric feature of the watery meadow (machaire). The story given by Gervaise of Tilbury (ed. Liebrecht, pp. 30, 31), of the porpoise-men in the Mediterranean and the young sailor; the Shetland seal-legend in Grimm’s edition of Croker’s tales (*Irische Elfenmärchen*, Leipzig, 1826, p. xlvii *et seq.*); and the story found in Vincentius Bellovacensis [Vincent of Beauvais] and elsewhere, of the mermaid giantess and her purple cloak, may be named as belonging or related to the same cycle. These legends are represented in living Irish traditions, and the purple cloak just referred to appears, much disguised, in the story of Liban in the *Book of the Dun*.”

As mentioned above, there is a distinct relationship between the sea-maiden and the siren. If her nature is

¹ 3rd September 1881, p. 182. It was also given by Tawney, vol. ii, p. 638.

not that of a vampire she is a nereid (as in our present story), but if she has a weakness for leading travellers astray and then eating them, she becomes a siren. Both varieties have their analogies in Indian mythology.

For the sake of comparison we should remember that Homer presents the sirens to us as beautiful maidens of normal appearance, who by their enchanting songs lead mariners to their death. Like the Hindu Rākshasis they delight in blood and human flesh. No mention is made of their ornithological aspect. It is this very point, however, that later classical writers especially mention. Thus Apollonius Rhodius¹ (221-181 B.C.) describes them as partly virgins and partly birds; Apollodorus² (140 B.C.) says that from the thighs they had the forms of birds; Ovid³ and Hyginus⁴ (A.D. 4) give them the feet and feathers of birds with beautiful virgin faces; and Aelian⁵ says they are represented as winged maidens with the feet of birds. Various suggestions to explain the phenomenon have been put forward,⁶ none of which is wholly satisfactory. If we interpret the Homeric Σειρήνες as the treacherous calm of the ocean concealing hidden dangers beneath its smiling surface, we

¹ *Argonautica*, iv, 898 *et seq.*

² Βιβλιοθήκη, Epitoma, vii, 19.

³ *Metamorphoses*, v, 552-562.

⁴ *Fab.*, 125, 141.

⁵ *De Natura Animalium*, xvii, 23.

⁶ L. Stephani, *Compte-Rendu de la Commission Impériale Archéologique* (St Petersburg), 1866, p. 9 *et seq.*; ditto, 1870-1871, p. 143 *et seq.*; J. F. Cerquand, "Les Sirenes," *Revue Archéologique*, N.S., x, 1846, pp. 282-303; H. Schrader, *Die Sirenen*, Berlin, 1868; G. Weicker, *De Sirenibus quaestiones selectae*, Leipzig, 1895; J. P. Postgate, "A Philological Examination of the Myth of the Sirens," *Journ. Phil.*, ix, 1880, p. 109 *et seq.*; W. E. Axon, R. Morris and D. Fitzgerald, *The Academy*, Nos. 484, 486, 487, 1881; A. Baumeister, *Denkmäler des klassischen Altertums*, iii, 1888; J. E. Harrison, *Myths of the Odyssey*, 1882, p. 146 *et seq.*; ditto, *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*, London, 1890, p. 582 *et seq.*; ditto, *Journ. Hellenic Soc.*, vol. vi, p. 19 *et seq.*; ditto, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, 2nd edition, Cambridge, 1908, p. 197 *et seq.*; R. Unger, "Zur Sirenensage," *Philologus*, xli, 1888, pp. 770-775; W. Crooke, "Some Notes on Homeric Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, 1908, p. 171 *et seq.*; J. G. Frazer, *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, vol. v, 2nd edition, 1913, p. 171; ditto, *Apollodorus, The Library*, vol. ii, Loeb Classics, No. 122, 1921, pp. 290, 291; G. Weicker "Die Seirenen," Roscher's *Lexikon der Griechischen u. Römischen Mythologie*, vol. iv, p. 602 *et seq.*; P. Shorey, "Sirens," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, pp. 577-579.

need not be surprised if we find them connected with death due to normal causes. Such proves to be the case, and they are constantly represented on tombs and painted on *lekythi*, sometimes in their Homeric form, but more usually as half-birds. Writing on this subject Miss Harrison¹ says: "As monuments on tombs, the Sirens seem to have filled a double function; they were sweet singers, fit to be set on the grave of poet or orator, and they were mourners to lament for the beauty of youth and maiden. It is somewhat curious that they are never sculptured on Attic tombs in the one function that makes their relation to death intelligible—*i.e.* that of death-angels. The Siren of the Attic graves must surely be somehow connected with the bird death-angels that appear on the Harpy tomb, but her function as such seems to have been usurped for Attica by the male angels Death and Sleep."

Thus there appears to be a distinct affinity between the sirens and the keres, erinyes and harpies.

The conception of the soul-bird is widespread,² but has nowhere become so important as in the Malay Archipelago. In Malaya, Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes we find a host of curious customs in which rice is placed on the head of persons whose soul-bird seems, for one reason or another, to show signs of departing.³ In two of the sculptures of Bōrō-Budur in Java, one of the architectural marvels of the world, one represents⁴ two beings, half-human, half-bird. To the right stands a king with a retinue which is sitting on the ground. Leemans described the two bird-maidens as "un couple de Gandharvis célestes dont l'une accompagne le chant de l'autre sur un instrument à cordes." In the recently issued edition of Krom and Erp,⁵ however, they are called Kinnaras. As we have already seen (*Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 202), Kinnaras are usually represented with horses' heads, but are

¹ *Myth. and Mon.*, p. 584.

² G. Weicker, *Der Seelenvogel in der alten Literatur und Kunst*, Leipzig, 1902.

³ J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough (Taboo and the Perils of the Soul)*, p. 33 et seq.; ditto (*Spirits of the Corn and the Wild*), vol. 1, pp. 181, 182n¹.

⁴ C. Leemans, J. F. G. Brumond and F. C. Wilsen, *Bōrō-Boedoer op het Eiland Java*. See vol. ii of the plates, Nos. civ (178) and cv (180).

⁵ N. J. Krom and T. von Erp, *Beschrijving van Barabudur*, Archæologisch Onderzoek in Nederlandsch-Indië, 3 vols., 1920. See Pt. I, 4th Div., Ser. I. b., Plate XLV, Nos. 89 and 90; and cf. Plate XIII, No. 102, Ser. O. The corresponding pages in the text volume are 271, 272.

also divine musicians. Neither of the above terms seems exactly to describe the siren-like beings of the sculptures, but their occurrence at Bōrō-Budur is of considerable interest.

Turning now to ancient Buddhist siren legends, we notice that, as in the case of Somadeva's story of the nereid, the scene of action is in Ceylon or its immediate neighbourhood. Doubtless the shipwrecks occur among the numerous shoals and islands in Palk Strait.

In the *Valāhassa Jātaka*¹ we read of a city in Ceylon called Sirīsavatthu, entirely inhabited by Rākshasīs. It was their custom to entice shipwrecked mariners into their city, where, after a period of love and dalliance, their real nature would assert itself. On one occasion five hundred merchants were wrecked, and subsequently taken to Sirīsavatthu. They all paired off, and in the middle of the night the chief Rākshasī left her man in order to eat the flesh of a previous lover who now lay in magic chains in the house of torment. After her meal she returned, but it had had the effect of making her body cold. When about to embrace her, the merchant noticed the change and guessed the truth. In the morning he warned his companions, but only half the number were willing to try to effect an escape. The Bodhisattva suddenly appeared in the form of a flying white horse and took the two hundred and fifty merchants to a place of safety. The others were devoured by the Rākshasīs.

An interesting version of the above story is given by Hiuen Tsiang (A.D. 629) in his *Sī-yu-ki* (or *Hsi-yü-chi*).² Here the Rākshasīs dwell in a great iron city in Ratnadvīpa (Ceylon). They have the habit of erecting on the towers of the city two flagstaffs with lucky or unlucky signals according to circumstances. As soon as a possible prey is sighted, they change themselves into beautiful women, and approaching their victims with flowers and scents, entice the men to enter their city with the sound of sweet music. The rest of the tale resembles the Jātaka, but only the hero finally escapes on the "divine horse."

Whether this seventh Vetāla story is based on any of the

¹ No. 196, Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 89-91. See also H. T. Francis and E. J. Thomas, *Jātaka Tales*, pp. 166, 167, where references are given to several other versions, including ones from China, Tibet and Java.

² S. Beal, *Buddhist Records of the Western World*, vol. ii, p. 240 *et seq.* Among the numerous ways of spelling the famous pilgrim's name may be mentioned Hsüan Tsang, Hiouen Thsang, Yüan-Tsang and Yuan-Chwang.

early Buddhist legends dealing with maidens-of-the-sea is impossible to say. I have merely attempted to present very briefly the different forms of Indian siren stories, drawing attention to possible analogies with the well-known *Σειρῆνες* of Greek mythology.

The Three Fastidious Men

(*Vetāla* 8—pp. 217-221)

In the Hindi version¹ the story is No. 23. Here a Brāhman named Gobind has four sons, the eldest of whom dies. In despair Gobind determines to perform acts of charity and devotion. Accordingly he asks his sons to fetch him a tortoise for his first sacrifice. They tip a fisherman to get one, but find they cannot bring themselves to touch it. A quarrel ensues, and the brothers are taken before the king for him to decide which is the most dainty and fastidious. The rest follows as in our tale.

In the Tamil version² the story is No. 3. It is much curtailed and begins very abruptly. There are just two points worth mentioning. The king, not being a Brāhman, orders the food test to be held in a Brāhman's house, and a report to be made to him later. The second man sleeps on a bed stuffed with flowers deprived of their stalks. He is sore all over his body in the morning, and a hair is found amongst the flowers. Babington's modesty forced him to omit any mention of the gentleman who specialised in women!

The story contains two distinct *motifs*, which will have to be considered separately.

The first concerns the gift of being able to discover the fundamental origin of a thing merely by eating, smelling, drinking it, etc. This merges into another form of the *motif*, in which the process of "deduction" plays the principal part. It is not easy to find a term to cover both varieties, but I shall deal with them under the common title of "Quintessence" *motif*.³

The second is concerned with the hypersensitiveness of people, often occasioned by luxurious living. This I shall call the "Sybarite" *motif*.

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 344 *et. seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 33, 34.

³ *Ocean*, Vol. IV, p. 87n¹.

It will be seen at once that in the tale under discussion the first two brothers qualify for the "Quintessence" and the last one for the "Sybarite" *motif*.

In Vetāla 11 (see Appendix to Volume VII) we shall meet three very sensitive ladies who also come under the "Sybarite" *motif*.

The "Quintessence" Motif

In our present text we read that the first brother cannot eat the food offered him by the king as he perceives in it an evil smell of the reek from corpses. It transpires that the food had been made from rice grown near a burning-*ghāt*. The second brother notices the smell of a goat coming from the beautiful lady of the court. It is proved later that in childhood she had been separated from her mother and nurse, and had been brought up on goat's milk.

Both the above incidents have found their way into similar stories all over the East, and have gradually migrated westwards. After being included by the great Arabian historians, Mas'ūdī and Ṭabarī, the story appeared in the *Nights*, in two different versions. In "The Tale of the King who Kenned the Quintessence of Things"¹ (Burton, Supp., vol. i, pp. 215-217) the old king judges between two pearls, and says that one must contain a teredo, or boring-worm. He then shows himself a wonderful judge of horses, and finally accuses the king of being the son of a baker. Everything proves to be correct. All the above are examples of the "deduction" variety of the *motif* under consideration. In "The Story of the Sultan of Al-Yaman and his Three Sons" (*Nights*, Burton, Supp., vol. iv, p. 1 *et seq.*) we first of all have the well-known lost-camel incident, in which the three men deduct the exact appearance of the animal, what it was carrying, etc. Arrived at the king's court, one of them notices that a cake has been baked by a woman who was unwell, the second that the taste of a bit of kid proves that it has been suckled by a bitch, and the third that the sultan must be a bastard. All turn out to be correct. These two examples from the *Nights* may be taken as typical of that great mass of stories on the same subject found so widely spread in both East and West.

The largest list of analogues is probably that given by

¹ For analogues see ditto, Supp., vol. ii, p. 320 *et seq.*

Chauvin¹ to the tale of the Sultan of Yemen. After dealing with the Persian and Arabian versions, he gives references to Indian, Jewish, Greek, French, Danish, Russian and other versions. In dealing with the Chevalier de Mailli's version of the three princes of Serendip, Fischer and Bolte² give many useful references. In this tale, after the lost-camel incident, the three princes are sitting at the table of the Emperor Behram, eating a leg of mutton and drinking some excellent wine. The eldest maintains that the wine was made of grapes that grew in a cemetery, the second that the lamb was brought up on dog's milk, and the third says that the emperor had put the wazir's son to death, and that the wazir now planned vengeance. All the statements turn out to be well grounded.

With regard to the lost-camel incident, apart from analogues to be found in the references already given, Clouston³ gives a version from the Tamil *Alakēsa Kathā*, and Gaster records an interesting Jewish version.⁴ It is as follows :

Two Jews were carried away captive from Mount Carmel. The captor following them overheard one saying to the other : "A she-camel has passed before us, she is blind of one eye and on one side she carries wine and on the other vinegar, and two men lead her, the one a heathen and the other a Jew." The captor said : "O ye sons of a stiff-necked people, whence do ye know that?" They replied : "We recognise a she-camel by the footprints, the blindness because she feeds only off grass on one side of the road, the wine dropping down has soaked into the earth, the vinegar makes bubbles, and the heathen is not so careful in his manners as the Jew." The captor ran after them and found the words true. Walking farther they said : "We smell the pots boiling four hundred miles off in Judæa." He replied : "You are too clever for me, your god cannot stand you and how can I?" He brought them home and his mother killed a she-lamb and placed it before them and gave them wine to drink.

¹ *Op. cit.*, vii, 158-161.

² *Die Reise der Söhne Giaffers aus dem Italienischen des Christoforo Armeno übersetzt durch Johann Wetzel, 1583, Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*, ccvii, Tübingen, 1895. For the English translations see *Travels and Adventures of Three Princes of Sarendip*, London, 1722.

³ *Eastern Romances*, p. 194 *et seq.*, with several variants on pp. 511-513.

⁴ *Exempla of the Rabbis*, 1924, pp. 63-64.

One said to the other : " This flesh smells of the dog and the wine of the corpse." The man asked his mother, who explained that the lamb had been suckled by a bitch and the vine had grown on the grave of his father. After they had eaten, the man began to dance and they said : " That is an illegitimate child." He frightened his mother and she owned that she had once made a mistake with a dancer, and then he came back and said unto them : " Blessed is the Lord Who has selected the seed of Abraham and has given them of his wisdom. Wherever you go you will be the masters of your master." And he gave them gifts and set them free, and they returned to their own country.

Reference should be made to pages 195 and 196, where twelve other Jewish references are added, as well as a long list from other parts of the world. Dr Gaster also gives a " quintessence " story on page 138, with numerous analogues on page 251.

Nearly all the above-mentioned lists include the decisions of Hamlet in *Saxo Grammaticus*.¹ Here the bread tastes of blood (the corn had been grown on a battle-field), the drink tastes of iron (the malt was mixed with water taken from a well in which some rusty swords had lain), the bacon tastes of corpses (the pig had eaten a corpse), and, finally, the king is a servant and his wife a serving-maid.

The " Sybarite " Motif

We now come to the man who was fastidious about beds, and who had so tender a skin that a hair marked his body through seven mattresses. Readers will at once think of Andersen's well-known story " The Princess on the Pea."

So far from passing over it with a mere reference, I shall not only give a new translation of the tale from the first edition, but will make its occurrence here an excuse for saying a few words about Andersen himself, and drawing attention to the complete absence of any scientific research on his stories in the English language, or even of a reliable translation of his work. The following is a literal rendering of the story in question.²

¹ O. Elton, *First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus*, Folk-Lore Society, 1874, Book XIII, p. 113 *et seq.*

² It has been carefully corrected by Mr J. H. Helweg, who is a great authority on Andersen.

There was once a prince; he wanted to marry a princess, but it must be a *real* princess. So he travelled round the whole world to find one, but everywhere there was something wrong. There were plenty of princesses, but whether they were *real* princesses he could not find out: there was always something that was not quite right. Then he came home again and was so sad, because he did so wish to have a *real* princess.

One evening a terrific storm came on; it lightened and thundered; the rain poured down; it was quite dreadful! Then there was a knock at the town gate, and the old king went out to open it.

It was a princess who was standing outside. But, lord, how she looked, from the rain and the bad weather! The water ran down from her hair and clothes, and it ran in at the points of her shoes and out by the heels; and yet she said that she was a real princess.

"Yes, that we shall soon find out!" thought the old queen, but she did not say anything, went into the bedroom, took off all the bedclothes, and put a pea on the bottom of the bed; then she took twenty mattresses and laid them on top of the pea, and then another twenty eiderdowns on top of the mattresses.

There the princess was to lie during the night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept.

"Oh, dreadfully badly!" said the princess. "I have scarcely closed my eyes all night long. God knows what there was in the bed! I have been lying on something hard, so I am quite black and blue all over my body! It is quite dreadful!"

Now they could see that she was a real princess, as she had felt the pea through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eiderdowns. Nobody but a real princess could be so tender-skinned.

The prince then made her his wife, because now he knew that he had a real princess, and the pea was put in the museum, where it is still to be seen, unless somebody has taken it.

Now, this is a real story!

"Prindsessen paa ærten" was one of the first four tales published by Andersen. The other three were to become equally famous: "The Tinderbox," "Little Claus and Big

Claus," and "Little Ida's Flowers." These appeared in 1835 under the title of *Eventyr fortalte for Børn*, or *Stories for Children*. The book contained sixty-one pages, and was only a small edition, the price being four skilling, or about fourpence-halfpenny. The simple style and *naïveté* of the stories was specially chosen to resemble oral diction rather than the written story.¹ At first critics were very hard on Andersen—none more so, perhaps, than Johan Ludvig Heiberg, the greatest critic in Northern Europe of that day. It is, therefore, interesting to recall that it was he who, after reading the "Princess on the Pea," declared that at last Andersen had struck into the road that led to immortality.

In later years Andersen explained that he had heard some of the earlier tales (amongst others, the "Princess") as a child in the spinning-room of the workhouse of his native Odense, or during hop-picking in the neighbourhood of Odense, where his mother had once taken him. This statement, however, although made by Andersen himself, has received little credence by Danish authorities. Thus G. Christensen² points out that even if the story of the pea *did* exist in a Danish version, it certainly was not known among the class of people Andersen refers to. Much more likely it was told him by his father, who read him so many stories from both Eastern and European collections. It was not until the end of his life that Andersen turned his attention seriously to Oriental tales. He was especially interested in Pilpay, and his deathbed was strewn with translations and commentaries of his earlier fellow-craftsman.

"Prindsessen paa ærten" has been traced to a Swedish story, the first part of which it closely resembles. It comes from Vestergotland, and is entitled "Prinsessan som låg på sju ärter."³ The tale begins exactly as in Andersen, but the queen subjects the princess to *several* tests, one of which is the bed episode. She makes the bed with seven mattresses and puts a pea between each of them. The princess sleeps in perfect comfort, but her companion, a wise dog, advises her to complain of great discomfort. This she accordingly does, and all is well. Here, then, we are bordering on the

¹ For the personal element hidden in the story see H. Brix, *H. C. Andersen og hans Eventyr*, pp. 228-230.

² "H. C. Andersen og de Danske Folkeeventyr," *Danske Studier*, Copenhagen, 1906, p. 169 *et seq.*

³ See J. Sunblad, *Gammaldags Seder och bruk*, 1888, pp. 191-195.

great "helpful animals" *motif*, with which we are already acquainted.

Now the "bed test" incident is well known in Sweden, and occurs in other earlier collections, but always in conjunction with some animal, usually a cat, and so we come to our old friend "puss-in-boots."¹ Perhaps the best known of these stories in Sweden is *Grundtvig*, No. 43, "Katteprinsen." This "Herreper" story, as it is called, appears in numerous forms. Thus Hyltén-Cavallius² quotes a large number, over half of which contain the "bed test." The usual incidents are as follows. A crofter's (or farmer's) daughter leaves her home with a cat and dog, and duly arrives at the king's court. In order to discover if she is really of royal descent, as she declares, she has to submit to three tests, which vary in the different versions. They are, however, all connected with objects placed in the bed. In one version the articles on successive nights are beans, peas and straw. In a version from Uppland they are an apple, a nut and a pea. In one from Västergötland there are gravel, peas and grain. In another Uppland variant they have become peas, grain and pin-heads. In a South-West Finland version there are peas, knitting-needles and a lump of peat.

The "Princess on the Pea" also found its way to Germany, and was included by the brothers Grimm in their edition of 1843 (No. 182), under the title "Die Erbsenprobe."³ All the charm of Andersen's story has disappeared, such a delicate theme fitting uneasily into a German *märchen*, and at once betraying its foreign origin. In fact, Grimm left it out in all subsequent editions, realising it was merely Andersen's tale retold.

There is, however, another German story⁴ called "Erbsenfinder," in which a poor boy, in reality owning but a single pea, makes himself out to the king to be possessed of great wealth. In order to test the truth of his story he is made to sleep on a bed of straw. During the night the boy loses his

¹ For a detailed study of "Le Chat Botté," see P. Saintyves, *Les Contes de Perrault*, Paris, 1923, pp. 461-498; G. Polívka, *Le Chat Botté: Étude comparée*, Sophia, 1900 [in Bulgarian]; Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 325-334.

² G. O. Hyltén-Cavallius and G. Stephens, *Svenska folksagor och äventyr*, 2 vols., Stockholm, 1844-1849. See also B. Thorpe, *Yuletide Stories*, p. 64.

³ See Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, pp. 330-332.

⁴ J. Haltrich, *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande in Siebenbürgen*, 4th edition, Vienna, 1915, No. 33.

pea among the straw and the noise he makes in searching for it is mistaken by the listening servants as a proof of his claim to wealth, as no rich person could possibly lie peacefully on such an uncomfortable bed. The story is also found in several other European collections.¹

And here arises an interesting question. Certainly the story is as un-Germanic as any story could be, but so also is it un-European. Why did it appeal to the Swedes so much, and by what route did it reach them? As Christensen has already stated, the route would in all probability be the one by which so many Oriental tales have travelled to Scandinavia—namely, via Greece, Tyrol, Hungary and Saxony. The nature of the tale is not such as would appeal to the hardier races of a colder clime, especially the Teutons. But the Swedes possess a highly developed sense of humour and imagination, and such a tale would be much more likely to find immediate acceptance. We should remember that it was the Swedes who adopted Oriental massage more than any other European nation. There may be a connection.

It was by pure chance that the tale became so well known in Denmark. This was entirely due to Andersen, who picked out the "pea" incident from Swedish tales he had heard in his childhood. I do not suppose for a moment he had the least idea it was an Oriental story dating back to perhaps the beginning of the Christian era.

As already stated, I shall deal further with the "Sybarite" *motif* in Vol. VII. Here I have confined my remarks to the "bed" incident.

Before leaving Andersen I would like to draw attention to the lack of any scholarly work in the English language either on the man himself or on his stories. There is not even a complete and accurate translation. The best English one which has appeared so far is undoubtedly that by H. L. Brækstad, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse, and excellent Danish illustrations by Hans Tegner (2 vols., London, 1900-1901). The most *complete* English translation is that by W. A. and J. K. Craigie, issued in 1914 by the Oxford University Press. As the translators are good Danish

¹ J. Kriza, *Vadrózsák*, Kolozsvártt, 1863, No. 73; W. H. Jones and L. Kropf, *Folk-Tales of the Magyars*, London, 1889, pp. 76 and 354; M. Kremnitz, *Rumänische Märchen*, Leipzig, 1883, p. 196; J. G. von Hahn, *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*, Leipzig, 1864, No. 17; J. Pio, *Contes populaires grecs*, Copenhagen, 1879, p. 193.

scholars, it was disappointing to find that most of the old mistakes had been faithfully copied, and in many cases the bad work of Mrs Paull, Miss Peachey, etc., had been reproduced nearly verbatim. England is far from being alone in its neglect of one of the world's greatest story-tellers; in fact, it is only quite recently that the Danes themselves have begun scientific research on the tales. See H. Schwanenflügel, *Hans Christian Andersen. Et Digterliv*, Copenhagen, 1905, and Hans Brix, *H. C. Andersen og hans Eventyr*, Copenhagen, 1907. Some of Brix's theories were opposed *ex officio* by Valdemar Vedel, whose criticisms were published as an article in the *Tilskueren*, 1907, pp. 494-502, under the title, "Den Andersenske Eventyrdigtning: H. Brix: H. C. Andersen og hans Eventyr," and should be read in connection with Hans Brix's book. At the Hans Andersen Exhibition in Berlin, 1925, Professor Vedel read a very interesting paper on "H. C. Andersen's Eventyr i europæisk Belysning" (published in *Tilskueren*, 1926, p. 43 *et seq.*). Other useful references are P. V. Rubow's "Idé og Form i H. C. Andersen's Eventyr," *Den Nye Litteratur*, 1925, pp. 185, 214, 237 and 270; K. Larsen's *H. C. Andersen i Tekst og Billeder*, Copenhagen, 1925, and V. A. Schmitz's *H. C. Andersen's Märchendichtung. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. dän. Spätromantik, Nordische Studien*, vii, Greifswald, 1925.

We now turn to another story of a "bed" sybarite, which appears to be based on historic facts. It is recorded both by Tabarī¹ and Mas'ūdī.² I take the following account from the former historian, who gives us considerably more details than Mas'ūdī.

Shapur I, King of Persia (A.D. 240-271), had been besieging the fortress of el-Hadr (Hatra) for four years. All his efforts proved futile. One day Nadhira, the beautiful daughter of Daizen, the besieged king, caught sight of Shapur and fell violently in love with him. On his promising to marry her, she told him the only, and most curious, way in which the fortress could be taken. Accordingly, el-Hadr was razed to the ground, and Shapur kept his promise.³ One night they

¹ M. H. Zotenberg, *Chronique de . . . Tabari, traduite sur la version Persane d'Abou-'Ali Mo'hammed Bel'Ami*. . . Paris, 1869, vol. ii, pp. 83, 84.

² C. Barbier de Meynard, *Maqūdī: Les Prairies D'Or*, Société Asiatique, Paris, 1865, vol. iv, pp. 84, 85.

³ But see Sykes, *History of Persia*, 2nd edition, 1921, vol. i, p. 400.

slept on a bed composed of ten Chinese silk mattresses, but Nadhira complained it was so hard that she was in constant pain all night. In the morning Shapur examined her, and discovered that both she and the bed were soaked in blood. A rose-leaf had pressed against her side and had rubbed her skin till the bones showed! On being questioned as to her upbringing, Nadhira said she had been nourished on cakes made of marrow-fat, butter, honey and flour. She had never eaten bread and had drunk only wine all her life. At this Shapur grew angry. "As you have betrayed your father, who brought you up in this way, and have shown him no gratitude, nobody can rely on you." So he had her tied by the hair to a horse and cut to pieces on the stones.

Princess Nadhira and the rose-leaf finds her equal in Smindyrides, the Sybarite. Herodotus and several other classical writers ¹ tell how this man even outdid the Sybarites themselves in luxury. Once he chose to sleep on a bed of roses, but he passed a miserable night on such a hard couch! In the morning his body was covered with blisters.

In conclusion I would mention the test of the tutors in the introduction to the *Seven Sages of Rome*. In order to see how their pupil had progressed in general science, they secretly placed four ivy leaves ² under each post of his bed. On awaking in the morning, he surveyed the room with astonishment ³:

"Par fay!" he said, "a ferli ⁴ cas!
 Other ich am of wine drunk,
 Other the firmament is sunk,
 Other wexen is the ground ⁵
 The thickness of four leaves round!
 So much, to-night, higher I lay,
 Certes, than yesterday."

¹ Herodotus, vi, 127; Aelian, ix, 24; Athenæus, vi, 105, and xii, 58; Seneca, *De Ira*, ii, 25, 2.

² The Cotton MS. reads "iubarb," the houseleek. See Killis Campbell, *Seven Sages of Rome*, pp. 8, 9 and 153.

³ G. Ellis, *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, London, 1848, pp. 412, 413.

⁴ Wonderful.

⁵ Or grown is the earth.

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